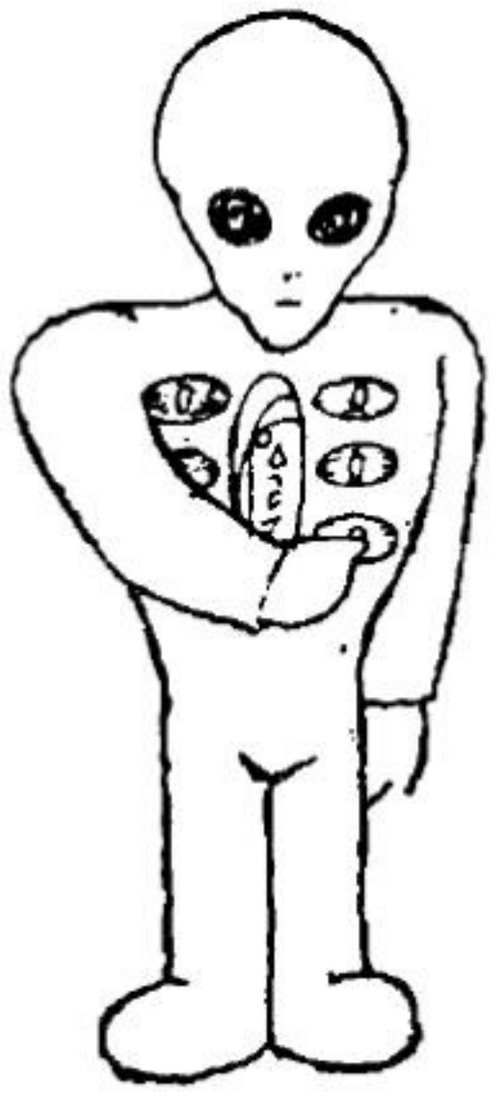
THE ANDREASSON AFFAIR

RAYMOND E. FOWLER

PHASE TWO

THE CONTINUING INVESTIGATION OF A WOMAN'S ABDUCTION BY ALIEN BEINGS



Books by Raymond E. Fowler

UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors
The Andreasson Affair
Casebook of a UFO Investigator
The Melchizedek Connection (*A Novel*)
The Andreasson Affair, Phase Two

The Andreasson Affair, Phase Two

Raymond E. Fowler

Drawings by Betty A. Luca

Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632

The Andreasson Affair, Phase Two
by Raymond E. Fowler
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This book is dedicated to
Betty Andreasson Luca's mother, Eva P. Aho;
her children Becky, Mark, Scott, Bonnie, and Cindy;
her father-in-law, Anthony H. Luca;
her stepsons Tony and Robert Luca;

and to the memories of:
Dolly Bochinski, a dear friend;
of her mother-in-law, Anne L. Luca;
and of her sons Todd and James, Jr.

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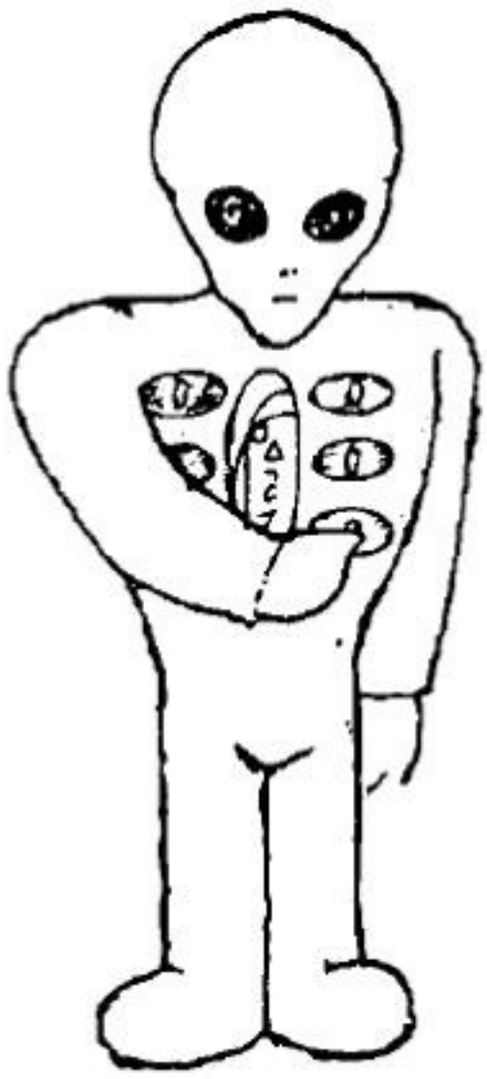

1. Invisible Guests

It was an early evening in May 1979. The Boston skyline swung into view through the cabin window as the huge airliner banked for its final landing approach. Below me lay a national center of technological and cultural resources. Within this city, some of the world's best minds both taught and learned in such world-renowned institutions as M.I.T. and Harvard. And, just outside the city limits, in a concentrated industrial area dubbed Electronics Gulch lay scores of companies involved in research and development of highly sophisticated computers, weapons, and space systems. Yet somewhere else, on this same planet, one could gaze down at the most primitive of civilizations. Would alien visitors really be surprised that stone-age hunter and astronaut cohabited the same world? But perhaps a mind evolved eons beyond our own would not even detect a difference!

An abrupt bump shattered my philosophical reverie as the plane's landing gear touched down. As I watched the runway flash by, thoughts turned to my wife awaiting me at the terminal. I was just returning from a three-week national tour to promote *The Andreasson Affair*—a thoroughly documented investigation of a woman's abduction aboard a UFO.

On the evening of January 25, 1967, Betty Andreasson was in

her kitchen at South Ashburnham, Massachusetts. Her seven children, mother, and father were in the living room. Betty's husband was in the hospital, recuperating from an automobile accident.

At about 6:35 P.M., the house lights suddenly blinked out for a moment. Then, a pulsating reddish-orange light shined in the kitchen window.

Betty calmed the frightened children while her father rushed to look out the kitchen window. He saw a group of strange-looking small creatures approaching with a hopping motion. Five small humanoid creatures entered the house, passing right through the wooden door!

Betty's family were immediately placed into suspended animation. One creature went over to her father. The leader of the other four established telepathic communication with Betty.

The leader was about five feet tall. The others were about four feet tall. All had large pear-shaped heads, wide catlike wraparound eyes, and diminutive ears and noses. Their mouths were immobile slits which reminded Betty of scar lines. Each wore a coverall blue uniform adorned with a Sam Browne-type belt. An insignia of a bird was affixed to their sleeves. Their hands were three-digited. (Later, on the craft, they were gloved.) They wore bootlike attire on their feet. They floated rather than walked.

Betty's initial fright was immediately calmed by an overpowering sense of friendship. When she displayed concern for her family's welfare, the creatures temporarily released her eleven-year-old daughter, Becky, from this strange state of unawareness to assure Betty that she was all right.

Then Betty was taken outside and brought on board a small craft resting on the side of a hill that sloped into the back yard.

The machine was about twenty feet in diameter. It looked like two saucers, one inverted upon the other, with a small superstructure on top. The small craft accelerated and apparently merged with a larger parent craft, in which Betty was subjected to the effects of strange equipment and a physical examination. Then she was taken to an alien place and given a bizarre object lesson. That caused her to undergo a painful yet ecstatic religiouslike experience.

Later that night, at 10:40 P.M., Betty was returned home by two of her alien captors. At home, she found her family still in a state of

suspended animation. One creature had stayed behind to watch over them during her absence. Then the creatures put the family—still under some type of mind control—to bed, and the aliens left.

Several times, the aliens had told Betty that certain things had been locked in her mind. She was instructed to forget them and her UFO experience until the appointed time. She consciously remembered only a fraction of the strange encounter: the power failure, the colored light flashing through the window, and the aliens entering the house.

Betty, a devout Christian, interpreted the creatures as religious or angelic in nature. The subject of UFOs was largely unknown to her. Her education had been limited to ten years of schooling, her basic interests included family, church, and community-related activities. Not until much later did she think of her experience as a possible UFO encounter.

In 1975, Betty responded to a local newspaper story about UFO researcher Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who was soliciting personal UFO experience information from the public. However, Betty's letter contained such few data that it was filed and forgotten until our investigation in January 1977.

Our investigating team consisted of a solar physicist, an electronics engineer, an aerospace engineer, a telecommunications specialist, and me. We also employed the services of a professional hypnotist and a medical doctor trained in psychiatry.

During a twelve-month investigation, we conducted an extensive character-reference check, two lie-detector tests, a psychiatric interview, and fourteen lengthy hypnotic regression sessions. Under hypnosis, Betty and her daughter relived a consistent, detailed UFO experience with genuine physiological reactions.

Our three-volume, 528-page report concluded that the witnesses were reliable and sane individuals who sincerely believed the experience had really occurred.

In the fall of 1977, Betty, her two daughters, and her mother moved from Massachusetts to Florida. And phase one of our investigation essentially came to a halt.

I spent most of 1978 busily writing *The Andreasson Affair*, keeping track of Betty by occasional letters and phone calls. When she moved back to Ashburnham, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1978,

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Betty told me of a number of strange events that had occurred since the investigation. From time to time, she had almost uncontrollable urges to draw strange symbols and sketches. She also heard a voice, like her own voice, speaking from within, but in an unknown language, and would attempt to write down what she heard phonetically.

Betty also described poltergeist phenomena: unexplained rappings, voices, and small floating balls of light. Her mother and daughters shared in some of these things as well.

I didn't pay too much attention to these reports. To be frank, I even wondered if our strenuous investigation had taken its toll on her. But so many things were allegedly occurring that she wrote to me in June 1978: "Sometimes I feel like not writing these things down for you. Probably there are rational explanations." I half-heartedly encouraged her to continue recording all strange happenings for future consideration. But at that juncture, I had neither the time nor the inclination to deal with them.

Betty married Bob Luca on August 21, 1978. After honeymooning in Florida, they returned to live in a house bought in Connecticut.

Almost as soon as they moved in, something else seemed to move in with them that had all the attributes of the classical poltergeist. Several examples follow, as excerpted from Betty's letters:

> Sunday, September 3rd, 11 P.M.: Bob and I were sitting on the living room sofa when the doorbell (about seven feet away) rang twice. Because I was in my nightgown, I quickly got up and went to the stairway. Bob got up, went to the front door and thinking it may have been a prankster, looked around the front yard. While Bob was standing in the doorway, the doorbell rang again *with the button in Bob's direct line-of-view!* Bob investigated and found that the doorbell rings in one tone when pushed in, and a lower tone when it pops back out. There is no way the button could have been stuck. After checking the wiring, Bob discovered this was the only button for actuating the bell.

I went over the incident in detail with Bob. The incident was unexplainable if reported accurately. But it never happened again.

As if something had used the incident to announce its presence, a host of increasingly inexplicable phenomena followed.

> September 8, 1978: Bob and I went to the drive-in. Bonnie and Cindy [Betty's daughters] stayed home with two friends playing Monopoly. The light on a shelf blinked on and off, frightening the children.

A poor lamp cord connection? Faulty socket, loose bulb, or a minute local power cut? But then things became a bit more complicated:

> Then, today, Bob stayed home to work on the car. He finished the job and went down the cellar stairs after snapping on the cellar light. When he passed under the light, it went out. He returned up the stairs and flicked the switch on and off. Nothing happened! Then he returned to the bottom of the stairs and stood there. *The light came on!* He checked to see if the light bulb was loose. It was not.

Later that same afternoon, rappings began to sound from the carrying beams in the cellar. In the evening, the bathroom cabinet's louvers moved up and down by themselves.

> September 9, 1978: Bob heard a man speaking in the living-room. He went in to shut off what he thought was the radio. It *was* off. No one was there.

By October, the phenomena Betty reported had grown to be quite complex. She and Bob had become very apprehensive and wanted me to help them. I did not know how to respond. I knew that they were both normal, healthy individuals, and felt that they needed a parapsychologist, not a UFO investigator.

> October 19, 1978: It was about 8:30 at night. I was in our bathroom, adjoining the bedroom. Bob was on the floor by the bed about 20 feet away, putting on his socks, when suddenly a whirring noise appeared over our room. I suddenly stopped brushing my teeth. With brush still in mouth, I quickly turned and saw Bob look up at me and rush toward the bathroom door. *Suddenly, before he got there, his form appeared at the doorway. I saw him rush to his form and enter it!*

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The weird events continued throughout the winter months. But I was too busy writing to be more than just a patient listener.

In the spring of 1979, *The Andreasson Affair* was finally published. Betty, Bob, and I hit the road together on a breathtaking national promotional tour. During this time, both personally related the strange occurrences that had been happening to them. As I cross-examined them face to face, I watched them relive some of these experiences, and I found it very hard to be skeptical.

Our earlier investigation had established their honesty. Were Betty and Bob exaggerating common occurrences, or sharing a common series of visual and auditory hallucinations?

After all, both actually believed that aliens were keeping close watch over their activities. With such thoughts constantly preying on their minds, who could blame them for such imaginative reactions? I evaluated all such events as extraordinary coincidences—and realized how easy it would be for persons with Betty's and Bob's backgrounds to interpret such things as paranormal.

Interestingly enough, some strange things happened in my presence during the promotional tour. Were these events just strange coincidence or paranormal happenings?

During the tour, I carried along a cassette recording of Betty, under hypnosis, reliving the time that the aliens had pushed needles up one of her nostrils and into her navel. Several radio stations were eager to play it. But when given the tape, their engineers insisted that it was blank. I personally entered the engineering rooms and watched them try to play it without success. But, upon leaving the station, it would play back without any problems. Thankfully, it did work on *The Mike Douglas Show*. As it played, I watched the expressions of the live audience: listening to just that small segment of Betty's experience proved unnerving for them.

When I appeared on KTRH's *The Talk of Houston* the tape played. But just as Betty's fearful voice went out over the radio waves, a sudden power cut put the station out. I sat in inky blackness as the host nervously shouted: "What's happening? Why haven't the generators come on?" Curiously enough, when we taped *The Tom Larson Show* in Boston, the cassette tape was used again. Later we were asked to return to Boston for a retape, since during

the filming of our interview the station's videotaping apparatus had gone haywire. Other shows taped that same morning came out fine.

While on tour with Betty Andreasson, the media and audiences alike had asked us certain specific questions over and over again.

The same questions confronted me almost weekly for well over a year, via letters and telephone calls from all over the United States and some foreign countries. *Is the investigation continuing? Have Betty and her new husband had further experiences? What are Betty and Bob doing now? Have you pursued the possibility that Betty experienced an earlier UFO encounter?* But after the tour, I became heavily involved in researching and writing yet another book entitled *Casebook of a UFO Investigator*, during which I found that the CE-III witnesses reported the same type of psychic phenomena that Betty and Bob were experiencing. Investigator David Webb and I had investigated reports from another highly reputable family who had witnessed similar phenomena in the aftermath of a UFO landing and a number of sightings on their property.

I personally conducted a careful character check of the Lebel family (pseudonym to protect the privacy of the people involved). They were well respected in the community. A priest, a leading businessman, the chief of police, and others who knew them well attested to the honesty and stability of these hardworking, devout Roman Catholics.

After UFO events on their property, the Lebels too heard distinct noises and footsteps in their house, as well as whirring and buzzing sounds. Compare, if you will, their experiences with those of Betty and Bob:

> **JOANNE LEBEL** We were sitting in the living room, and for some reason we were all uneasy that night. Marilyn said, "What's that sound? It sounds like bees." Jerry said, "Yes, I hear it." Then he looked around and said, "Oh, it's getting louder and louder." I couldn't hear it. Marilyn didn't hear it anymore. He [Jerry] had his two hands over his ears. He said the noise was terrible.... He was bent over and almost collapsed in the chair.

Several days after the above incident, a wave of poltergeist activity broke out within the Lebel house. Locked doors flew open.

When knives were inserted in the jambs in an attempt to stop this frightening phenomena, the doors would pop open and dislodge the knives!

For months, the Lebels sighted a strange male prowler who exhibited a number of paranormal abilities. The police were called on many occasions. But, just before their arrival, the phantomlike figure would disappear. The Lebels had called their local priest to bless their home on several occasions but it had proven to be fruitless. Their house and outside grounds continued to be haunted. Nancy Lebel, a young adult with a sensible head on her shoulders, described a being:

> About nine o'clock Saturday night, I was sitting in my bedroom sewing and I had my record player going, singing along with the music. My door was open just about an inch, when I happened to look up. I knew someone was standing there looking in 'cause the light from the head up shone in. But, there was no light from there down! I could see the contour of a *head* looking in, but I couldn't tell who it was. . . . I figured it must be my father, so I said: "Cut it out!" and went back to sewing. I looked up again and it was still looking in so I reached over and swung the door open. What I saw was *some kind of a form* fleeting away really, really fast.

Nancy described the figure who peeked in the door of her bedroom as "about five foot seven and slim. It looked like he had on an unzipped jacket. It just looked gray, but different. I couldn't see anything on the face." For a detailed description of the UFO and paranormal phenomena on the Lebel property, I would refer you to *Casebook of a UFO Investigator*.

After becoming better acquainted with this very unsettling type of case, I began to take a more serious attitude toward the stream of reports from Betty and Bob. Betty had experienced several similar events before her 1967 abduction. Could a *prior* UFO experience have possibly triggered such events? A phase two.investigation was needed. But at that time, both Betty and Bob were extremely apprehensive and reluctant to initiate hypnotic regression sessions again.

The experiences that Betty and Bob described certainly put

them into the category of haunted witnesses! In addition, unmarked black helicopters seemed to be taking an interest in them. They described treetop-level flights over their home and incidents where the same type of craft followed their car. Black, unmarked mystery helicopters are a well-documented segment of the overall UFO problem and have a seeming connection with Close Encounter cases like *The Andreasson Affair* and with cattle mutilation. Who flies them and what do they want?

The events plaguing Betty and Bob Luca continued into 1979 and at the time of writing (December 1980) are still occurring.

> August 4, 1979: Bob was in the dining room studying for his flying lessons. I was in the kitchen making a snack. I looked toward the parlor door and a normal-sized man's three dimensional featureless head popped around the side of the door. This frightened me because it didn't just happen and disappear. I froze and then quickly ran where Bob was. When we both came back out, it was gone. This is the same area where Cindy [Betty's daughter] saw the legs and feet of a solid shadowed male form.

> August 6, 1979: The girls and I were shopping. Bob was sitting at the dining room table when again he heard someone or *something* walking around upstairs.

The following day, Betty again received mysterious cryptic messages. During their telepathic reception, she told me that: "I felt tremendous heat in my body and chills or goose bumps on the top left part of my scalp."

As the significance of Betty and Bob's reports finally dawned on me, I became frustrated. The Lucas were located in Connecticut, almost a four-hour drive away. I worked a forty-hour week for GTE Sylvania. In addition to writing a new book, I maintained and directed my own small observatory and planetarium, went about lecturing on UFOs, was heavily involved in my local church and family life. With this jammed schedule, I found it impossible to conduct an objective and detailed investigation.

On one hand, I was reluctant to assign another UFO investigator to a seemingly non-UFO phenomena. On the other, I felt that I

should be careful whom I told about these happenings: reports like this might compromise the initial integrity of *The Andreasson Affair*. The public would probably write off both Betty and Bob as crackpots. But some leading researchers felt that such phenomena could be directly or indirectly related with the UFO phenomena. Some felt that the Close Encounters somehow enhanced the witnesses' innate psychic abilities, enabling them to sense and interreact with paranormal realities. Others felt that such psychic phenomena were directly caused by the powers governing UFOs.

Finally I turned to the medical doctor who had conducted Betty's psychiatric interview during our earlier investigation. He was about to leave and set up a practice with a large company in Colorado. When I explained to him what was happening, however, he graciously consented to stop over and visit the Lucas on his way west.

After his visit, I received a letter from Betty telling me what had happened:

> October 24/25, 1979: Bob and I were on our way to meet Dr. Kornberg. It was 9:45 P.M. when two tiny reddish-orange balls of light (*like burning coals*) raced about 2 or 3 inches above and followed the hood and windshield line of the car. They were spaced about 5 inches apart. They left a luminous trail as they sped onward. We arrived at the hotel, met with Dr. Kornberg and we all headed back home.
>
> We discussed many things. Suddenly a loud noise like dishes hitting together sounded from the kitchen. We all heard it. Bob checked to see if our cat had done it, but found he was outdoors. Also, both girls were fast asleep.
>
> Then, we went outdoors to drive back to the hotel with the doctor. Bob and Dr. Kornberg looked up. Over the house, very low, floated a massive cigar-shaped cloud. The skies elsewhere were clear, and you could see the stars out. It remained there for 10 minutes. We left at 5:00 A.M.

Later, when I chatted with the doctor by phone, he confirmed both the strange sound and the very unusual, rigid-appearing cloud. But there was no proof that either was of an anomalous nature. Dr.

Kornberg reaffirmed his initial evaluation that Betty was not a psychotic and indicated a desire to visit them again sometime in the future. His written evaluation appears in the appendices.

I felt helpless to assist Betty and Bob; there was little that I could do, personally, to stop whatever was harassing them. I am convinced that their religious beliefs are a great help to them. Through Betty's influence, Bob had recently embraced the Christian faith. Both strongly believed that no matter what happened, God would not allow any harm to come to them.

The weird happenings continued. By the spring of 1980, it was obvious that someone close at hand should attempt a closer study of these reported occurrences. I finally decided to assign a Connecticut investigator to the case. Concurrently, both Betty and Bob agreed to undergo further hypnotic regressions.

Bob's curiosity about his own UFO experience had won over his fear of what might come out under hypnosis. Betty was still very apprehensive, but also curious about the possibility that she had had an earlier UFO experience prior to the abduction in 1967. She had a conscious memory from her teenage days of seeing a round object, "like a moon," coming out of the sky toward her. And we wondered if the tiny BB-like device had been placed in her nose at the time. Thus we obtained the services of a local hypnotist.

Briefly then, in answer to those frequent questions: Yes, the investigation has indeed continued. Yes, Betty, Bob, and their family have had further paranormal experiences. Yes, we have pursued the possibility that Betty had an earlier UFO encounter. A new series of hypnotic sessions with Betty has revealed answers to both of these questions. What reportedly occurred strains one's credulity to the breaking point.

Another open question from the Andreasson Affair involved Bob Luca's reported Close Encounter of the Third Kind. When our initial probe caused him to begin to relive his experience with frightening clarity, he refused further hypnosis. But since then, he consented to undergo several hypnotic regression sessions—which produced one of the biggest surprises our follow-on investigation encountered. In many ways, this book contains a higher "strangeness index" than my earlier work, with implications that are both overwhelming and frightening.

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There were many similarities between the Andreasson Affair and other UFO cases of this kind, which indicated a common stimulus. But phase two of our investigation revealed an inconceivable account unparalleled in the course of UFO history. In the words of my principal investigator: "It is so unbelievable that it *is* believable!"

With that intriguing statement, let us begin.

2. Opening Pandora's Box

In March of 1980, I asked Richard Nycz, an investigator in Connecticut for the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS)[1] to serve as principal investigator for the phase two inquiry into the Andreasson Affair.

A search for a well-qualified hypnotist resulted in the selection of Fred Max. Fred worked with medical doctors in the area and held a bachelor's degree in behavioral psychology. He had no previous knowledge or experience with persons claiming a UFO experience, but was willing to work with us as a paid consultant.

Fred scheduled the first get-acquainted session for March 17, 1980. He initially planned to perform some routine tests to ascertain whether they were good hypnotic subjects. It was unfortunate that Richard could not attend this session, because the fantastic occurrence that transpired that evening was a baptism of fire for the uninitiated and unaided Fred Max. This first session rivaled even the strangest segments of the original Andreasson Affair. Under the circumstances, nonetheless, Fred performed exceptionally well.

Fred and his wife, Beryl, are extremely cordial and soft-spoken. Fred's winsome smile and gentle yet firm voice make one feel at

home with him at once. They insisted that the sessions be held within the comfort of their own home. Warmly welcoming Betty and Bob, they sat down for an informal chat to get to know each other.

After some discussion, Betty was still a bit apprehensive: her own original series of hypnotic regression sessions had uncovered memories that would cause some people severe emotional problems. Fred wanted a willing subject so it was decided that Bob would be the subject of the first few hypnotic sessions.

Bob turned out to be an excellent subject. Fred was able to progress him easily into deeper and deeper states of relaxation. Bob had doubts that he had really been hypnotized (as most hypnotic subjects do). However, Fred proceeded to perform a startling demonstration. Betty winced in horror as Fred began sticking pins into her husband without his feeling pain or bleeding!

Fred then experimented by regressing Bob back to the time when he had first met Betty in Florida. She listened in fascination as Bob relived their first meeting in vivid detail.

(If one accepts the reality of their abductions at full face value, this meeting might very well have been programmed by an outside source.)

In the fall of 1977, he was touring the country in a camping trailer with his friend Eddie. He had traveled to Texas through California and then to Oregon. At the start, he had no inclination to visit Florida. But he began receiving a strong impulse to go there. Although he had originally planned to head back to Connecticut, Bob drove to Florida.

Upon his arrival, Bob and Eddie looked up Eddie's wife's sister, Katherine, who invited them to stay awhile. When the subject of UFOs came up during a conversation, Bob told her about his experience of a decade before. Then the plot took on some very curious dimensions.

Katherine worked as a cook at the Clock, a local restaurant. She had recently become friends with a waitress named Betty, who she said had shared a fantastic personal UFO experience with her. Katherine's new friend, of course, was Betty Andreasson.

Betty had just moved into her sister's home in Florida. Determined not to be a burden while looking for a house, Betty found

work as a waitress. When Katherine told Bob about Betty's experience, Bob impulsively went right down to the Clock and introduced himself. Somehow he felt she would help him find answers to his own UFO experience, which had troubled him for years. It appeared that Bob's UFO experience had taken place only six months after Betty's in January of 1967. Consciously, Bob could remember only that he was driving alone along Route 68 in Durham, Connecticut, on his way to Hammonasset Beach. It was mid-morning, the sky was clear, and it was splendid weather. The familiar drive normally took him about a half hour.

As Bob drove by a wooded area, something reflecting sunlight caught his eye. Glancing up, he was shocked to see two large bright cigar-shaped objects outlined against the cloudless blue sky. Two smaller oval objects dropped out of one of the larger craft. One quickly sped off, but the other headed toward him. It appeared metallic with a dull finish. Descending slowly, like a falling leaf, the disk-shaped craft disappeared behind trees about a thousand feet ahead of him. Bob remembered becoming extremely anxious at that point and thinking, "They're coming after me!"

The next thing Bob remembered was arriving at the beach—around 2 P.M.! He had no recollection of what had happened in over three hours of missing time.

For years, Bob's conscious experience had weighed heavily upon his mind. Preliminary data extracted during a hypnosis session on December 3, 1977, indicated that Bob had been abducted. Under hypnosis, Bob became terrified to find himself lying naked on a table with alien creatures examining him. Bob found the hypnotically extracted experience hard to believe, yet it was very unsettling. At that time, he refused to undergo further sessions.

Fred Max still had a little time left before the session was supposed to end. He decided he would try to bring Bob back to when he first saw a UFO at Durham, Connecticut. Then, at the next session, in the presence of an official investigator, he would try to bring out the details. Thank goodness a tape recording was made for our evaluation!

Fred's soft voice was now the only sound in the hushed room. Betty and Beryl looked on wonderingly.

FRED MAX Now, I want you to relax. Deeper and deeper and deeper. Suppose now we go back in time to the very first time you sighted a UFO. I will count from one to five very slowly and deliberately. And, as I do, I want you just to allow your mind to go back in time to that sighting. I want you to see what you saw then, feel what you felt then, and be there again. I'll count from one to five and you will be reliving that experience. One, two, three, four, five. Where are you?

But it was a voice of a little child that came from Bob Luca's mouth.

"On the swing," Bob answered.
FRED MAX Where?
BOB In the back yard.
FRED MAX [*Surprised and puzzled*] Where is that? At what city?
BOB Meriden.
FRED MAX [*Regaining his composure*] What do you see that is unusual?
BOB A ball of light coming, and it's daytime!
FRED MAX What time is it?
BOB The afternoon.
FRED MAX What time?
BOB I dunno.
FRED MAX Okay. What's the weather like?
BOB Oh, it's sunny.
FRED MAX What is the date?
BOB I dunno.
FRED MAX Okay, what is the month and year?

The answer drifted across the room in childlike tones: "It's in summertime. It's in 'forty-four." Betty and Beryl stared at each other in amazement.

FRED MAX How old are you?
BOB Five.
FRED MAX Okay, describe what you see.

Immediately Bob's facial muscles twisted with fear. He began to breathe heavily. His youthful voice took on a tone of panic.

BOB It's a ball of light! It scares me! I don't like it!
FRED MAX Why don't you like it?
BOB I was afraid.
FRED MAX Anybody else see this thing?
BOB No. It's just staying there.
FRED MAX Where? Above you?
BOB Yeh.
FRED MAX Okay, and what's happening now?

Bob groaned. His chest heaved up and down strenuously and he breathed rapidly in and out.

FRED MAX [*Gently*] Okay, I want you to relax. I want you to see this, but slightly remove yourself from this situation. You can still feel it, but to a lesser degree so it no longer causes you discomfort. Okay? I'll count from one to three and with each number, you'll feel yourself ever so slightly removed to the point where you can relax and discuss it easily. One, two, three. Excellent. Now describe what you see.
BOB [*Groans*] It's a light. It's kinda hanging there. There's, there's people in it or somethin'.

At this juncture, Bob became so terribly frightened that Fred again had to intervene.

FRED MAX Okay, just calm down. Go further and further away from it. You needn't be scared. You're right here. You're fine. Deeper and deeper. You will feel your whole body calming down as I count one to three. One, two, three, deeper and deeper and deeper. What's happening? What is upsetting you?

There was a long pause. Bob did not answer. "Did anybody come out of it?" Fred persisted.

BOB No, but someone tried to talk to me.
FRED MAX Someone? What did it look like?
BOB A voice, not people.
FRED MAX What has you so upset? Calm down. Okay. What did the voice try to say to you?
BOB I dunno.
FRED MAX Try to hear it. Calm down. There's nothing to be afraid of. Okay, what did the voice say to you?

Bob's childlike voice was under great strain. He was almost crying: "I want to tell my mummy, but they told me I can't."

Fred continued to elicit what the voice said, but Bob refused to tell him. He also seemed utterly terrified at something he was seeing. His chest was heaving up and down amid heavy groans and sobs. Betty herself became very upset and concerned. Beryl watched anxiously, wondering what was going to happen next. Again Fred had to take special measures to calm him down.

FRED MAX Okay, I want you to calm down. Just relax right where you are. All right, I'm going to bring you back to the present. However, when I—

BOB *[Interrupting with a sigh of relief]* That's good!

FRED MAX What's good?

BOB I'll be back.

FRED MAX Okay, I'll bring you back but when I want to. When you think of what has just happened, you'll have the ability to view it as if it were a movie. You'll be able to think of it very calmly, very rationally. In a few moments when I awaken you, you'll be able to discuss it with me. You'll have nice clear images of what you saw, but you won't be scared. After all, you lived through it very nicely, and you know you made it through.

As Fred spoke these words, softly and confidently, Bob's breathing began to ease. His whole body relaxed more and more. Fred continued.

FRED MAX As a matter of fact, tonight, when you go home with Betty, you're going to be very tired. Next thing you know it's going to be morning and you'll wake up fully refreshed. Now I'll awaken you. You're going to wake up feeling very calm and relaxed. Five, four, three, move your muscles. Two, open your eyes. One, wide awake, feeling fine.

Bob's eyes blinked open, staring unbelievingly into space. Fortunately, Fred left the tape recorder running.

FRED MAX Wow! Did either of you know about this before just now?

BETTY Just that when he was younger he remembered seeing a light in his back yard.

FRED MAX I've seen a lot of things hypnotically. I mean a lot. I've never seen anyone that scared. I've seen a woman lose her children. I saw a woman see her father die again. I just didn't want to leave him in that state for any great period of time. He was more frightened than I've ever seen people under regressive hypnosis.

Fred then looked at Bob, who still sat lethargically and completely silent.

FRED MAX Bob? I'm going to put you out again in a few minutes. But how are you feeling now?
BOB [*Laughs*] Dopey!
FRED MAX Your pulse is eighty-five. I assume that is higher than your normal state. You're calming down now. I'll put you out again. You will be calm.
BOB [*Sounds concerned*] I don't think I want to go back anymore tonight if it's okay with you.
FRED MAX That's quite okay.

For the rest of the evening, Fred discussed the episode with Bob in some detail, without further resort to hypnosis. For some reason, Bob could not remember or was unable to tell Fred what the voice had said. They decided to spend a few more sessions, if necessary, just to find this out. Also, it was apparent that Fred had brought Bob only to the very beginning of the experience that had terrified Bob as a young five-year-old child.

In 1944, when the incident had reportedly occurred, Bob and his mother were living with his grandmother at the latter's house on South Broad Street in Meriden. Bob's father was fighting overseas. His mother worked two jobs during the days while his grandmother cared for him.

Fred questioned Bob very carefully on the layout of the sighting area. The posthypnotic suggestions helped Bob remember the back yard in vivid detail and to answer questions without further fear.

FRED MAX Can you think of anyone else who might have seen it? A child that was playing in the area? A building that was so close that people would have seen it?

BOB No. There weren't a lot of houses around there then.

Bob drew a rough sketch for Fred (*see Betty's finished sketch in Figure 1*).

BOB There was a house directly next door . . . on this side and that side. The back yard kind of sloped down from the house. And then there was another bank and it sloped down again. I was way back down at the very bottom. That's where the swing set was.

Tall pine trees, a six-foot hedge, and a chicken coop shielded the area from one of the neighbor's houses. The other adjoining house couldn't see the back yard because of a large cherry tree.

FRED MAX Tonight, when you came here, you had no anticipa-

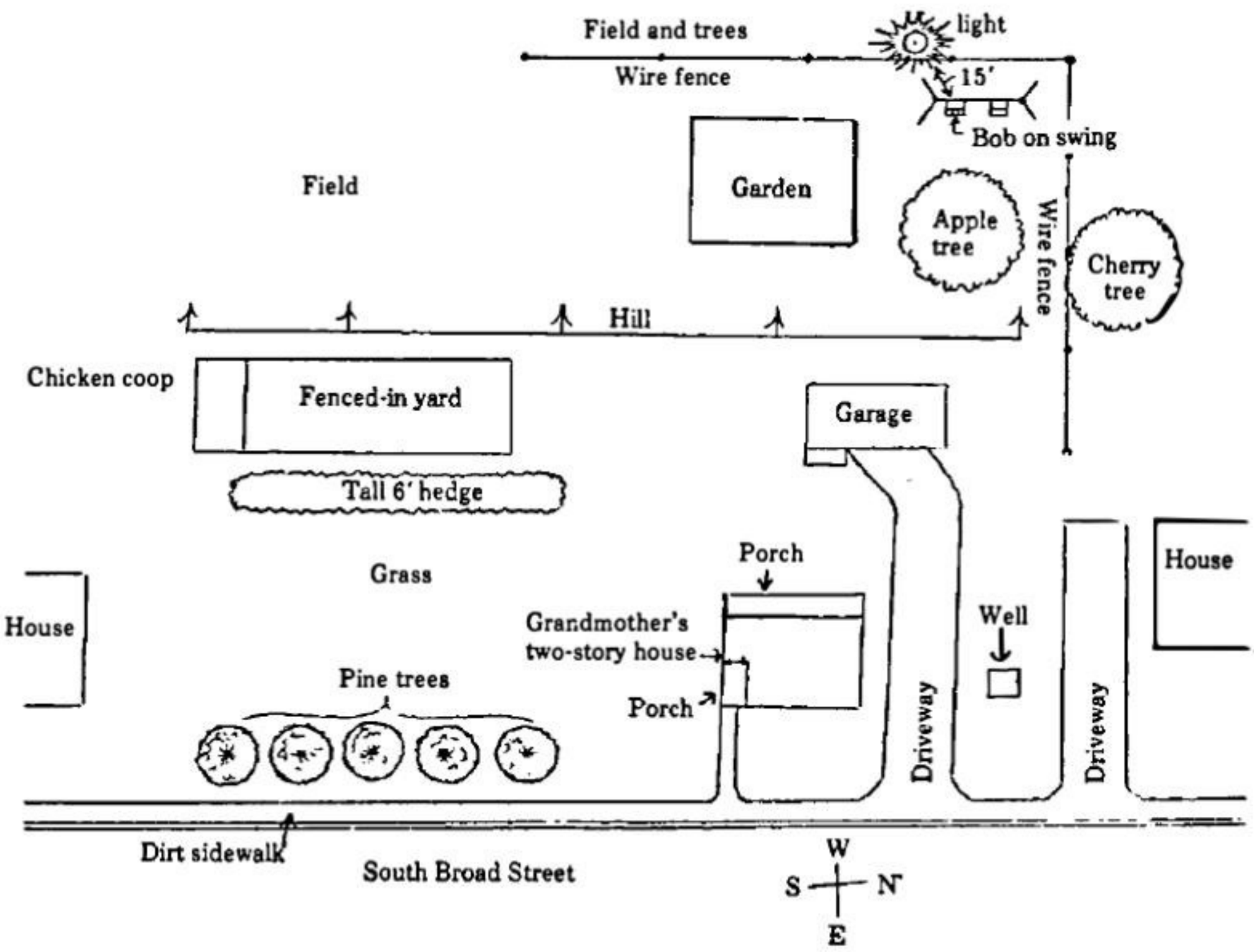


Figure 1. Map of Bob Luca's encounter at age 5 (*drawn April 14, 1980)*

tion of going back to that year, correct? What year had you anticipated going back to?
BOB I thought we were going to talk about 1967.
FRED MAX That's what I was expecting. So when you said you didn't know what date it was, I knew something was happening differently from what I had anticipated.

The key to the situation, of course, was the fact that Fred Max had commanded Bob back to "the *very first* time you sighted a UFO." Bob obliged! His mind, in obedience, went back to his very first UFO experience as a five-year-old child!

When Betty phoned to tell me the results of the first session, I was amazed. At the same time, I became panicky because it looked as if Richard Nyez would not be able to investigate the case for me.

When the next weekly session came up on March 24, Richard could not attend because of his busy schedule. In the meantime, Betty and Bob were meeting with Fred Max once again. Rather than cancel the session, I had phoned Fred to give him some general procedural instructions. I apologized that we still had not assigned an investigator and assured him that I was working on the problem.

NOTES

[1] CUFOS, P.O. Box 1402, Evanston, IL 60204.

3. The People in the Light

On March 25, I phoned police officer Larry Fawcett, one of the center's finest investigators. In addition to his experience in a variety of criminal inquiries, he has been involved in UFO research for well over a decade, serving such groups as the Aerial Phenomena Research Group (APRO)[1], The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP)[2], and the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS). He became an investigator for CUFOS in 1978 and in 1980 was elected to its national board of directors.

Though Larry lived quite a distance from the Lucas, he accepted the case without reservations. He readily agreed to begin attending and coordinating the hypnotic sessions; the next was scheduled for April 1.

The second session, on March 24, had proved to be even more thought-provoking than the first. After Bob's traumatic reaction at the prior session, Fred had been concerned for Bob's health. This time he had a medical doctor in attendance.

On April 1, Larry started attending the sessions. He asked Fred

to hypnotically induce Bob to relive the whole account from beginning to end. This gave Larry an opportunity to witness things firsthand and to ask questions.

Under the circumstances, however, Fred had been doing an admirable job on his own. From time to time, he had asked Bob what I thought would be leading questions. This is considered taboo, as the last thing we wanted to do was to influence a witness. But interestingly enough, such questions clearly did not influence Bob's responses. This strongly indicated that he was reliving a real, not an induced, experience.

It would be impossible to reproduce over two hours of conversation, taking up over one hundred pages in transcript. Since sessions two and three covered essentially the same territory, I have elected to present selected excerpts from both to summarize Bob's experience.

Bob was being prepared to be placed in a deep trance. He was lying back on a large stuffed reclining chair, his feet propped up on an ottoman. Fred Max had just frozen Bob in time at that point where he first heard a voice speaking within his head. Now he would try to find out what the voice said—and allow Bob to relive the rest of his UFO experience.

Fred's soft voice finished the usual countdown. Bob slipped further and further into a deep state of relaxation. Fred commanded him to go back to the year 1944 to the swings in his grandmother's back yard, where he had seen the light.

FRED MAX . . . three, four, five. Hello.
BOB Hello.
FRED MAX Where are you?
BOB My grandmother's house.
FRED MAX What do you see?
BOB [*Begins to breathe heavily*] A light. A light in the sky. It's strange.
FRED MAX Why is it strange?
BOB It's daytime.
FRED MAX Is it far off in the distance?
BOB [*With a tone of terror in his voice*] I don't think so!

Fred let Bob continue to that point where the light approached and hovered near Bob, who then began to hear the voice in his head.

BOB [*Now panting heavily*] Somebody's talking to me.
FRED MAX Who?
BOB The people in the light.
FRED MAX How are they talking to you?
BOB Ah. [*Sighs*] They say my name.
FRED MAX How do they call your name?
BOB I hear 'em. I hear 'em inside of my head.
FRED MAX Do they call you Robert or Bobby, or what?
BOB Bobby.
FRED MAX Is that what your mother calls you?
BOB Yep.
FRED MAX Okay, and what are they saying to you?
BOB [*Breathing very heavily*] Can't tell. [*Panting*] Can't tell anybody what they say.
FRED MAX Can you tell me?
BOB Nope. It's not time.
FRED MAX When will the time be?
BOB [*Heavy breathing*] When I'm older, it will be time.
FRED MAX How much older?
BOB [*Long sigh*] They'll decide.

Determined to find out what the voice had told Bob, Fred became more aggressive.

FRED MAX What happens to you if you tell me?
BOB Can't tell anybody. Not even my mommy. [*Bob is clearly under great stress. His chest heaves up and down. He is panting heavily.*]
FRED MAX Okay, just take it easy. If you do tell me, what will they do to you?
BOB I can't.
FRED MAX But how do you know you can't?
BOB They said [*slowly and deliberately*] I-can-not-tell. Not until it's time.

The attending doctor had no objection to Fred continuing to

probe, but Fred finally gave up in utter exasperation. He could not understand the powerful counterimpression that prevented Bob from telling him. It certainly was not because of any threat imposed upon Bob. What was it? In any event, Fred decided to concentrate on the voice's origin, the "people in the light."

FRED MAX Okay, how many beings? Can you see people? Can you see them?
BOB Yep.
FRED MAX Okay, are you concerned?
BOB [*Suddenly relaxes and laughs*] It's funny. It's strange. People, but not like regular people! They scared me at first, but they told me I don't have to be afraid.
FRED MAX That was when they *first* came? You were really scared?
BOB Yeh.

To test this statement, Fred brought Bob back again to the beginning of his experience. What would Bob's reaction be?

FRED MAX Okay, let's go back to when they *first* came. I want to see how you were introduced to them. I'm going to bring you back. When I count from one to three you'll be sitting on your swing set, and you'll have your first vision of these beings. One, two, three. What do you see?
BOB The light up in the sky. And somebody saying "Bobby." [*Laughs*] Bobby. [*Suddenly begins to breathe heavily again!*] And it's daytime. Shouldn't be. Shouldn't be any light there. And inside the light there's little, little people, like.

There was a long pause. Bob's chest heaved up and down in time to heavy sounds of breathing. A terrified expression appeared on his face.

BOB And it scares me!
FRED MAX How do you know there were little people?
BOB I can hear. I can see in my mind.
FRED MAX Okay, so they are approaching you. How far away are they now?
BOB They're as close as the next yard.

FRED MAX A football field away maybe?
BOB I don't . . . [*Sounds puzzled*] Not too far from wire fence.
FRED MAX Okay. Does it land?

Note the leading question; but also note Bob's response:

BOB It comes low and it stops, but it's not on the ground. I don't have to be afraid. [*Relaxes*]
FRED MAX Okay. And now they're speaking to you, right?
BOB I don't understand. [*A long pause here*] Some, pre—prepare.
FRED MAX Prepare what?

After another long pause, a puzzled look appeared on Bob's face as if he really were listening and trying to understand someone. Then he spoke again.

BOB Pre-pare good mankind. Pre-pare. I don't understand.
FRED MAX And they're saying something about "Prepare good mankind?"
BOB Yeh. I'm not to remember the rest.
FRED MAX You're not to remember this?
BOB The rest.
FRED MAX Why not? Because you can't *remember* it, or because you can't *say* it?
BOB [*Another long pause*] Can't tell.
FRED MAX Now I'm going to ask you. You're on the ground. You're on the swings. You see a light. The light comes closer. And you believe there are beings. They are speaking to you in your own voice. So far I'm correct?
BOB Nope.
FRED MAX [*A bit surprised*] Where am I incorrect?
BOB The voice is not mine, but it's inside my head *like* mine.
FRED MAX Okay. At any time do you leave the ground and go somewhere with them?

Another leading question, but Bob responded with "No, I don't think so."

FRED MAX How long were you talking to them? Can you give me an estimate?

BOB I don't know. My hands are all tingly like this, like they're sleeping. [*Later, Larry would interrogate Bob about this physiological effect.*] They'll leave, and then they'll be back.
FRED MAX When? Why will they be back?
BOB I don't know.
FRED MAX Did you ask them?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Did you get to ask them anything?
BOB No-o-o-o. I was scared at first. And I just don't understand. I don't know.
FRED MAX Did they touch you? Directly? Indirectly? Did they touch you with anything?
BOB Just with a light.
FRED MAX Where did they? Did they pinpoint the light somewhere near you?
BOB Yeah. In my eyes. It hurt. It gave me a headache.
FRED MAX Does it have heat associated with it? Like the sun would?
BOB No. It was brighter than the sun. It was white, white, white light.

Fred tried to ascertain the date of the incident by a number of different approaches. None worked, but some made interesting listening:

FRED MAX Do you know what month it is?
BOB No, but it's summertime.
FRED MAX The end or the beginning of summer or what?
BOB [*Long pause*] It must be toward the middle, maybe.
FRED MAX Okay, when you're home with your mommy and your grandmother and the radio's on, perhaps they talk about events. Can you remember some very recent event that took place? Is there something going on in the country that they talked about?
BOB Well, my grandmother always listens to *Gang Busters* on the radio.
FRED MAX Okay . . . ?
BOB And sometimes they talk about the war that's going on. That's where my daddy is.

From time to time, Fred would again try to persuade Bob to tell what the aliens said.

BOB [*In a squeaky voice*] I can't say it.
FRED MAX Why not?
BOB I'll be bad. I can't say it. Not time.
FRED MAX Okay, but you can tell me.
BOB [*In a taunting singsong voice*] No I can't!
FRED MAX [*Mimicking Bob's child's singsong*] Oh yes you can!
BOB They told me I can't talk. I couldn't even tell my mommy.
FRED MAX But don't you think your mommy would want to hear it? After all, you were talking to strangers. Hasn't your mommy ever told you not to?
BOB Yeah, but that's different.
FRED MAX No it isn't. These strangers talked to you. You should now tell your mommy what they told you.
BOB They're not *regular* people strangers.
FRED MAX She never said *irregular* people are different! If you asked her, she wouldn't agree to that.
BOB She meant regular people. She don't even *know* these kind of people.

Flustered, poor Fred tried another tack.

FRED MAX Now, suppose you were a big man and had little children and they were given a message. Wouldn't you want to know about the message?
BOB [*Pauses a moment*] Sure I would.
FRED MAX You bet you would, and so would your mommy. So suppose you tell her now!
BOB But they say I can't, so I can't.
FRED MAX Why not?
BOB [*Totally exasperated!*] Because I'm not supposed to!
FRED MAX Yes, but who makes the rules, they or your mommy? [*His voice sounds a bit triumphant but it's premature!*]
BOB I dunno . . . That's confusing.

It was no good. Fred decided to try an experiment. He brought Bob ahead one day after the incident to see if he still remembered what happened.

FRED MAX Okay, what are you doing now?
BOB In the house.
FRED MAX Okay, what are you thinking about?
BOB Playing with my little toys.
FRED MAX Did anything unusual happen lately?
BOB [*Pause*] Oh, [*matter-of-factly*] I saw a bright light yesterday.
FRED MAX Anything significant about it?
BOB It was out in the daytime.
FRED MAX Anything else?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Did you tell your mommy you saw a bright light?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Didn't it seem important?
BOB No.

Even a day after the incident, the mental block induced by the alien beings was firmly in place. Fred then moved Bob ahead two weeks in time to test his memory once again.

FRED MAX What are you doing now?
BOB I'm riding my tricycle home.
FRED MAX Oh? Tell me something. Has anything unusual happened to you lately?
BOB Yep!
FRED MAX [*Quite excitedly*] What?
BOB I got bit right between the fingers by a red ant, and it hurt!

Fred laughed out loud in amusement.

BOB I didn't do anything to it. [*His feelings sound hurt.*]
FRED MAX Anything else you've had to think about lately?
BOB No.
FRED MAX *Nothing?* [*Pause*] Tell me, do you remember a bright light that you saw a few weeks ago?
BOB Um, something about a light, but no.
FRED MAX Okay, let's go back two weeks in time to the bright light. I'll count from one to three and you'll go back in time two weeks to the bright light being there.
BOB [*Interrupting*] That was two weeks and one day!
FRED MAX Sorry. Two weeks and one day. One, two, three.

Okay, what do you see now?
BOB [*Begins breathing hard, obviously frightened*] Bright light in the sky.
FRED MAX Okay. Do you have any idea why the bright light is coming toward *you* and no one else?
BOB [*After long pause*] Well, that kind of light has come to a lot of people.
FRED MAX Who told you that?
BOB The people inside the light.
FRED MAX The light *is* going to a lot of people, or *has been* to a lot of people, or both?
BOB Both.
FRED MAX Okay, can you see the little people?
BOB Yes, well, a little bit.
FRED MAX Okay, can you see a body? Are they taller than you?
BOB Bigger than me, but smaller than big people. I don't know what the rest [of them] looks like but—
FRED MAX Do they come in colors?
BOB Like elephant.
FRED MAX You mean like a gray-type color?
BOB Yeah.

Rather than subject Bob to the traumatic segment of his experience once again, Fred brought him back to March 24, 1980. Before bringing him out of the trance, he posthypnotically suggested over and over again that the experience would not trouble him.

During the week between the first and second sessions, I continued to keep abreast of things by telephone and letter. Larry Fawcett was now very anxious to get started. He could not believe the things that had reportedly happened. His private opinion at the time was as follows:

> I first entered this case with an open mind and after reading *The Andreasson Affair* felt that this case could easily be explained as a very elaborate hoax. Of course, I hadn't met the Lucas, and this was a biased opinion on my part.

I sympathized with Larry. In his place, I would have felt the same way. But I believed that it was better to have him biased in

this direction rather than to come on the case as a *believer*. His skeptical attitude would, I hoped, assure me of a more objective report.

In UFO investigation lingo, Bob's reported childhood UFO experience would be classified as a Close Encounter of the Third Kind (CE-III)—the sighting of a UFO within 500 feet. Study of hundreds of CE-IIIs has enabled researchers to break down this particular category into seven distinct types (the percentages approximate):

Type A—An entity seen inside a UFO (18 percent)
Type B—An entity seen entering or leaving a UFO (26 percent)
Type C—An entity seen in close proximity to a UFO (18 percent)
Type D—An entity seen in an area of UFO activity (8 percent)
Type E—An entity seen alone without a UFO sighting (18 percent)
Type F—No entity seen, but the witness receives intelligible communication (2 percent)
Type G—The witness reports an experience aboard a UFO (10 percent)

It is apparent that in Bob's case, the CE-III *type* progressed rapidly from a CE-I (sighting a glowing oval object in the sky) to a CE-III type F to a type A. Consciously, Bob remembered only the glowing object in the sky—which researchers would classify as a daylight disk sighting.

Initial probing by hypnosis revealed a type F experience. Persistent probing uncovered a type A. The seven categorizations may be superficial in nature. Reports indicate that alien creatures in UFOs can block out any part of a UFO experience from a witness's mind, which raises a very intriguing question: How many *consciously* remembered daylight disk and nocturnal light sightings might really involve a CE-I or II? How many CE-I and II encounters might in reality be CE-IIIs?

Back in 1968, for example, I investigated a strange case that had taken place in a rural community of central Massachusetts. The witness, a captain in the Civil Air Patrol, lived in a trailer bus set up in an isolated field. During the early morning hours of February 27, she was awakened by a bright beam of light from the sky which

swept back and forth through the trailer's windows. When an electric fan was touched by the light, it lost power and coasted to a halt. When the witness reached for a rifle, the light swung around and hit her, causing total paralysis. Essentially, that is all she could remember.

The case had the earmarks of a CE-III. So MUFON investigator David Webb coordinated hypnotic regression sessions in 1981. Under hypnosis the witness relived a UFO abduction and physical examination by small alien beings. Of great interest is the emblem of a bird that she noticed on the aliens' uniforms. An excerpt from David's interview:

> Oh, . . . I know the name of that bird. It goes way back . . . into Egyptology, that sort of thing. . . . It's the phoenix bird . . . It had the pointed head on the back here, and the type of beak is completely different than the normal eagle's.

Betty saw such an insignia on the uniforms of the aliens that abducted her on January 25, 1967! This witness, who had not read *The Andreasson Affair*, knew nothing of this.

It's important to remember that hypnosis has been employed for only a very small percentage of UFO sightings. In most cases, it is only used on consciously remembered or strongly suspected CE-III, type G cases. It is very possible that *general* UFO sightings are really only the tip of a vast iceberg of startling and valuable data that have been blocked from witnesses' minds.

When session three finally arrived, Larry Fawcett asked Fred Max to induce Bob to relive the entire experience over again in detail. This time, Larry passed to Fred written instructions and questions. At times, he asked Bob questions directly. I have tried to categorize a number of excerpts from session three to answer a number of specific questions relating to the physical description of the craft and its occupants.

> **FRED MAX** Does it have a specific width?
> **BOB** It looks like the moon, only smaller. [*I.e., when Bob first saw it in the sky*]
> **FRED MAX** Does it have any characteristics you can tell me about?

BOB It's sparkling like and sometimes it's different colors. It's red, then it's white and greenish blue or blue-green. Change colors, like.
FRED MAX What color is that beam that hit you in the face?
BOB White.
LARRY FAWCETT If you walked toward it, how many steps would you take to get to it?
BOB Twelve.
LARRY FAWCETT About how high would it be, Bob?
BOB It's higher than the apple tree.
FRED MAX Twice as high?
BOB Twice as high as the apple tree.
LARRY Is the object as big as the car?
BOB Bigger than two cars.
FRED MAX Can you describe the object's shape?
BOB Like a, well, inside the light was a funny-shape thing. Kind of flat on the bottom and like, ah, if you put it on the top of something flat, it would look like that.

Bob was describing a typically reported UFO, a disk with a central dome. He then compared its texture to a familiar object.

BOB It looks smooth, just like a gum ball.

He had also heard a noise associated with the object. Larry questioned him about it:

LARRY Do you still hear that noise?
BOB Sometimes.
FRED MAX Is it the same tone all the time?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Did you hear the tone or see the object first?
BOB I saw the light first.
FRED MAX Then how soon after the light are you aware of a tone?
BOB When the light starts to get brighter, then I hear the tone.
FRED MAX Look very hard. You are hearing the pitch. There are fluctuations. Can you associate anything with it?
BOB When the light gets dull, there is no noise. When the light gets bright, the noise starts.

LARRY FAWCETT Have you ever heard this sound any place else?
BOB [*After a long pause*] Once in my mother's car, when all the steam came out, and it stopped the car.
LARRY FAWCETT That's the same noise?
BOB No, not the same, but almost.
LARRY FAWCETT You are looking at this thing now by the tree over the fence. Does it have any wheels on it, like a car does?
BOB [*Childlike giggle!*]
LARRY FAWCETT What made you laugh there?
BOB 'Cause it's not on the ground. Cars have wheels.

Out of the mouths of babes! At that juncture, Fred came to the rescue.

FRED MAX Look at the object. I want you to see it clearly and describe the shape of it.
BOB It's all white and it's like a moon, but the thing inside the light is different: round on the top and flat on the bottom.
FRED MAX I am going to hand you a pen and some paper. I am going to count to three. You will open your eyes without affecting your trance, and you will be able to speak to us. I want you to draw the object as well as the light. If the light is flashed at you, it will not disturb you. One, two, three. Open your eyes without affecting your trance and draw me the object as you see it.

Bob slowly opened his eyes and took the pen. He sketched a child's drawing of an oval object with a round circle to the right, on the dome. He indicated that the beam of bright white light had shot out of this circle in the dome. The light engulfing the object was depicted by his drawing lines all around it (*see Figure 2*). Fred then asked, "Since the light was so bright, how could you see the object inside?"

BOB Because sometimes the light isn't so bright.
LARRY FAWCETT What color is it? Is it the color of mommy's car?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Is it shiny?

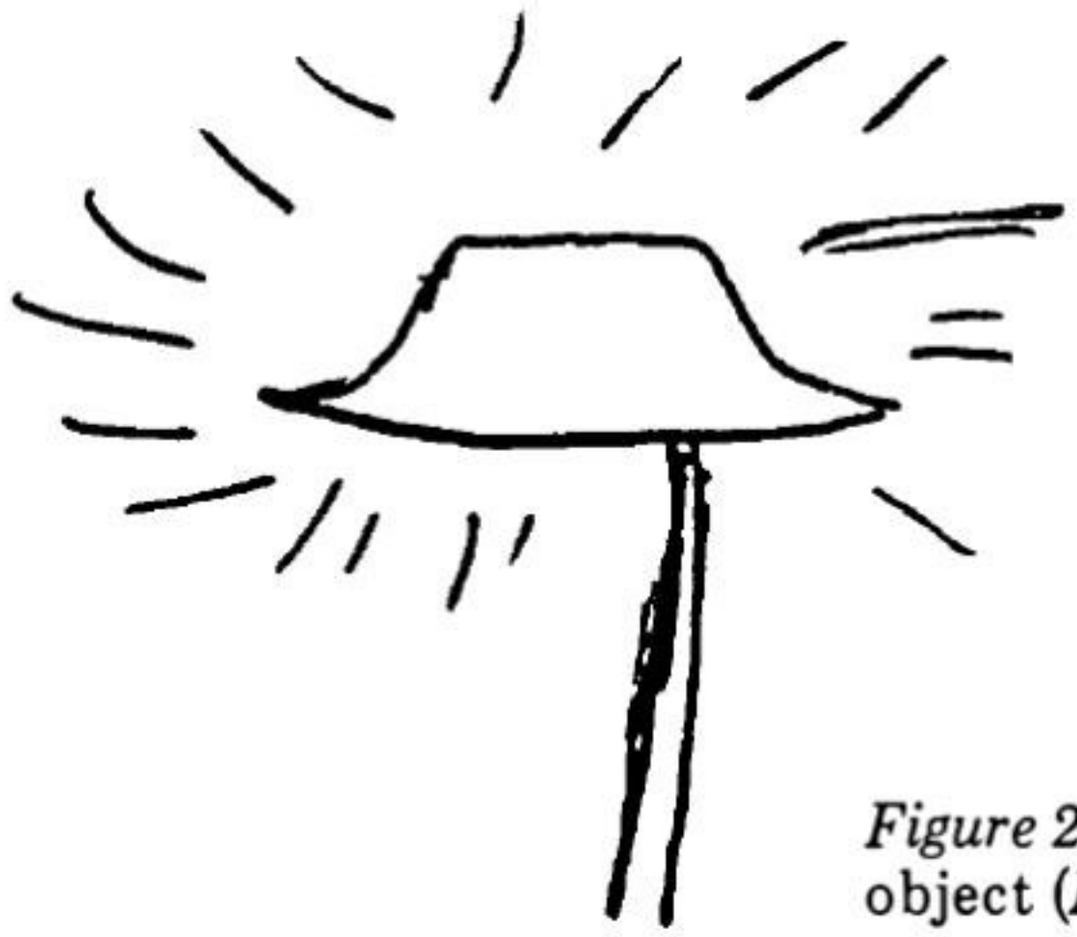


Figure 2. Bob's drawing of the object (*March 31, 1980*)

BOB No, it's not shiny.
LARRY FAWCETT Like a battleship?
BOB No, it's like the rusty part on the car, only smooth.
FRED MAX Where would I find rusty stuff on the car?
BOB The shiny things on the front [*i.e., bumpers*] that get rusty. That's something like the color, but it's not. It looks like the color the rust is. Like the brown color.
FRED MAX Is the entire object this color?
BOB And it's all smooth.
LARRY FAWCETT Is it sharp or fuzzy?
BOB Fuzzy, like not real clear because the light's around it, it's fuzzy like.
FRED MAX When it becomes duller, you can see the object distinctly?
BOB Yeah.
FRED MAX Is it doing anything other than just staying there? Can you describe its motion to me?
BOB It goes like this. [*Bob puts his hand up and begins rocking it back and forth.*] It goes from side to side.
LARRY FAWCETT When it's rocking, can you see anything under it?
BOB It's dark underneath, dark like nighttime.
FRED MAX Since the light has been on you, have you moved at all?

BOB The swing moves a little bit.
FRED MAX *How* is it moving? Are you using your arms or feet or anything? What is making the swing move?
BOB I don't know, but it is not me.
FRED MAX Are your arms moving at all?
BOB No, I can't.
FRED MAX How about your legs?
BOB I just can't move them.
FRED MAX Could you speak if you wanted to?
BOB I don't know. I didn't try to.
FRED MAX Did you scream when you saw them?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Why not?
BOB Can't.

Fred then asked Bob to see the bright beam of light once again. Bob squinted his eyes as if someone had just shone a bright light in his face.

LARRY FAWCETT Is it like a flashlight beam?
BOB Yeah, but brighter than the sun. It gives me a headache. Hurts my eyes.

The reported physiological effects seem to have first begun at this very point in time. Was the beam of light responsible for them?

FRED MAX Why can't you close your eyes and walk away from it?
BOB I don't know. I can't.
LARRY FAWCETT You want to run away?
BOB Yeah.
FRED MAX How are your legs? How do you feel physically?
BOB Tingly. My hands, my stomach, my legs, like when your hand's asleep.
FRED MAX Do you have any reason to believe this light is there for you?
BOB Yeah.
FRED MAX Why?
BOB Because of the people there, inside the thing.
FRED MAX How do you see them?

BOB Don't know, but the people are little smaller than big people and they're bigger than me.
FRED MAX Okay, where are they? Are they on the ground in front of you?

Again, suggestive, leading questions like this one, did nothing to influence Bob's account.

BOB No. They're inside that thing.
FRED MAX That's what I mean. How do you *know* they're there?
BOB Because they're telling me things.
FRED MAX You said you *saw* them.
LARRY FAWCETT Were there windows?
BOB [*Again, totally disregards a leading question*] Like, looking through a fog. I don't know. I see them. I don't understand.
FRED MAX Where are the people in relation to the object?
BOB They're inside there. [*Bob points to the dome on the sketch of the object.*]
FRED MAX How do you know that?
BOB Because I can see them through the light.
FRED MAX How many people are in there?
BOB I see two.
FRED MAX Do they both talk to you or just one of them?
BOB I don't know.
FRED MAX Do you know if they are both men or women or children or what?
BOB I don't know.
FRED MAX Are you seeing their entire bodies?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Are they standing, lying, sitting?
BOB Standing.
FRED MAX Why can't you see the lower half of their bodies?
BOB It's hard looking through fog.
LARRY FAWCETT Do they have hair on their heads?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Can you see their faces?
BOB Like an elephant.
FRED MAX You mean like the color of an elephant?

BOB Yeah, like in a circus. Funny-looking people.
LARRY FAWCETT You have crayons. What color would they be?
BOB Gray.
LARRY FAWCETT Gray?
BOB Yeah, funny-looking people.
LARRY FAWCETT Are their heads the same size as yours?
BOB No. They have funny heads. Their heads are bigger at the top.

Fred has Bob also sketch one of the occupants. (*See Figure 3.*)

FRED MAX Did they have ears?
BOB No, they don't have no nose, either.
FRED MAX [*Pointing to the drawing*] What are the two dots above the mouth?
BOB I don't know.
FRED MAX The eyes, did you see them blink at all?
BOB No.
LARRY FAWCETT Are their eyes like your eyes?

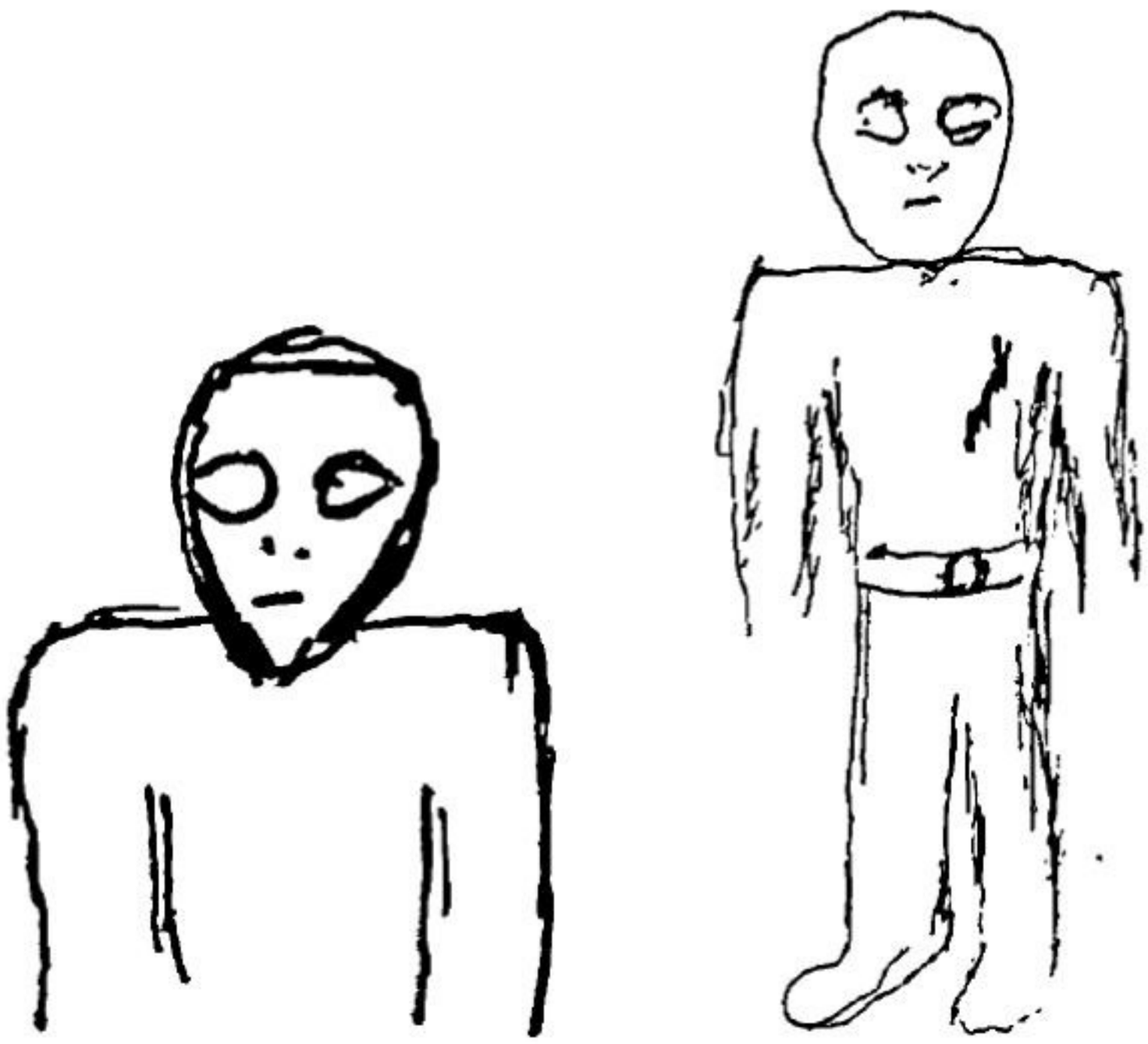


Figure 3. Bob's drawings of the beings in the light (*March 31 and April 7*)

BOB No, like more like a cat would be.
FRED MAX Do you see anything in their eyes at all?
BOB Just a big ball in the middle, like black there, dark.
FRED MAX What are they wearing?
BOB Looks like that, not like clothes.
FRED MAX [*Commenting on sketch*] I notice the head and the body are very close to each other. Is there any neck?
BOB No, they look like this.
FRED MAX In other words, the head goes directly into the body?
BOB Yeah, it sits right on top.
FRED MAX Do you notice if they turn towards each other, like conversing with each other? [*Bob does not answer.*] Do you see the two beings *talk* to each other at all?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Did they look towards each other?
BOB No. It reminds me of my little toy soldiers standing together.

Now, with Larry's assistance, Fred attempted once again to break through the mental block around the aliens' message to Bob. They were only partly successful, but what was drawn out was certainly intriguing.

LARRY FAWCETT What did they say to you?
BOB They said first that I shouldn't be afraid.
LARRY FAWCETT Are you hearing any voices?
BOB Telling something be good when I am older.
FRED MAX What would be good when you are older? What is this?
BOB I can't say yet.
FRED MAX What else did they say to you?
BOB They visit other people, and they're going to visit other people too.
FRED MAX Where are these other people?
BOB All over.
FRED MAX What do you mean, "all over"?
BOB Like in school there is a kid that comes from a different place. He didn't always live here. They visited people from all over, not just here.

FRED MAX Why do they need to meet other people?
BOB Prepare us something good. Going to be for mankind.
FRED MAX Do you know how they chose you?
BOB They choose lots of people, not just me.
FRED MAX Right, but why?

Bob began to exhibit great stress, and at this point Fred had to reassure and calm him. Then he proceeded.

FRED MAX They told you they come to visit other people, right?
BOB Yeah.
FRED MAX Do they know about their future also?
BOB Yeah.
FRED MAX Is there going to be a common future for those people that were visited? [*Bob does not answer.*]
FRED MAX Would you all meet someday, or would you all do something someday?
BOB Some, some, some will meet each other.
FRED MAX How will they know each other?
BOB They will see something like I see now. In time they will know. They will remember.
FRED MAX Will they do something together?
BOB In time, people in the light will be back, and the people that have seen them before will not be afraid when they come back.
FRED MAX Are you to speak of this often as you get older? So you can more or less seek other people who had similar experiences?
BOB Forget till time. Forget.

To dredge the desired information out of Bob, both Fred and Larry continued to try every trick in the book. Try as they might, it was fruitless. But they did manage to obtain a description of the departure of the object without any difficulty.

FRED MAX *Now the beings are leaving.* What happens now? *How* do they leave? How do they depart?
BOB It just gets smaller and smaller, and it just goes away like that.

FRED MAX This sound—are you still aware of its tone?
BOB The sound goes away.
FRED MAX As it goes away, does the sound change in pitch?
[*He imitates a receding sound with a Doppler effect.*]
BOB No, it just goes away. It makes the noise just like it has.
FRED MAX In other words, you hear the sound becoming softer, or does the sound just stop?
BOB Just stops.
FRED MAX How soon after it starts departing does the sound stop?
BOB It's almost right away. It goes away real fast.

The last few minutes of session three were used to bring Bob forward in time to his next UFO sighting. At that time, no one knew just what to expect. Would Bob progress to the 1967 incident? Or were there memories of still other interim UFO contacts buried in his mind?

FRED MAX Suppose now you just relax and we progress to your next experience with some other beings—other than normal people. Okay. I will count from one to five and you will be at your next experience and you will be able to easily answer all our questions. One, two, three, four, five. Where are you?
BOB In my car.
FRED MAX How old are you?
BOB Twenty-nine.

Fred was satisfied that there had not been any interim incidents. Bob was just about to relive the 1967 UFO experience. He let Bob continue a bit longer to make sure, and then he closed the session. It had been an exceptionally long appointment and Bob was very tired. At the next session, Bob would be allowed to relive the 1967 UFO encounter.

NOTES

[1]APRO, 3910 East Kleindale Road, Tucson, AR 85712.
[2]NICAP, P.O. Box 1621, Lima, OH 45802.

4. Selected by Aliens

During our initial investigation in 1977, there were definite hints that Betty might have had an earlier, pre-1967, UFO encounter. We assumed that the name of the aliens' place of origin was given Betty during the 1967 abduction. As we attempted unsuccessfully to get her to pronounce it, however, one investigator innocently asked Betty where she had been given the information. Rather matter-of-factly Betty answered that they had told her "when I was there."

Since her 1967 abduction experience had not included any trips to the aliens' place of origin, her answer created quite a stir among us. Asked if she had been taken to this place *prior* to 1967, Betty said "Yes!"

The hypnotist induced Betty to relive this pre-1967 abduction. As soon as Betty was regressed to this point, however, she became so terrified that the hypnotist felt it unwise to proceed any further.

A previous experience would solve several puzzling aspects of the Andreasson Affair. Inadvertently, Betty had described other things that were not part of the 1967 experience. During one of the 1967 hypnosis sessions, I had questioned her about her notes on a drawing of a UFO: "Somehow the lower section whirled and the top section remained stationary. At times the top also moved, especially when there was to be a change in direction."

RAYMOND FOWLER At what point during your experience did you actually see something like this? As far as I can remember, you never saw the object in flight.

BETTY I really don't know, Ray, when I saw it. But I saw it.

As we have already discussed, psychic phenomena appear to play a part in the lives of many who have experienced Close Encounters with UFOs. During the initial 1977 investigation, Betty related several psychic happenings that she and Becky had undergone before the 1967 encounter, including being watched by phantom figures that appeared and disappeared. In 1964, eight-year-old Becky had awakened one night to see a glowing ball of yellow-orange light hovering outside her bedroom window. It directed a narrow beam of light at her. Her screams brought Betty on the run, but she arrived too late. The UFO had disappeared. But from that time on, Becky developed an uncanny ability to automatically write page after page of strange symbols. This peculiar script was found to be very similar to so-called spirit writing practiced by the Shakers, an early American religious sect.

One of the most provocative questions concerned the whiskered BB-like object the aliens had removed through her nose with a long, flexible needlelike probe. A similar needle was inserted into Betty's abdominal area through her navel. Interestingly enough, earthly medicine has recently developed similar procedures. For example, one method of accomplishing a Fallopian-tube ligation involves inserting a tube, mirrors, and a light through an incision in the navel. Neurosurgeons reach a troublesome pituitary gland with microscopic surgical instruments by going either through the roof of the mouth or through the nasal passage. The invention of fiber optics will surely benefit such surgical procedures.

We wondered what Betty's BB-like device was and how it was put there. X rays and a physical examination were employed to ascertain whether anything else had been placed within Betty. The results were negative. The doctor did state that any scar tissue from the past might show up on a new scanning X-ray machine, but that it would be neither wise nor ethical to use it. This device involved a high level of radiation that should be used only for treating a definite medical problem.

On March 25, 1980, when Betty and Bob arrived at Fred Max's home for her *first* phase two hypnotic regression session, the air was tense with anticipation.

Fred Max placed Betty in a deep hypnotic state of relaxation and asked her to return to the day of her very first UFO experience. Betty did have a conscious remembrance of sighting a "bubble" in the sky as a teenager, so we fully expected that this was the time when an earlier encounter may have taken place.

FRED MAX How old are you?
BETTY Seven.
FRED MAX *Seven?* Where are you?
BETTY I'm in the [*sigh*] back yard and in a little hut.
FRED MAX Okay. Are you with anyone?
BETTY No, I'm all alone there, just eating some crackers.
FRED MAX Um-hum, and where's your mother?
BETTY She's working.
FRED MAX And what area are you in? What city? State?
BETTY Leominster, [*pause*] Massachusetts. [*Figure 4*]
FRED MAX Okay, and what month is this?
BETTY August.
FRED MAX August, and what's the date?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX Okay, what day of the week?
BETTY It's, it's a weekday.

When Fred was trying to pinpoint the date of the incident, Betty had mentioned that her family listened to *Inner Sanctum* on the radio.

LARRY FAWCETT Betty, did you listen to the radio show this week?
BETTY What radio show?
LARRY FAWCETT *Inner Sanctum.* The squeaking door.
BETTY Yeah, we listened to the squeaking door, and it was scary.
LARRY FAWCETT What was it about this week?
BETTY I don't know. It's scary all the time. Everybody sits around, and I always cuddle up to one of the kids.

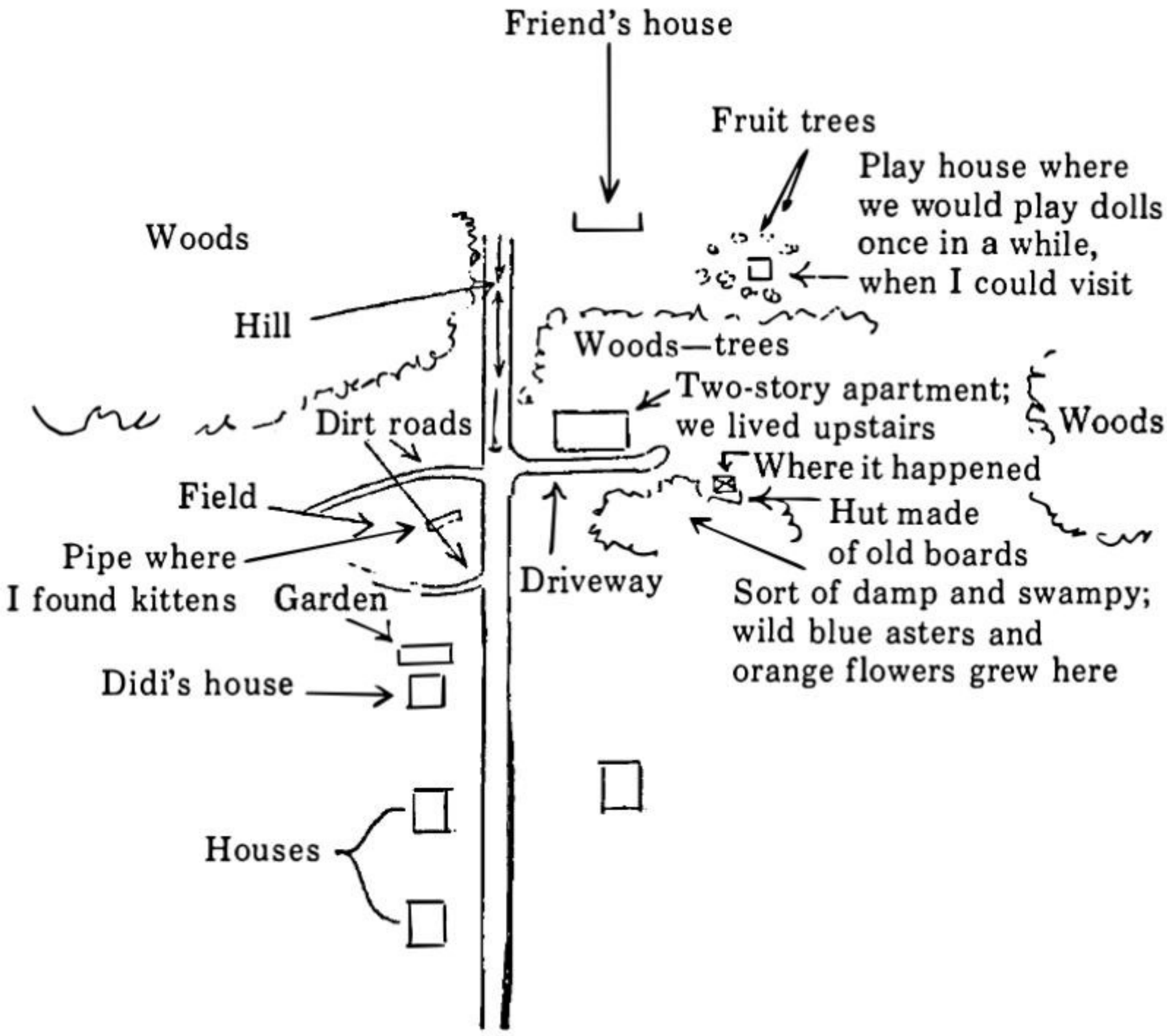


Figure 4. Map of Betty Aho's Encounter at age 7 (*April 7*)

LARRY FAWCETT Can you remember what it was about?
BETTY There were screams and spooky voices.
LARRY FAWCETT What did that voice sound like?
BETTY Scary man.

I can sympathize with Betty. During those same days, my brother and I used to sneak out of our beds and sit at the top of the stairs while our parents listened to programs like *Inner Sanctum* and *Lights Out.* Then we would be so scared that we couldn't get to sleep! Little did Betty know that in its total form, the Andreasson Affair would prove stranger than any *Inner Sanctum* script.

FRED MAX Okay, and what are you seeing? Anything unusual?
BETTY M-m-m, I'm just sitting there and I'm eating crackers. Just waiting for Didi. [*Figure 5*]
FRED MAX Who's Didi?
BETTY She's a girlfriend. She lives across the street down a little ways.
FRED MAX Is there anything unusual happening today?
BETTY [*Sighs*] I'm just waiting there. Blue flowers all around. Oh!
FRED MAX What's the matter?
BETTY There's something like a *bee* buzzing all around me. It's going round and round, but it's bright. [*Figure 6*]
FRED MAX Is it small?
BETTY Yes! It keeps going around and it goes around my head. I think it's a bee. Sounds like a buzzing bee! Ouch!

Figure 5. Betty's drawing of herself sitting in her backyard hut, waiting for Didi (*April 14*)

Figure 6. "A small ball of light circled me five or six times, making a dull buzzing sound. It was about the size of a small marble or bumblebee." (*April 14*)

At this point Betty became very frightened and Fred had to take measures to calm her. The squeaky terrified voice of a little girl coming from the adult Betty Luca was very disconcerting to those present.

FRED MAX Okay, just relax. You can still hear my voice. You're partially here, and partially at five years old. You can flip the proportion in order to make yourself more comfortable.
BETTY Five years old? I'm in Fitchberg.
FRED MAX *Seven* years old. I'm sorry, seven years old. You're seven years old and there's a buzzing like a buzzing bee going around your head.
BETTY I think it's a bee, but it's all light.
FRED MAX Does it have a shape?
BETTY No, just like a bee or a marble. Just keeps going around my head, and it's coming by me—

Suddenly Betty let out a loud scream! Fred again calmed her, but Betty was crying like a little child.

FRED MAX Relax, just relax. I want you to view this dispassionately, as if it were happening to someone else. Imagine that you are six feet away from your own body and you're watching your own body now. This isn't happening to you. It's happening to your vision of yourself.
[*Betty heaves a sigh of relief.*]
FRED MAX You know you got through it fine, and you'll get through it this time. There's no reason to be concerned. It isn't happening to you, so I want you now to just describe what's happening.
BETTY I'm sitting there then eating some crackers looking at the blue flowers outside the hut, and I'm waitin' for Didi to come over and play. And then all of a sudden I see a bumblebee or something, but it's bright light and it keeps on circling my head. Maybe it's after the crackers, so I drop the crackers. But it keeps on going round my head and then it came and it hit me in the center of my, my head and *it stuck there.*
FRED MAX Right here? [*Fred touches Betty's forehead.*]
BETTY Yes, it just stuck there! [*Figure 7*]

FRED MAX Did you get it off?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX Does it hurt?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Okay, did it hurt *then?*
BETTY No, but I thought it was a bee, 'cause it was buzzing like a bee.
FRED MAX Sure. Then what happened?
BETTY I don't know. Didi's there now. I told her I got bit by a bee, I think.
FRED MAX What did she say?
BETTY She just looks at my head and she says, "I don't see any bump."
FRED MAX Do you feel *anything* there that's unusual?
BETTY No, but I told her it was a strange bee, because it went round and round me like a firefly.
FRED MAX Okay, but yet it didn't have wings or legs or anything, right?
BETTY No. It was like a marble. Like a big, big, marble.

Betty did not remember how and when the illuminated device left. Apparently there was a definite memory lapse between the time the tiny glowing ball attached itself to Betty's forehead and when Didi arrived. Fred had her relive the complete incident over again several times right up to the point where the ball stuck to Betty's forehead. Then he asked how long it stayed there. Finally he elicited a bit more information:

FRED MAX It's still there. What's happening to you now?
BETTY [*Sighs*] It makes me drowsy.
FRED MAX What makes you drowsy?
BETTY That marble.
FRED MAX Is it that you were drugged?
BETTY I don't know, I just [*sighs*] don't know.
FRED MAX Have you ever felt like this before?
BETTY Yes.

This answer proved to be highly significant at a later date. But Fred resisted the temptation to rush things.

FRED MAX When?
BETTY When I was twelve years old.
FRED MAX The only sensation you can describe is drowsiness, right?
BETTY And *cold*; the marble was cold.
FRED MAX *It* was cold, but *you* were not, right?
BETTY No, I wasn't.
FRED MAX It was a nice warm August day?
BETTY M-m-m.
FRED MAX Is the sun out nice and brightly?
BETTY I dunno. There's those tall blue flowers there, and I'm in the hut and the hut is made of boards. My brother and some other kids made it. It's cold there because there's trees, and that's why Didi's gonna come there 'cause it's so hot out.
FRED MAX Okay, so this marble is cold, although it's light. Does that strike you as unusual?
BETTY Yeah, it is funny.
FRED MAX What do you think it is?
BETTY A marble. A bright shiny marble.

Once again in another effort to ascertain what happened after the object attached itself, Fred had Betty relive the whole episode.

FRED MAX Okay, now, the bee is there. It touches you and it's cold, right?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX And the only sensations you have are that the bee is cold and you feel drowsy?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX Anything else you can think of?
BETTY All I can think of is Didi's there and I'm telling her I got bit by a bee. She's bending over and looking at the spot where I tell her and she says there's no bump . . . She pressed with her finger, and it didn't hurt.

Fred's patience and persistence paid off. At the next session, on April 1, 1980, he was able to find out what happened between the time the glowing sphere touched Betty and when her girlfriend, Didi, arrived on the scene.

FRED MAX Show me where it touched you. Take your right hand with your index finger and show me where.

Betty slowly raised her right hand. She touched her index finger to her forehead, right between her eyes.

FRED MAX Okay, thank you.
BETTY And it stuck there. It was cold and it was making me fall backwards and I felt very sleepy. [*Figure 8*]

Betty's voice started to trail off as if she were going to fall asleep.

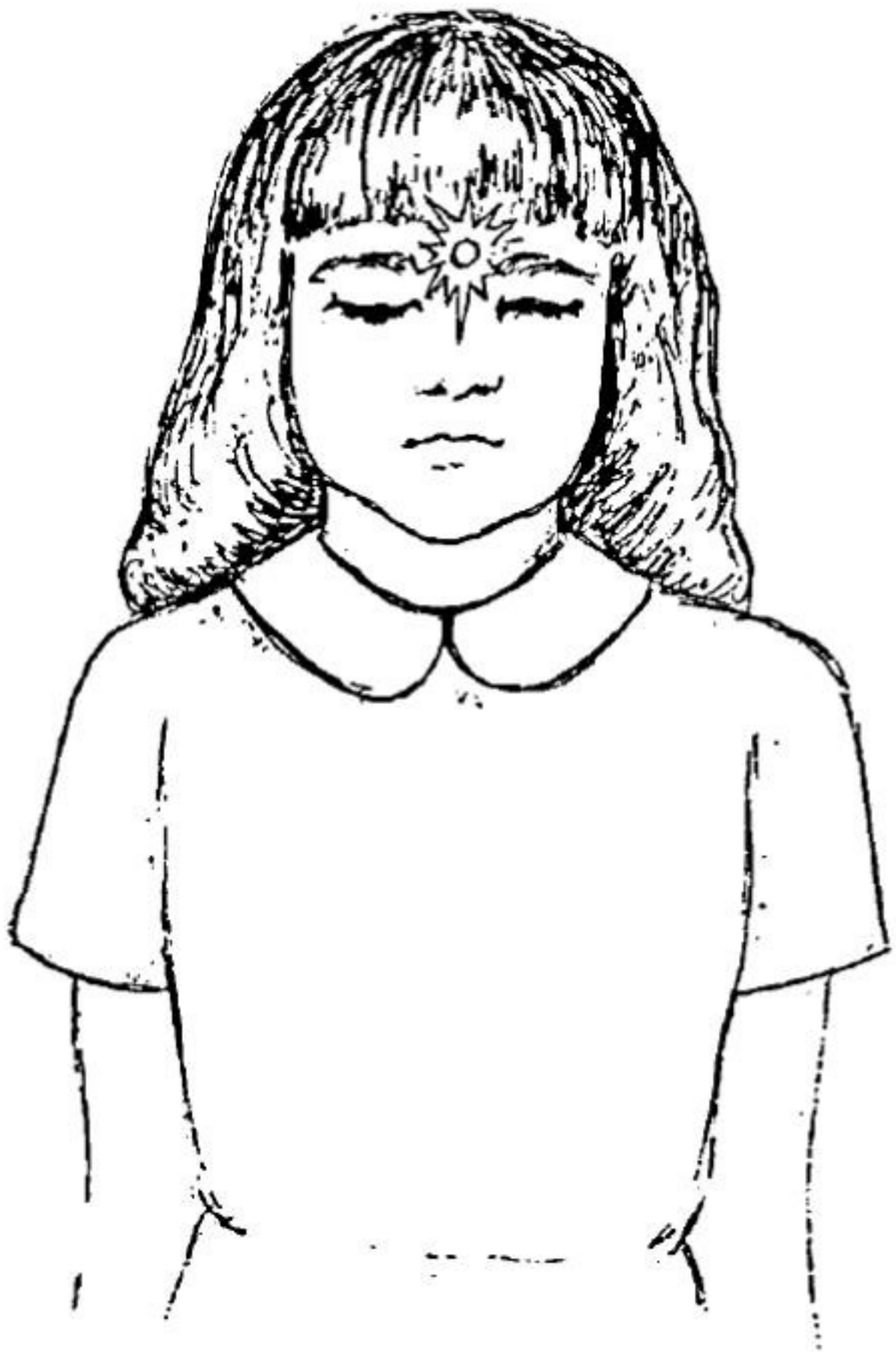


Figure 7. "The tiny ball of light landed in between my eyes. It was cold and I could feel a squiggle deep inside." (*April 14*)

Figure 8. "After the ball of light landed on my face, I went slowly and softly backward till I lay on the ground, unable to move." (*April 14*)

FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY I'm lying on the ground there and *I hear something.* There is a squiggly feeling in my head, and there is a voice speaking to me. There is a lot of them, but all talking together and they're saying: "Wee little one."
FRED MAX What's that again?
BETTY "Wee little one." I heard them calling my name, and I don't know who it was. I asked, "Where are you?" and they said, "We're here." I couldn't see them, and they said, "We can see you." And they are saying something . . .

Those present in the room listened in astonished silence as Betty related what the voice had said. Larry and his wife, Lois, were utterly fascinated. Bob watched attentively, wondering how all of this fit together with his experiences. The medical doctor found it difficult to believe that such things could be true. His young daughter, brought along as an observer, was totally enraptured by the situation. Betty continued.

BETTY They have been watching me, and, ah, I'm coming along fine. And they're talking to me and telling me that I'm making good progress; that I was going to be happy very soon and other people were going to be happy, and they were getting some things ready to show me. But it wouldn't be for a while before I see it. Something about five years or so or I would be twelve and I would be able to see *one.* I would be able to see *the one* and feel *the one*, and everything was being prepared and I was not to be afraid. They would not hurt me, and they would see me later.

Then they told Betty that she would not remember this:

But all I will remember is the *bee* in the very beginning when they first came in, except for when they returned, I would know. And there is a squiggly feeling in my head again, and they're telling me I will not remember, I will not remember, I will not remember. Only will I be able to remember the bee, and I feel sleepy.
FRED MAX Is there anything else? When you felt really sleepy, is that when they spoke to you?

BETTY Yes. They were saying some things.
FRED MAX What were they saying?
BETTY I don't know. I don't know what they were saying.
FRED MAX Suppose you listen very hard now and tune in to what they are saying and actually hear it again. Listen very carefully.
BETTY They are going to take me someplace, but not yet. I don't know what they're saying.
FRED MAX Why don't you know?
BETTY It sounds wavy, like wobbly or wavy, I don't know.
FRED MAX Can you make out anything? Listen carefully. Try to eliminate any of the distracting noises. Imagine what they are saying becoming more prominent, like tuning in your television. Tune it in a little bit more sharply and tune out the distractions, and tell me what they are saying.
BETTY It's, ah, I don't know how they are talking. It's wiggly.
FRED MAX Is it in English?
BETTY I don't know what it is.
FRED MAX Did they speak to each other?
BETTY It's only one voice in my head. It has a lot of voices, but they are saying the same thing.
FRED MAX Like a choir?
BETTY Like—like if, if my sister Carol and I were to say the same thing. It's like ah, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, all saying one.
FRED MAX Is it conceivable that there are seven entities in this marble?
BETTY I don't know. I just hear it.
LARRY FAWCETT Betty, try to repeat what they are saying.
BETTY I can't do it. They just talk to me, and then sometimes they get that wobbly, funny sound, and then they talk to me again, and sometimes it's a funny noise again.
FRED MAX How long can you estimate your hearing? Can you give me an estimate?
BETTY I don't know. No, I don't know how long it is.
FRED MAX Do their voices sound like off in the distance, or as if they are really there?
BETTY It sounds like they are right there.

FRED MAX Does it sound like someone planted a radio in your head, or like someone jumped in your head?
BETTY It sounds as if somebody jumped in my head.

To find out more, Fred proceeded to return Betty in time to when she heard the voices.

FRED MAX Can you ask them questions?
BETTY I asked them where they were, and they said, "We are here," and I said, "I couldn't see you," and they said, "That's all right, we see you."
FRED MAX Now, when you wake up, how do you feel? When they leave, you wake up, right?

We must assume that Fred is correct. We never did find out how and when they left.

BETTY Didi is there when I wake up, and I'm crying because the bee bit me. I told Didi that a bee bit me between the eyes, and she bends over and she felt with her fingers and there was no bump there and no mark. I told her that the bee hit me and stung me right there.

Testing Betty's memory of the event when Didi arrived, Fred found the alien-induced mental block was already firmly in place.

FRED MAX Did Didi think it strange when you told her about the voices?
BETTY [*Sounding puzzled*] What voices? I didn't tell Didi about any voices.
FRED MAX Why didn't you?
BETTY 'Cause I got stung by a bee.
FRED MAX Let's progress another hour. Didi has come, and you mention that a bee had stung you, right?

Betty took "another hour" very literally!

BETTY No, we're playing dolls in the hut.
FRED MAX What's the name of the doll you're playing with?
BETTY Betty.
FRED MAX Really?
BETTY Uh huh.

FRED MAX And what is Didi's doll's name?
BETTY Hers is Didi, after her.

Betty continued to speak in a seven-year-old girl's voice, as she lay back in the hypnotist's chair.

BETTY And I'm the momma, and she is the momma.

Again, Fred tested the aliens' ability to erase the experience from Betty's mind.

FRED MAX Where you were stung, it feels all right?
BETTY Yes. There is no hurt from it.
FRED MAX Okay, do you remember much about it?
BETTY A bee came and stung me between the eyes, but there was no bump or hurt.
FRED MAX Have you ever been stung by a bee before?
BETTY No, but there are hornets around the house.
FRED MAX Have you ever been stung by a hornet?
BETTY No, but my sister was.
FRED MAX Was there a mark where your sister was stung?
BETTY Uh huh, and she screamed.
FRED MAX Okay, your sister was stung and she screamed. You were stung and you didn't scream. Do you find that unusual?
BETTY Yeah, because there was no bump and it didn't hurt.
FRED MAX Have you thought about it?
BETTY Once in a while. But not much. We were playing.
FRED MAX Did you discuss this with anyone else other than Didi?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Did you tell your mother?
BETTY No, I don't think so. Because it didn't hurt, and Didi said there was no bump there.
FRED MAX What's the address where you live?
BETTY On Howard Street.
FRED MAX And what number?
BETTY I don't know the number.
FRED MAX Okay. Would you know the house again?
BETTY Yes, it had two porches, and we used to play underneath the porch sometime. I used to go up the hill there and play with the girl up on top of the hill in her little house underneath

the apple trees. And my mother and father—I took some kitties I found across the street in a pipe and brought them in the house without them knowing it, and put 'em in my bed, and my mother didn't want them there. [*Figure 9*]
FRED MAX [*Amused*] I imagine not!
BETTY But they let me keep them!
FRED MAX Okay, I realize you're not very old. But can you think of *anything* about you that was different after you saw this *bee*? Can you think of anything about yourself that changes in a week, a month, a year?
BETTY I feel close to nature and love everything.
FRED MAX More now than ever before?
BETTY Yes, I want to be more of nature and less playing dolls.
FRED MAX After this touch, you then felt this, right?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX Did you ever attribute it to that? Had you ever connected it before just now?
BETTY No.

The hour was getting late. Unsuccessful in breaking through the apparent mental block that prevented Betty from recalling what

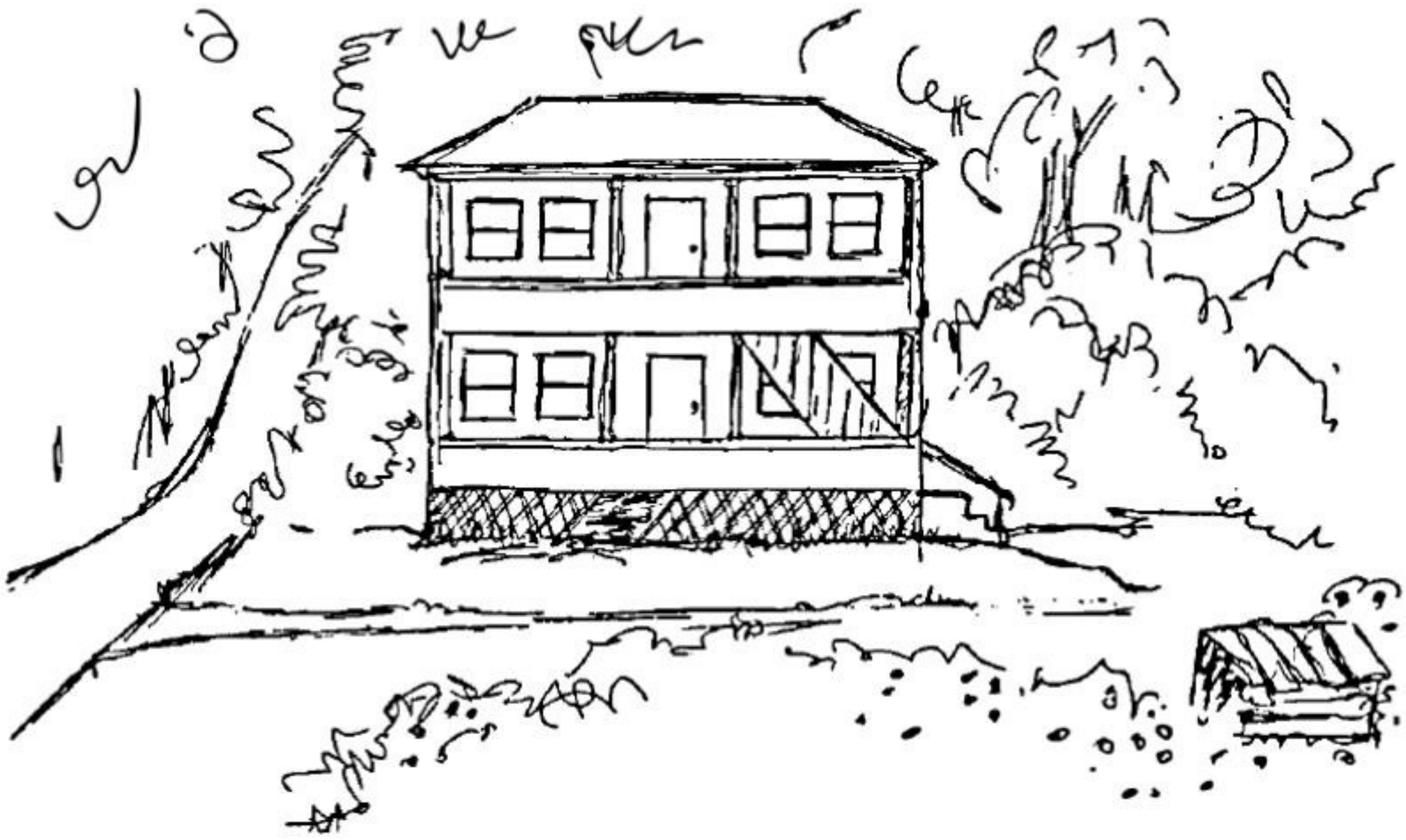


Figure 9. The house on Howard Street in Leominster, where Betty lived at age 7; hut is at lower right (*April 7*)

happened after the shining ball affixed itself between her eyes, Fred decided to call it a night and attempt to find out more at the next session. Betty was brought out of hypnosis, and a spirited conversation followed.

FRED MAX You never thought you'd go back to seven years old when you came here, did you?
BETTY No, I thought it was thirteen, when I was going up those stairs.

Betty, as mentioned before, had a conscious memory of walking up some stairs that led to a field. At the time, she thought she was thirteen years old. As she climbed the stairs, she remembered seeing a "bubble" coming toward her out of the sky.

FRED MAX I made a mistake and said five. Amazing how you immediately flipped to five. Then you went back to seven.
BETTY How come my mind associates that with the first encounter? How did it immediately zoom to that particular point?
FRED MAX Because your subconscious knew that there was something unusual about it.

Betty could not understand why she had not remembered this childhood experience. Fred could not offer any definitive answers. It was just one of many incidents from her early life that she had forgotten. The evidence seems to suggest that incidents of this nature were programmed to be forgotten by our alien visitors. Many participants in CE-IIIs have been told that they would forget their abduction experience. During her abduction experience on January 25, 1967, Betty was told that she would forget until the "appointed time." Whether or not our investigation has released such hidden data prematurely is hard to say; I have the strong feeling that we are part of their planned process! Betty's and Bob's experiences, if physically real, had mind-boggling implications. It was now clear that the aliens had specifically *selected* Betty at age seven, for some as yet unknown purpose. It was imperative that we find out.

So Fred Max used the latter half of the April 1 session to begin exploring Betty's next UFO experience.

5. Abduction at the Trap Rock

The results of the first three sessions were thought-provoking, to say the least. Fred was impressed and felt that under the circumstances a clever hoax or a complex dream was highly improbable. Larry, an avowed skeptic, was thoroughly dumbfounded. He was beginning to have doubts about his original hoax theory. Fred had regressed Bob back and forth like a biological tape recorder. The episodes remained consistent.

When I heard the tapes of Bob's early sessions, I had already been convinced of his integrity. For me, it was a question of whether hypnotic suggestion could have produced a vivid dream in Bob's mind or whether he had relived a real childhood event. I had no doubt that he had genuinely relived an experience of some kind.

As a long-term UFO investigator, I was particularly interested in Bob's description of the object, its physiological and psychological effects, and its occupants.

UFO files bulge with reports of the classic, oft-reported domed disk Bob had described. Consider this report by a trained observer, William C. Powell, who had logged eighteen thousand hours' time for the Air Force and Dutch KLM airlines. On May 21, 1966, he was

flying a light plane at forty-five hundred feet near Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. Visibility was fifteen miles.

At 3:15 P.M., he sighted a flight of easily recognizable Navy jets climbing up from Willow Grove Naval Air Station. He also saw a strange object chasing the jets. The weird craft was disk-shaped and tipped with a central glistening white dome. Suddenly it turned abruptly and headed directly for his aircraft, passing within an estimated three hundred feet under his starboard wing.

Powell related his startling experience on April 22, 1967, during a panel discussion on UFOs at the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, D.C. He told the editors: "It was as clear as seeing a Cadillac drifting by at a hundred yards."

Some have been even closer to this type of object. At about 5:30 A.M. on October 15, 1966, forest ranger Jerry H. Simons was returning home from a camping trip at Newfoundland, New Jersey. He was driving alone. Suddenly a bright light appeared in his rearview mirrow. He stopped the car and stuck his head out the car window.

> What I saw . . . scared the living hell out of me. *At first glance, it seemed to be nothing but a huge glowing light*, but then, I noticed a very distinct outline of what appeared to be some sort of a solid body.

Simon's sketch sent to NICAP shows a typically oval, flat-bottomed object with a dome. He estimated it to be twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter. His account and the associated physical effects were published in the October 1968 issue of the *Medical Times.*

Some, like Bob, have been close enough to see humanoid figures within this craft's domed section. For instance, on July 13, 1959, at about 5:50 A.M., Mrs. Frederick Moreland was on the way to her barn to milk the cows. Suddenly a bright-green glow emerged from the clouds and descended toward her. The glow came from a disk-shaped object about twenty to thirty feet in diameter, hovering at rooftop level only 150 feet away. She told investigating police:

> A light was switched on in what appeared to be a perspex or glass roof or dome that glowed. Inside the dome were *two men*

dressed in close-fitting suits of shiny material . . . I could not see their faces.[1]

On December 8, 1967, in Idaho Falls, at around 7:40 P.M., Marilyn Wilding went out on her front steps to wait for a friend to pick her up. Abruptly a light source from above reflected off the snow on the ground. Glancing up, she saw a large light partially hidden by the roof of her house. Cautiously, she walked out into the yard and saw a disk-shaped object bathed in a white light. Slowly the object tipped so that she could see a transparent central dome on its upper part. She could make out the outline of two figures whose features were obscured because of the light's bright glare. The object *wobbled* and sped away to the north.[2]

Wobbling on its axis is yet another consistent characteristic of the true UFO. The following reports are typical.

September 9, 1952: Portland, Oregon
Two oval or disk-shaped UFOs hovering. One wobbled.
August 15, 1957: Woodland Hills, California
Disk hovered for six minutes. *Rocked* from side to side.
October 2, 1961: Salt Lake City, Utah
Disk-shaped UFO seen by pilot.
Hovered with a slight *rocking* motion.[3]

Hundreds of similar observations have been made by witnesses from all over the world. Indeed, a textbook used at the United States Air Force Academy states that one of the flight characteristics of UFOs is "wobbling, fluttering."[4] Also, under a caption entitled "Associated Effects," the same textbook teaches that one of the typical sounds emanating from UFOs is *hissing*. Bob's childish description of steam escaping from his mother's car fits this sound perfectly.

Bob's description of the UFO's occupants is also representative of hundreds of reports. Many other witnesses have described the oversized pear-shaped head, the diminutive nose, the lack of protruding ears, and the apparent absence of a neck. The Air Force Academy text just quoted mentions that such reported occupants have "particularly wide (wrap around) eyes and mouths with thin lips."

Telepathic contact is also commonly reported by CE-III wit-

nesses. Barney Hill, September 19, 1961: Woodstock, New Hampshire: "the eyes are talking to me . . . telling me 'don't be afraid.' "

Air Force sergeant Charles L. Moody, August 13, 1975, Alamogordo, New Mexico: "almost like you are thinking something in your own head." David Stephens, October 27, 1975, Poland, Maine: The creatures communicated with "brain waves." Louise Smith, January 6, 1976, Stanford, Kentucky: the feeling of "mental communication."

The bright beam of light which hit and caused Bob to be paralyzed with a *tingling* sensation has been reported many times. One example involved a police officer on December 3, 1967, at Ashland, Nebraska: A "ray gun like beam . . . I had a *headache*."

Even Bob's description of the object's texture has been reported elsewhere. One witness I personally investigated reported getting within twenty-four feet of a strange landed box-shaped object before it took off. "Its surface was somewhat like that of *unevenly rusted steel*."

It is interesting to note that in the year 1944, the public was completely unaware of flying saucers or UFOs. There were sightings by Allied and Axis pilots during World War II but these were not publicized. In 1947, the government immediately classified all significant UFO data. In a formerly classified memo obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, Lieutenant General N. F. Twining, Army Air Force, wrote to the General of the Army Air Force. "The phenomenon is real . . . metallic . . . circular in shape, *flat on the bottom and domed on the top.*"[5] *If* Bob was really regressed to the year 1944 and he was reliving a real experience, he certainly would have had no knowledge of UFO characteristics. It wouldn't be until 1947 that flying saucer reports would enter the public domain! Bob had apparently relived a typical UFO sighting three years prior to any UFO publicity!

Fred Max's April 1, 1980, hypnotic regression session was attended by Betty, Bob, Larry's wife Lois, and Beryl. Lois, a newcomer to the strange proceedings, was very curious to see at first hand what Larry had been describing to her.

Fred regressed Bob back to the year 1967.

FRED MAX Where are you?

BOB In my car.
FRED MAX How old are you?
BOB Twenty-nine.
FRED MAX Okay, what area are you in?
BOB Wallingford.
FRED MAX Wallingford? Where in Wallingford?
BOB Going towards Durham (*Figure 10*).
FRED MAX And what do you see?
BOB A bunch of men working on the railroad by the New Haven Trap Rock. [*A site where gravel was processed*]
FRED MAX What street are you on?
BOB Route Sixty-Eight.
FRED MAX Route Sixty-Eight? Okay, is there anything unusual happening?
BOB I am looking, and nobody is working. They are all looking up in the sky.

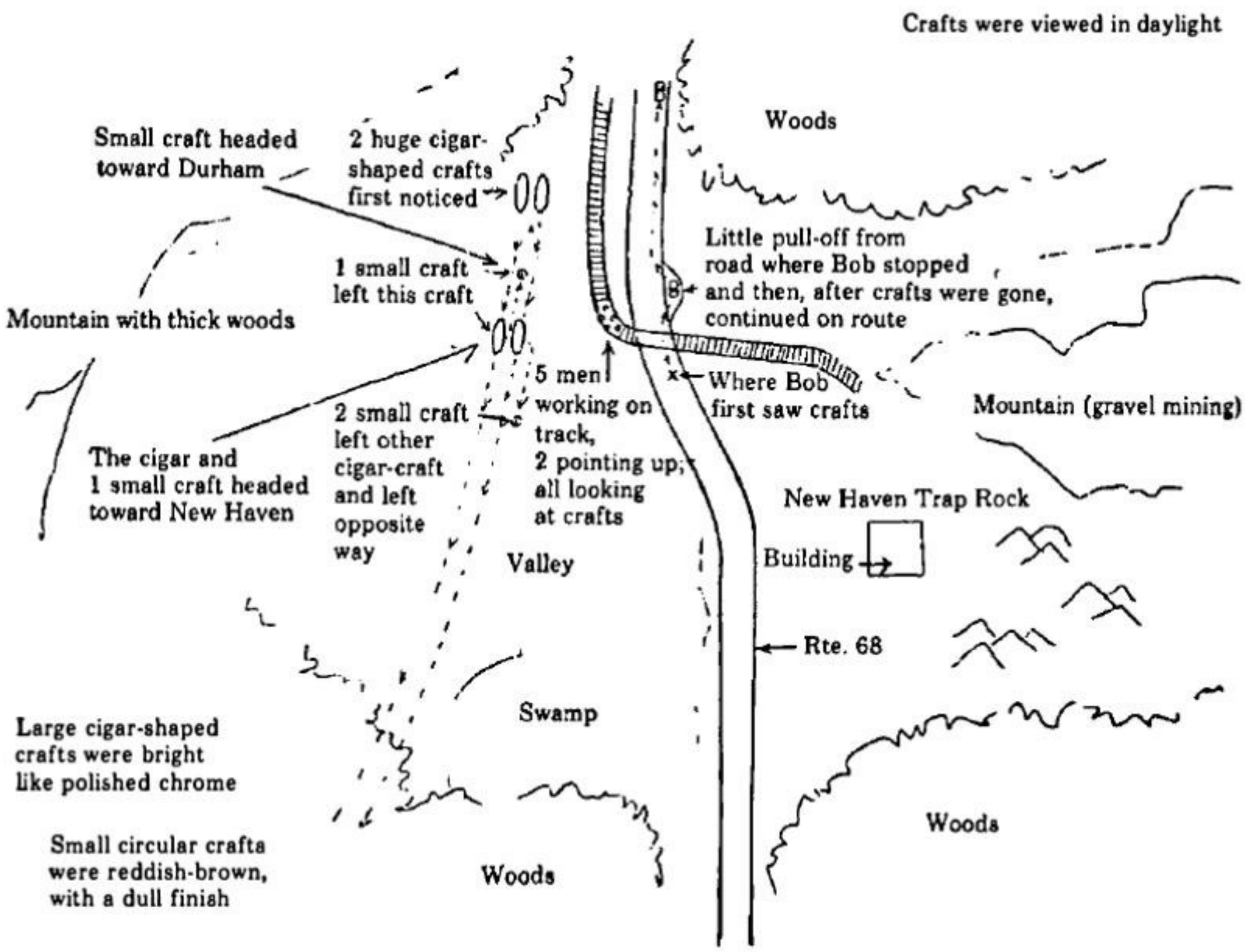

Crafts were viewed in daylight
Small craft headed toward Durham
2 huge cigar-shaped crafts first noticed
Woods
1 small craft left this craft
Little pull-off from road where Bob stopped and then, after crafts were gone, continued on route
Mountain with thick woods
5 men working on track, 2 pointing up; all looking at crafts
Where Bob first saw crafts
Mountain (gravel mining)
The cigar and 1 small craft headed toward New Haven
2 small craft left other cigar-craft and left opposite way
New Haven Trap Rock
Valley
Building
Rte. 68
Swamp
Large cigar-shaped crafts were bright like polished chrome
Woods
Small circular crafts were reddish-brown, with a dull finish
Woods

Figure 10. Map of Bob Luca's 1967 Encounter (*April 14*)

FRED MAX What's up there?
BOB Two big things. It looks like, looks like cigar shape, bright, mostly polished chrome. Real bright and side by side.
FRED MAX How far apart are they?
BOB Hard to tell. They are very high.
FRED MAX What time is it?
BOB It must be about eleven o'clock.
FRED MAX Where is the sun?
BOB The sun is slightly behind me now.
FRED MAX And what day is today?
BOB Saturday.
FRED MAX What date and year?
BOB [*Long pause*] I know what day it is, because it's an important day.
FRED MAX Why is that?
BOB I don't know, but I know it is.
FRED MAX Where are you going?
BOB Hammonasset Beach. It's a beautiful day.
FRED MAX A beautiful day? Are there clouds in the sky? Look up.
BOB Almost perfect.
FRED MAX What month is this?
BOB [*Long pause*] I can't.
FRED MAX Think hard. You must have seen the newspaper this morning.
BOB [*Long pause*] I knew the day when I left the house.
FRED MAX Suppose we go back to the morning, early this morning, getting out of bed. It's Saturday morning and what day is it today?
BOB I don't know.

Try as he might, Fred could not extract the exact date that Bob was describing. There seemed to be the same type of mental block that was encountered during Bob's first experience concerning the message of the aliens.

FRED MAX What year car are you driving?
BOB Nineteen-sixty.
FRED MAX A nineteen-sixty what?

BOB Cadillac.
FRED MAX Okay, we are going down Route Sixty-Eight now. I want you, very nicely, very completely, to describe the events of the day for me. Just keep going. Give me the entire day from this point on. And give me all the important details, and then we will discuss it afterward. Okay? So suppose you start now. You can speak in a normal, comfortable voice.
BOB Going to the beach. It's a beautiful day. It's sunny. There are no clouds in the sky. I'm going on Route Sixty-Eight, to Durham, and I come to New Haven Trap Rock. And on the left side there are some men working on the railroad track that comes into Trap Rock and they're looking up and pointing up in the air, so I look out my window and I see that they are looking at two big cigar-shaped long things in the sky. They are bright, bright, white, almost like polished chrome with the sun reflecting on it. I pull my car over to the right. I see a little place to pull off the road. I think I might have my camera in the glove compartment, but it isn't there. So I look back out the window and the things are going side by side slowly. I think toward New Haven. They appear to be very high. Looking out my window, they seem about eighty degrees over the horizon, not directly overhead. And it is strange. They don't leave any trail like an airplane or jet, and there is no noise. They're drifting toward New Haven. So, I start my car because we are going to the beach and *two other things come out of the cigar-shaped things.* One of them *comes out of the belly* the closest to me and goes toward New Haven fast. The other *comes out of the belly* of the second one and goes the other way. So I go on and drive my car to the beach. Then the round one comes back and it comes down *like a leaf,* and it's *going slowly from side to side,* and it's going to land!

At this point, Bob began breathing very heavily and began to shift nervously in his chair. Fred took immediate steps to relieve his fear and anxiety.

FRED MAX Just relax. Allow yourself to move out of the scene so it does not disturb you. You know nothing is going to hurt you. Now go on.

BOB It seems smooth and there is no windows in it. There is no noise, and it just seems to float down.
FRED MAX Remove yourself from it, slightly more. Just enough so it does not disturb you. [*Bob begins to relax a bit.*] Okay, go on.
BOB There is a red light coming out of it. This red light shines on me.
FRED MAX Are you still driving?
BOB I think the car is stopped. This bright red light comes out of it.

In 1977, David Webb and the hypnotist had interrogated Bob on this very point.

DAVID WEBB You were parked? And what do you see?
BOB Ah, red. I can't see. I don't remember parking the car.
DAVID WEBB Are you still in the car?
BOB There's a room. . . .

Bob had proceeded to describe much of what we've already covered in the more recent transcript.

Now, Bob suddenly stopped talking. Fred waited for a minute or so, then continued his questioning.

FRED MAX What is the other craft doing while this one is emitting a light?
BOB There is no more. The other ones are gone.
FRED MAX Where did it go?
BOB I don't know. The two big ones just kept going the way they were. The other small one went horizontally towards New Haven and this one came *back* [*Again Bob started to breathe heavily and stirred restlessly in the chair*] to where I am!
FRED MAX Just relax. Suppose you could view this as if it was happening to someone else. All right? Relax easily and comfortably. You know you were not injured so you really don't have any problem. I want you to view it very comfortably. Take a few seconds to calm down.

Bob appeared to have been terrified at what he was seeing. Fred continued in an attempt to ease his mind:

FRED MAX Okay? I'll count to three. When I reach three, you

will make the transition. You will be able to jump out of your body and view yourself as if you were at a distance and you won't feel anything. One, two, three.
BOB There is this red light, and I'm afraid.
FRED MAX Why are you afraid?
BOB Because I think that they want me. Something in the red light. I see a person, a little person.
FRED MAX Can you see this person clearly and distinctly?

Bob began shaking like a leaf.

BOB I can see the person!
FRED MAX Okay, just close your eyes and relax. Go on with what you were saying before. Suppose we just proceed on the object you can see through the light.
FRED MAX Okay.
BOB And then I'm inside this room.
FRED MAX What do you mean, you're inside this room? How did you get in the room?
BOB It's got something to do with the red light.
FRED MAX Wait a minute. Do you feel you were transported with the light?
BOB I don't know.
FRED MAX Okay, in other words you aren't clear how you arrived where you are. But you are there, right?
BOB Yes.

In 1977, we had wondered *how* he was transported from the car to the strange craft. Only persistent questioning finally brought this out. (Note again that he was not influenced by leading questions.)

HYPNOTIST How did you get into the vehicle? They carried you?
BOB I don't know. I just floated.
HYPNOTIST You floated?
BOB And the door [*in the craft*] is dark when the doors open, you know.

Now, Larry continued to whisper questions to Fred, once in a while handing him a note on what approach to take. It was decided to attempt to obtain a description of the craft's interior.

FRED MAX Take a look to the right. What do you see?
BOB A floor. It looks like misty white. I don't know. It's glass.
FRED MAX Are you standing?
BOB Standing. I'm looking down at the floor.
FRED MAX What's below your feet?
BOB I can't see my own feet. Floor is, ah, I don't know. Misty like fog or something in there. The walls are curved downwards. There's no square corner.
FRED MAX Why would you say you looked at the floor rather than straight in front of you as one might normally?
BOB Because I think I'm afraid. I was looking down.
FRED MAX Okay, go on. Describe what you see.
BOB The floor is like a mist and fog or something. It feels solid and the walls are curved. And there looks like brushed-aluminum panels, like, on the walls. Looks like a dull metal, and there is like a bench in there. Looks like a bench for a picnic table, except it's made out of glass or plastic or something. And there's a table. Looks like an operating table. [*Figure 11*]

Bob again was panting and shaking. But Fred was determined to see him through the experience if at all possible.

FRED MAX There is no reason for you to be apprehensive or uncomfortable. You are doing just fine, okay? If you find something bothers you, just come a little more *here* and a little less *there*. You have the power to do that all on your own, okay?
BOB Okay.
FRED MAX I'm going to put my hand on your shoulder to calm you down. Okay, now proceed.
BOB And a white . . . [*Pause*] The room was lit, but there is no light. It, ah, it's soft, like fluorescent light but there is no light bulb. On the left, way on the left, there is a little pie-shaped room. I have to go in there and take my clothes off.
FRED MAX Are there beings up there? Are you alone?
BOB Somebody is in back of me.
FRED MAX Are they speaking to you?
BOB Not until he told me to take my clothes off.
LARRY FAWCETT Was your head up or down?
BOB I'm looking at the little room now.

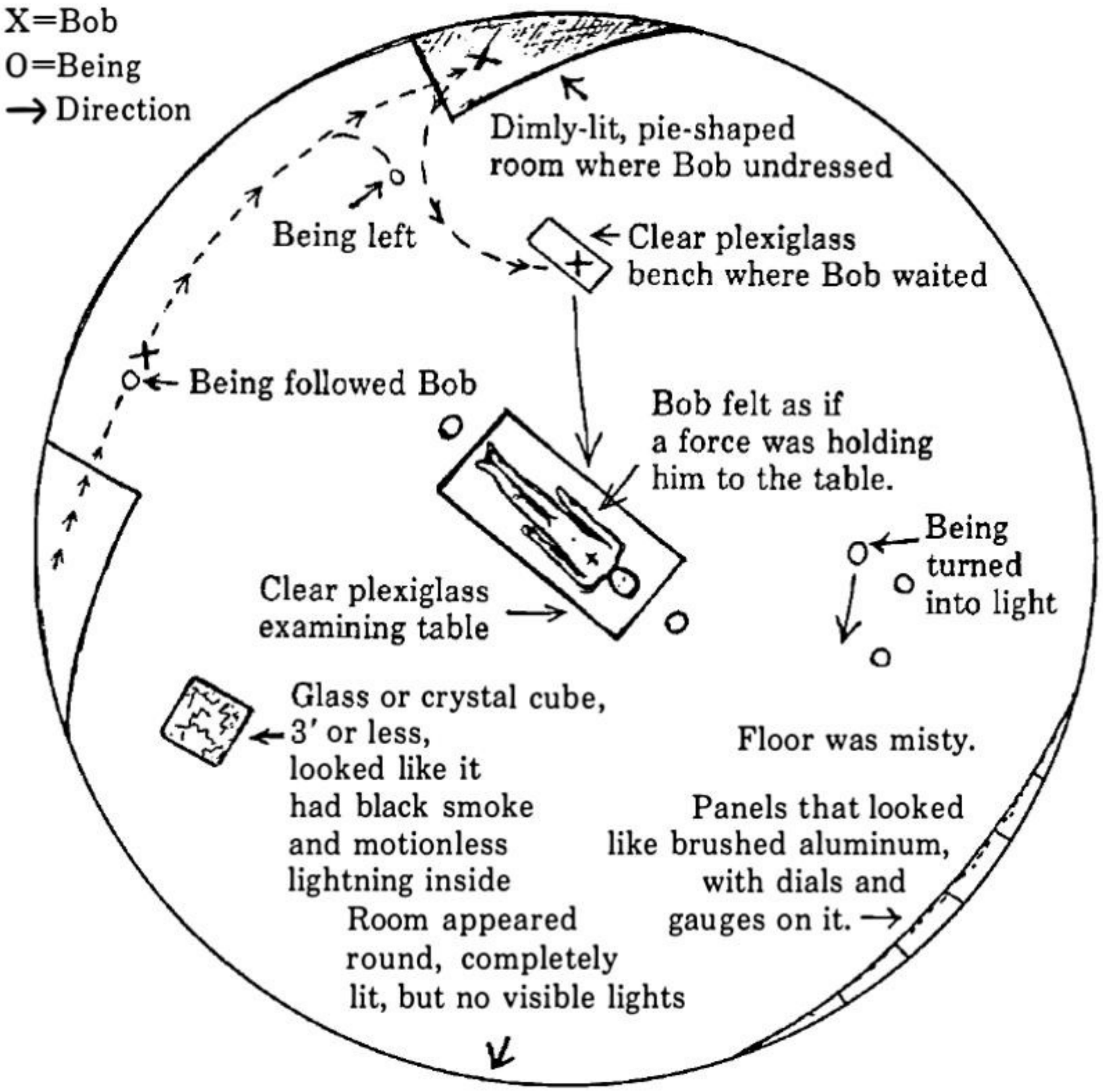

X=Bob
O=Being
→ Direction
Dimly-lit, pie-shaped room where Bob undressed
Being left
Clear plexiglass bench where Bob waited
Being followed Bob
Bob felt as if a force was holding him to the table.
Being turned into light
Clear plexiglass examining table
Glass or crystal cube, 3′ or less, looked like it had black smoke and motionless lightning inside
Floor was misty.
Panels that looked like brushed aluminum, with dials and gauges on it. →
Room appeared round, completely lit, but no visible lights

Figure 11. Inside the craft (*April 14*)

FRED MAX That's ahead of you?
BOB It's in front of me, to my left.
FRED MAX Look up. Is there anything up there?
BOB A curved ceiling.
LARRY FAWCETT Can you touch it?
BOB Not quite from where I am. If I walk closer to the left, the ceiling comes down.
FRED MAX Oh, I see, you're like in a cylinder so if you walk to the side, it would be easier to touch it?

BOB Yeah. It's like a round room with a little room on the left of it.
FRED MAX You have been told to take your clothes off, right?
BOB Yeah.
FRED MAX How did they express it?
BOB It's just like a voice inside, inside myself. And that voice tells me I should not be afraid, because I am. I don't like being here, but I do what they told me.
FRED MAX Okay.
BOB And I go in that room. It's dark and I take off my clothes.
FRED MAX Could you draw what you see for me? I want you to take a good look around. Turn your head. Look up and down and all around. I want you to see all around you.
BOB There is a lot of things.
FRED MAX I'll count from one to three. You will open your eyes without affecting your trance and you will be able to draw what you see. One, two, three, open your eyes without affecting your trance.

Bob took the pencil from Fred's hand and proceeded to draw some sketches of what he had seen aboard the alien craft (*see figure 12*).

FRED MAX [*Looking at Bob's drawing*] What's that?
BOB Looks like a dentist's drill. It's folded up into the ceiling and there's a black thing on the end of it. I can't really draw it. But it looks like a dentist's drill. The arm comes out.
FRED MAX Okay, where are you?
BOB Standing in front of the little room. The little room was over here [*Bob points to his drawing*] and I'm standing here looking out. These panels look like brushed aluminum or some kind of metal, and there's some dials in them. Dials or gauges, I don't know what they are.
LARRY FAWCETT Is that to the left of the panel?
BOB No, the dials and gauges are *in* the panel.
LARRY FAWCETT What do they remind you of? What do they look like?
BOB For race cars, the instrumentation—all the gauges—are set *into* metal panels. It looks like that. Then there's a box on the other side that's behind this bench and I can see from standing.

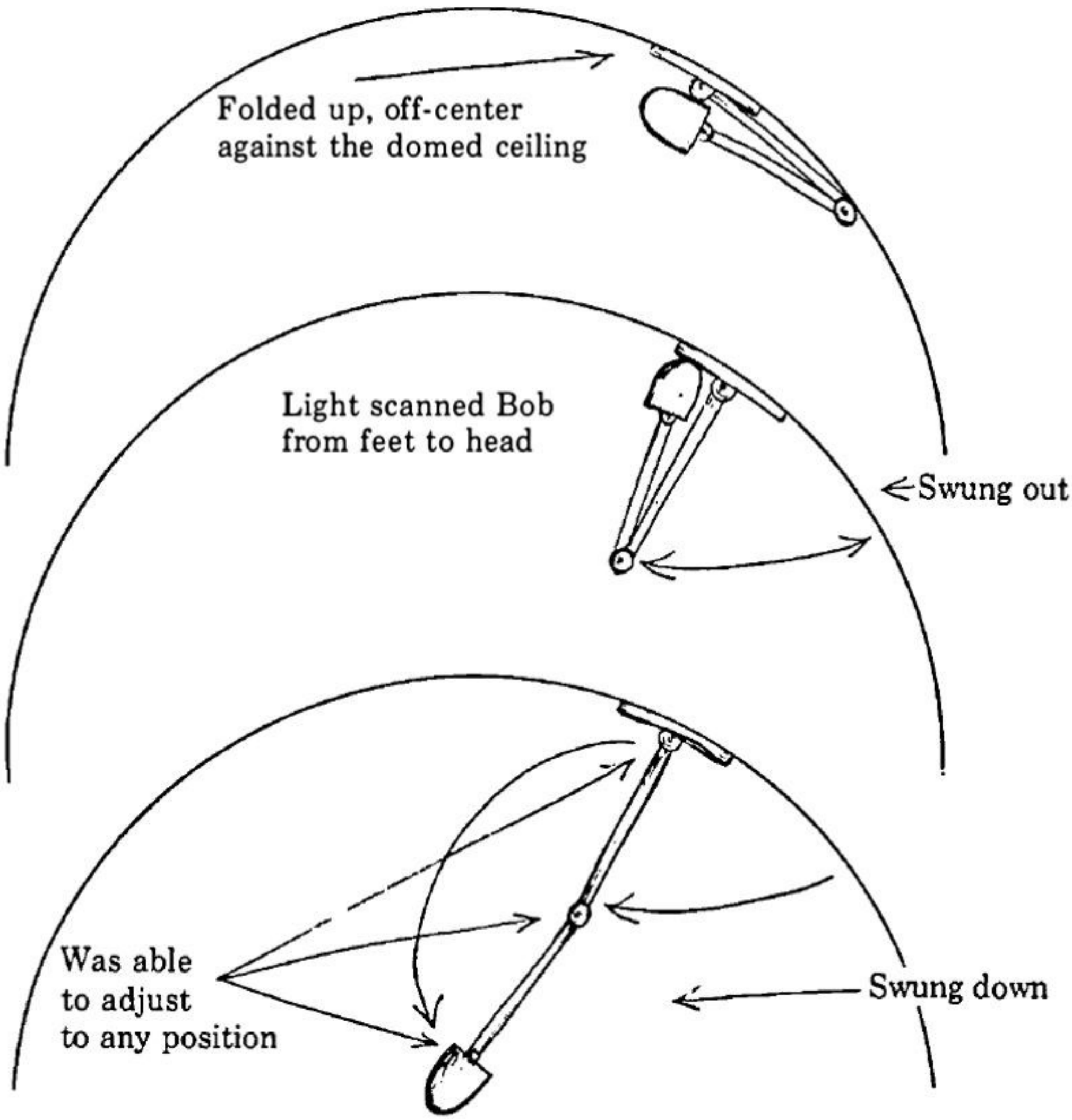


Figure 12. Light fixture in the craft ceiling; for detail, see Figure 14 (*April 14*)

It looks like a glass cube and it fascinates me cause it's filled with, looks like black smoke. It looks like there's lightning inside it or something gold. Looks like it has streaks of gold running all through it—a bright, bright gold.

LARRY FAWCETT How big is that box?

BOB It's a cube, maybe not a yard square. No, it's less than three feet and it's got all little lightning bolts inside it. It's all black with these gold streaks running through it [*Figure 13*].

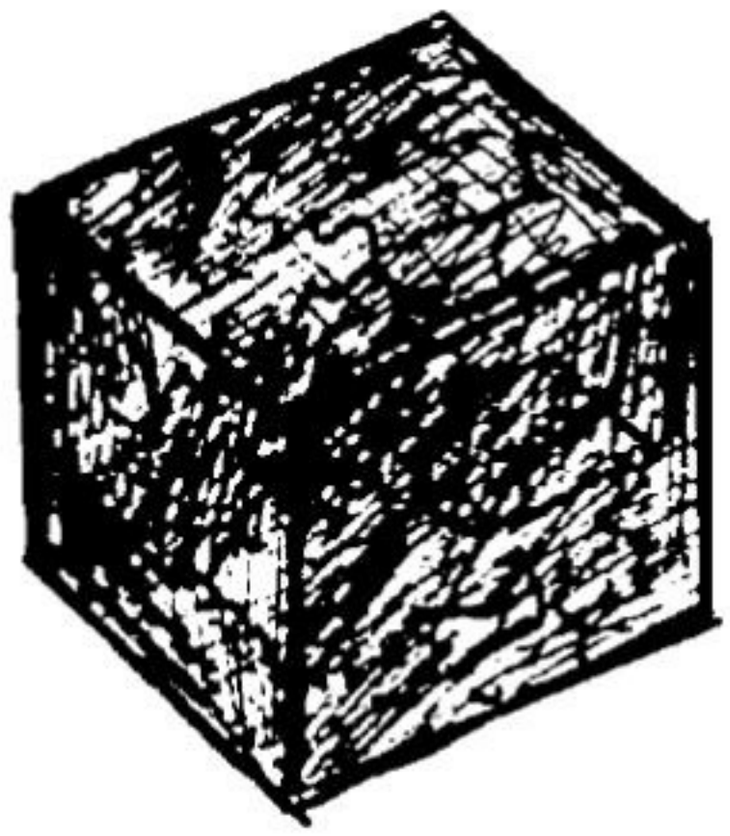


Figure 13. Glass or crystal cube with motionless black smoke and lightning

FRED MAX You say *like* lightning. Is it something that keeps recurring?

BOB No, it looks like the lightning has been frozen right in its path.

FRED MAX Okay, is there anything else you should draw that I should see?

BOB I can't draw all the things that are in there!

FRED MAX Do you have any idea of dimension? In other words, how far is this over your head?

BOB The center is about eight feet.

FRED MAX Okay, the center is about eight feet from top center to the bottom, to the floor. How about from here to here? In other words, from three o'clock to nine o'clock, how far is it? [*I.e., the diameter of the object*]

BOB Well, it's probably between fifteen and eighteen feet, I think.

From time to time, Fred would have Bob go back and relive segments of his experience to check them for consistency. From time to time, he also threw in trick questions, to further assure himself that Bob was indeed reliving past events.

FRED MAX Did *Betty* find it scary?

BOB [*Looks puzzled*] Betty?

LARRY FAWCETT What's the temperature inside there, Bob?

BOB Feels cold, because I'm scared!
LARRY FAWCETT Is there a different temperature than when you were in the car?
BOB Outside is warm.
LARRY FAWCETT And you entered this object, what happened?
BOB I don't know. I was just there all of a sudden.
FRED MAX Let's go on.
BOB So I sit on the bench, and I don't have any clothes on.
LARRY FAWCETT Who took your clothes off?
BOB I did.
LARRY FAWCETT *Why* did you take your clothes off?
BOB Because I was told to.
LARRY FAWCETT Who told you?
BOB The little person that was behind me when we came in.
LARRY FAWCETT Okay, now you're sitting on the bench. Where is the little person now?
BOB I don't know. I just have to wait.
FRED MAX In other words, you were instructed to go into this room?
BOB I took off my clothes and came out. The little person was gone. I just had to sit on the bench and wait. I don't like it!
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BOB And then somebody is coming from the other side.
LARRY FAWCETT From your left or right side? Bob?
BOB From my right, from opposite the little room. *And there's more of the little people!*
LARRY FAWCETT How many more, Bob?
BOB There's five altogether, and they all look alike.
LARRY FAWCETT All the suits the same?
BOB Yeah. They look a milky gray color.
FRED MAX Do they all look *exactly* alike?
BOB Look like a bunch of twins.
FRED MAX By twins, do you mean in every way?
BOB Like a bunch of carbon copies, like they're all stamped out of one mold.

During the 1977 session too, Bob was asked to describe the creatures.

DAVID WEBB Okay, Bob. Can you describe as best you can the people who were in the room?
BOB Um-m, they were shorter than I. Ah-h, the thing that stands out is *big eyes*. . . , red tight-fitting clothes . . . , ah-h, maybe it's metallic material, reflective.
DAVID WEBB Did you communicate with them?
BOB I *knew* what they wanted me to do.
DAVID WEBB What did they want you to do?
BOB They didn't want me to be frightened.
DAVID WEBB Did their lips move?
BOB No.
DAVID WEBB Did they have lips?
BOB Just a little slit for a mouth. Ah-h, no ears, no nose.
DAVID WEBB Can you describe the hands of the people?
BOB There's . . . [*Pause*] Arms are skinny, but I don't remember hands.
DAVID WEBB Okay, what about the feet?
BOB I never saw the feet.
DAVID WEBB Did they move their legs like you and I would walk?
BOB They moved like much smoother than walking. Almost like, ah-h, oh-h, like on a skateboard or roller skates or something. They just kinda *slid* along.
DAVID WEBB Do you remember any other details about the body?
BOB Narrow-waisted. They're thin.
DAVID WEBB What color was their skin?
BOB A highly ashen, bluish-gray color.
DAVID WEBB What about the eyes?
BOB They're big and oval.
DAVID WEBB Did you see a pupil or a dark area inside the eye?
BOB It was like there was a white part and there was a dark part.
DAVID WEBB The head of the people: How did the shape and size compare in proportion to their body with ours?
BOB The head looked too big for the body. It was thin at the bottom and big on top.

DAVID WEBB Did you notice a neck?
BOB There wasn't much of a neck. Looked like a head was just put on top of the body.
DAVID WEBB Is there anything else about the people that you can remember?
BOB I just *felt* they were not harmful.
DAVID WEBB Do you remember any sounds in the room?
BOB Ah-h, no noise, but I smell *ozone* or something after electrical discharge. In my work, I run into that a lot.
DAVID WEBB Can you tell where this smell is coming from?
BOB No, it's just inside the room. Like after a lightning storm. Like after there's an arc of high tension, high voltage. There was an odor like that. It's light in there but there's no lights anywhere. Seems the walls are lighted somehow. And, on the walls there's panels with wires and gauges. They're colored sort of like brushed aluminum panels.

Now, three years later, Bob recalled: "They put me over on that big table. I don't like it because I can't move."

At this very point, he became pinned to the hypnotist's chair as if an invisible force were pushing him down! The room became very tense. In spite of this alarming phenomenon, Fred still was able to mantain his professional composure.

LARRY FAWCETT Why can't you move?
BOB I don't know, but *I don't like it!*

Bob had begun to strain against the invisible bond gluing him to the chair. He was obviously terrified.

FRED MAX Okay, calm down, calm down. You're all right.
BOB This is enough! I want to get out of here. I—*I don't like it!*
FRED MAX Do you want me to awaken you?
BOB No, I'm just telling *them* I don't like this.

Bob again tried in desperation to lift his body up from the hypnotist's chair.

BOB They're not going to hurt me. I don't like being stuck here, though.

FRED MAX Are you actually bound by some internal mental mechanism? Or have they bound you with some device?
BOB There is nothing here! [*For the first time in any session to date, Bob's voice reflects anger.*] I'm just stuck on the table.
FRED MAX They have some control over your mind that forces you to be stuck there, right?
BOB I don't know if it's the table or my mind, or what. What I know is, *I don't like it!*

Again, in spite of obviously leading questions, Bob did not take the bait. He continued to relive the episode spontaneously exactly as he had experienced it. Some critics maintain that someone who has never had a UFO experience can recount CE-III's while under hypnosis. This, of course, is true. However, *telling* a tale under hypnosis and reliving a traumatic experience in the first person are entirely different in nature. If someone asked me to, I could make up a wonderful UFO abduction case, *but* I would not be able to really relive such a story with obvious emotion and associated physical effects. A professional hypnotist would recognize my ploy quite easily during interrogation and replay. A professional could also determine whether or not I was really in deep trance as well.

BOB They tell me I don't have to be afraid. But they won't let me up either!
FRED MAX Have you been touched?
BOB No, but I got an idea they're going to do something.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BOB One of them gets at the bottom and is scraping my toenails.
LARRY FAWCETT What's he using?
BOB It looks like a little chrome pencil or dentist's tool, almost. He's scraping the underside surface.
LARRY FAWCETT Like you clean your fingernails or toes?
BOB Yeah, what's he doing that for? One of them is moving my head. He's in back of me. I don't like this!
FRED MAX Is it hurting or just annoying?
BOB I just don't like it. Now he's moving my foot, my ankle. He's making it go all around, back and forth and sideways. What's he doing that for?

FRED MAX Is he pushing hard?
BOB No, just moving it around like in a circle, up and down.
LARRY FAWCETT Is anybody saying anything, Bob?
BOB No.
FRED MAX Are you asking any questions?
BOB Just, *I want to get out of here!*
FRED MAX How do they respond?
BOB That nobody will hurt me. [*Bob sounds puzzled.*] What's that? Something's coming down, an arm. There's a light inside it, like a tube, a fluorescent or something. It goes to my feet up to my head.
LARRY FAWCETT It goes back and forth?
BOB Yeah, it's got an arm.
FRED MAX What color is the light coming from this arm?
BOB Like a pinkish white. More white than pink. [*Figure 14*]
FRED MAX Like the light one might see in a dentist's office?
BOB No, it's got pink in it. [*Again he becomes alarmed. Terror is reflected in his voice.*] One of these people is at my feet, and one at my head and, there's three left, and they're right behind—
FRED MAX Okay, calm down.
BOB They're talking amongst themselves.
FRED MAX Can you hear what they are saying?

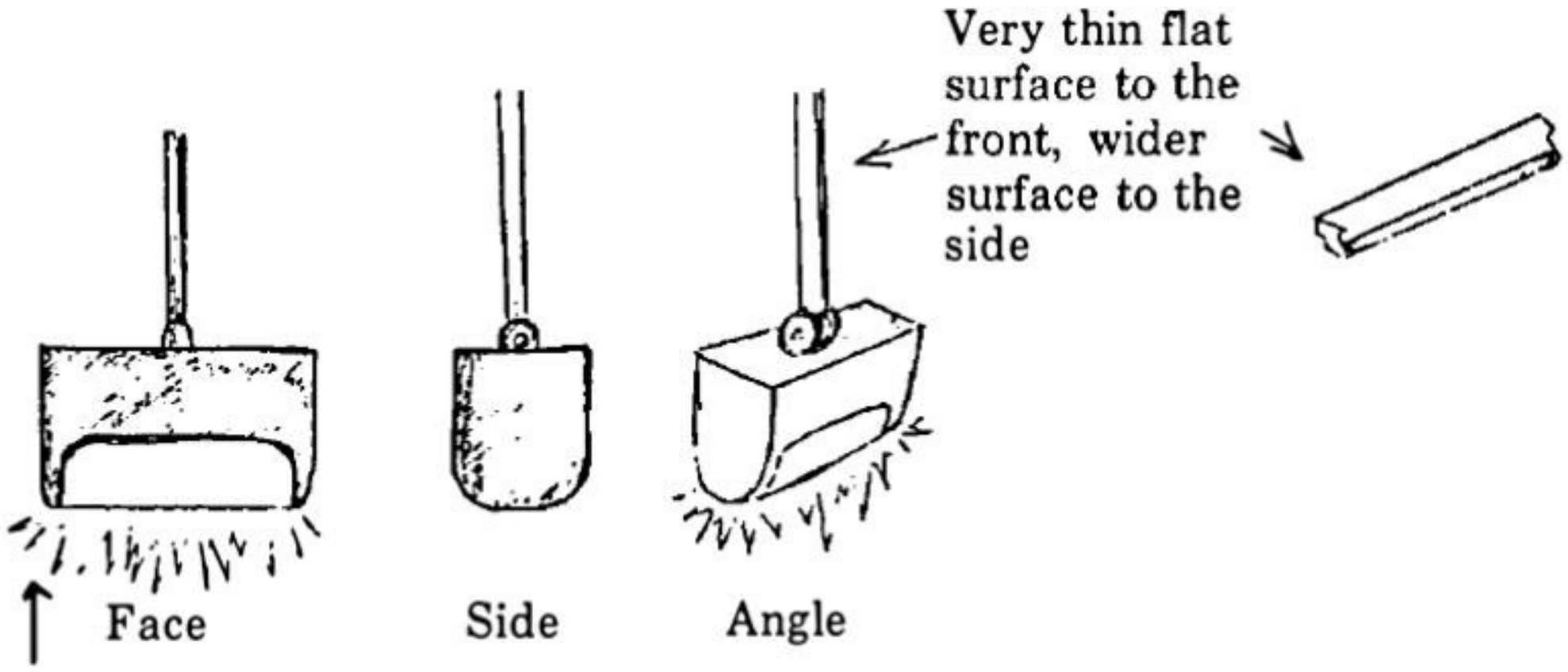


Figure 14. End of light shown in Figure 12 (*April 14*)

BOB It's gibberish. Strange talk. I can hear it, but I don't know what it is.
FRED MAX All right. Do they appear to be agreeing with each other? Do you detect yelling or screaming or anything to that effect?
BOB No, it's just discussing.
FRED MAX Is the volume very even?
BOB Yeah, it's almost like monotone. [*Becoming very excited*] I just want to get out of here!
FRED MAX Okay, go on.

Suddenly, Bob gasped in disbelief at what he was seeing.

BOB The one on the far end, on the far right, *he just changes! He turns into light! Just a form of light!*

Bob became so very emotional that it frightened those present except for Fred Max, whose voice remained soft and reassuring.

FRED MAX Just be calm.
BOB [*Interrupting as if not even hearing Fred*] *He just floats back past the other ones!*

For some reason, witnessing this creature's bizarre transformation affected Bob emotionally more than anything else in the third session. It was apparent to Fred Max that for the time being it would be wise not to push Bob any further.

Fred eased Bob back to the present with soft and reassuring words, giving him a posthypnotic suggestion to remember the exact route and the site where he had observed the objects.

FRED MAX Just calm down. Listen to me. Next week, when I bring you back here, you will easily and comfortably come back to this point.

First Betty, and then Larry, drove Bob along the route where the incident had occurred. When they reached the area where he had sighted the objects, Bob experienced severe headaches which cropped up again on and off throughout the week. Bob felt that he had to have time to rest. Betty did not feel up to being regressed on April 14 either, so the next session was postponed until April 21,

1980. Betty was again feeling leery. Her initial session on March 25 had produced an extremely strange experience. When April 21 rolled around, however, curiosity again overcame her apprehension and she agreed to continue the sessions.

Bob, on the other hand, refused outright to submit to further hypnosis. His headaches were continuing, and a death in the family had further compounded his emotions. We were all sympathetic but also very disappointed. There were many more questions to be asked. Perhaps the entities behind the UFO phenomena did not want us to probe further. The headaches may have been produced by a powerful posthypnotic suggestion the alien creatures left in Bob's mind.

It is possible to fill in the rest of Bob's experience by referring to the transcript of Bob's hypnotic regression on December 3, 1977, made during our initial investigation.

The 1977 session uncovered Bob's return to his car and the completion of his interrupted journey to the beach.

HYPNOTIST When you finished in the craft, how did you get back in the vehicle?
BOB Somebody put me there.
HYPNOTIST Who put you there?
BOB One of the people . . . floated back, and then I was there.

Bob's last memory of seeing the craft in the sky was when it descended behind trees. He seemingly has no conscious memory of ever having seen it leave. Apparently it left the area after he drove away. David Webb's next questions related to the events after he was returned to the car and to attempts to determine the exact time and date of the incident.

DAVID WEBB Okay, then what did you do?
BOB I drove to the center of Durham, where I turned right, and drove to Hammonasset State Park, where my trailer was, and went into the park to the lot. I had my trailer on to spend the weekend.
DAVID WEBB At any time did you look at your watch to see what time it was?
BOB Ah-h, not until dinner. When I got to the trailer for lunch,

it seemed late and *it was two o'clock.* On my way to the beach it was ten to eleven in the morning!
DAVID WEBB How long would it have taken you to go from where your car was parked to the beach?
BOB Should have been thirty or forty minutes.

One of the puzzling things about this case is Bob's inability to remember the *exact* date. Concerning that item of information, the hypnotist encountered a strong mental block. All that could be derived was an approximation. During the debriefing session, Bob again was questioned about the date.

HYPNOTIST When did this happen to you?
BOB 1967, June.
HYPNOTIST And it happened with Betty in 1967.
DAVID WEBB How certain are you of the year 1967?
BOB I owned a gas station at the time. I'm reasonably certain. I took a one-year lease on that place. The lease was up in March [1968], so it would have had to be 1967 cause it was '67 to '68 that I owned the place.

That completes Bob's account of the Abduction at Trap Rock. Hopefully he will someday again consent to undergoing further regressive hypnosis. I feel that there is much more information waiting to be tapped from Bob's subconscious memory.

Thankfully, Bob did not object to Betty's continuing her sessions with Fred Max, and did not mind attending these sessions himself.

NOTES

[1]*UFOs: A New Look* (Washington, D.C.: NICAP, 1969), p. 29.
[2]Ibid., pp. 29, 30.
[3]*The UFO Evidence* (Washington, D.C.: NICAP, 1964), pp. 153, 154.
[4]Department of Physics, USAF Academy *Introductory Space Science,* Vol. II, p. 458.
[5]E. U. Condon, *Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1969), pp. 894, 895.

6. The Being in the Woods

In retrospect, listening to the March 25 and April 1 tapes, I wondered what else the aliens had told Betty through the tiny dronelike device. But what had come out was intriguing in and of itself.

Why had contact with the tiny glowing sphere caused Betty to love nature? I went back to my files on the original investigation and took out an autobiographical sketch that I had asked Betty to write up back in 1977:

> In Westminster as a young girl I enjoyed nature to the fullest. The minute I arrived home from school, I would change, take my pet dog, Pal, and head for pond, brook, field, or woods, alone. There I would pick wild flowers, catch snakes, polywogs, shiners, trout, and kivers. I'd pick wild blackberries, blueberries, plums, hazelnuts, raspberries, and elderberries.
>
> I'd stick my feet in the pond edge or walk through the brook's thick mud. Every season felt so alive to me. I felt as if I was part of it. Even writing this, I feel total recall: the joy of standing by the cool rushing stream, with soft white dew-

covered flowers and skunk cabbage clustered in the swamp close by. I remember going through the tunnel beneath our road with a barrel hoop and burlap sack attached to it, swishing a stick, as my friend Eddie stood at the other end with another hooped stick. We got more trout and snakes that way. . . . I used to climb large hemlock trees and pick ladyslippers, Jack-in-the-pulpit, trilliums, mountain laurel. I would go deep into the woods and stay almost till dark. I was never afraid there. It was so peaceful.

Who was the *one*? Where were they going to take her in the future, and when? I was anxious to find out. Indeed, what happened on one of these childhood jaunts to the woods was far from being peaceful! We found this out during the April 7 session as Fred Max continued his hypnotic probe of Betty's mind.

FRED MAX Suppose we progress in time to your next UFO sighting. I will count from one to five. When I reach five, you will be at your next UFO sighting. One, two, three, four, five.
BETTY Oooooooooooh!
FRED MAX What is the matter?
BETTY I don't know what that is!
FRED MAX What *what* is?

Betty's face became twisted with fear. She began breathing heavily, then became very quiet. Whatever she had seen, the initial shock had passed.

FRED MAX Where are you?
BETTY I'm in Westminster.
FRED MAX How old are you?
BETTY I'm twelve.
FRED MAX Are you alone?
BETTY No. There is a funny little person coming out of that hole. [*Figure 15*]
FRED MAX Stay right there for a second. I'm going to count from one to three. You are going to go about five minutes before, and then we will progress you from here. One, two, three, four, five. Okay, *now* where are you?
BETTY I'm going up to the woods. I just left Eddie and the girls there, and I'm going to check about the trap I lost.

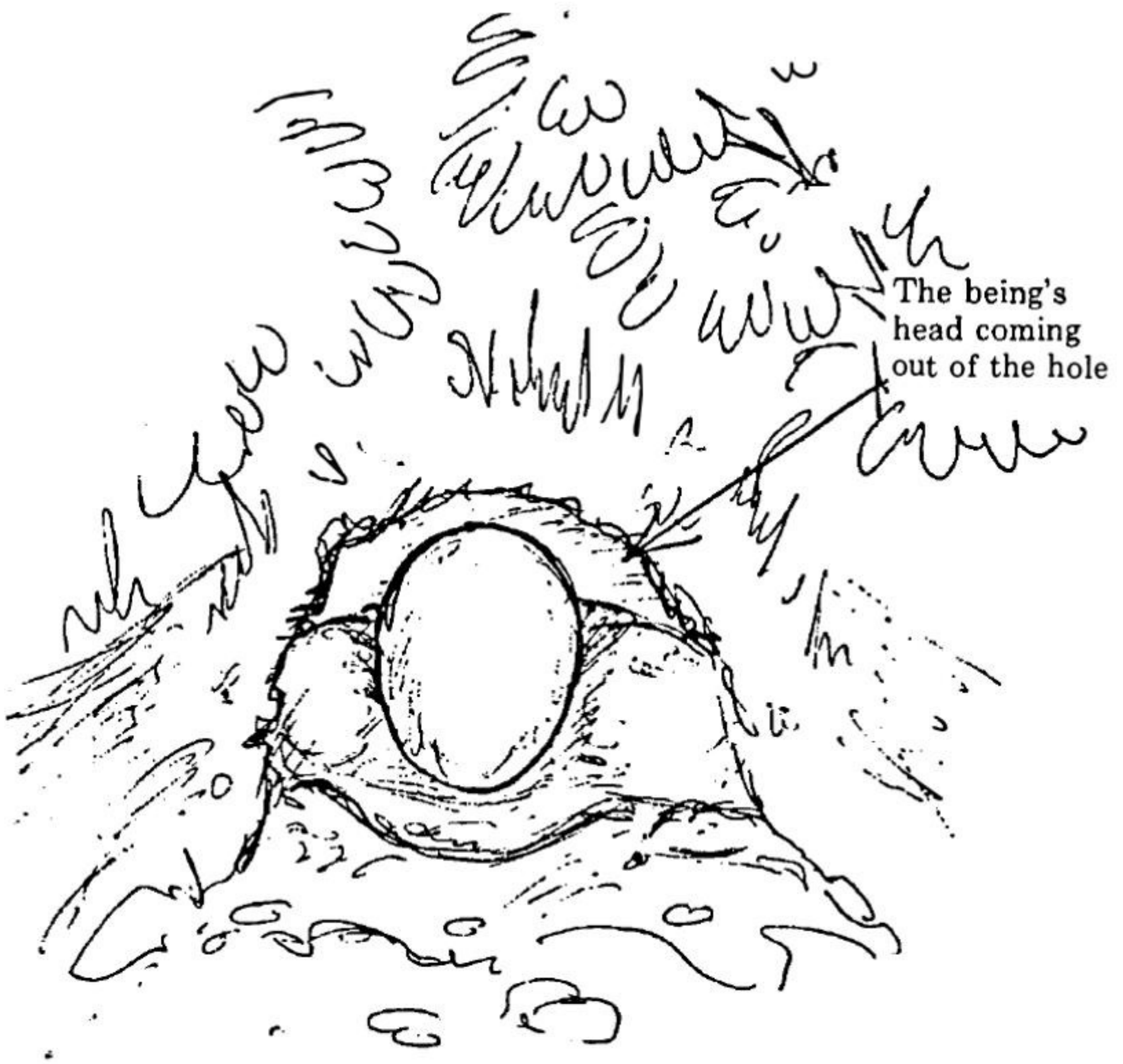


Figure 15. In the woods of Westminster, Mass., off South Ashburnham Road (*April 9*)

As Betty mentally journeyed into the woods, she described what she saw along the way.

BETTY I'm climbing up the hill and going past the chicken coops. I'm going to go to that hole where I had my trap and it got lost. It's over by all that mountain laurel. I'm coming up the hill and I'm looking at some of the plants and stuff around as I'm walking up there. I'm getting closer to that hole where I lost that trap. I'm bending down, and—Ooooooooh!

Betty suddenly recoiled in the hypnotist's chair. She obviously had had a terrible fright.

FRED MAX Okay, just calm down. Step out for just a second and view what is happening to you. You will be able to describe it very easily and comfortably.

BETTY I'm standing by that hole, and suddenly there is *a strange thing coming out* and appearing there by the mountain laurel and the hole there. I took some of those stones out of my pocket. I thought it was an animal coming out. I started to throw the stones at it, and, ah, the stones hit something and stopped in midair and just fell down! And there's a little person standing there, a strange-looking thing! [*See Figure 16*]

FRED MAX Suppose you describe that little person and tell me what's happening.

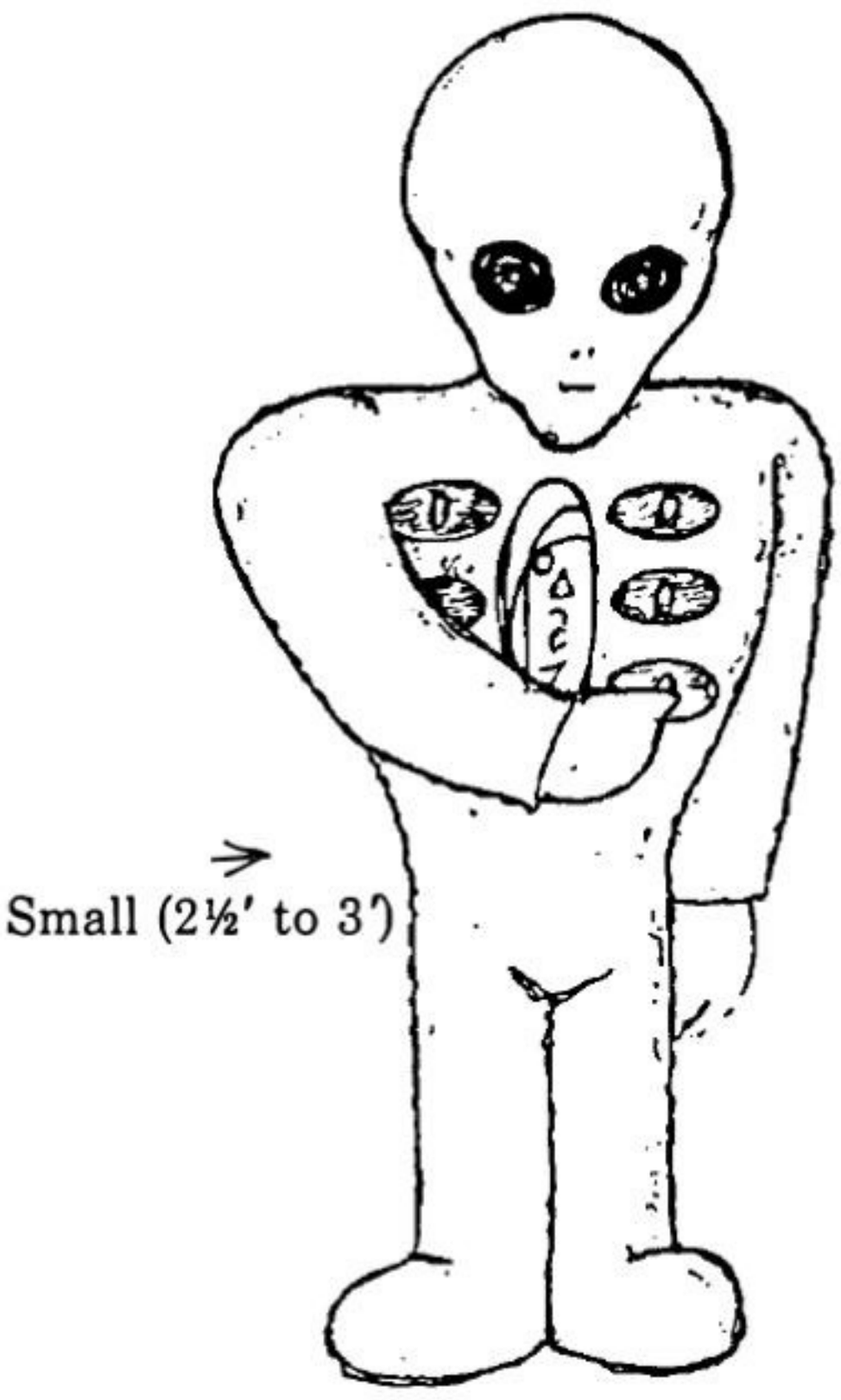


Figure 16. The being in the woods (*April 9*)

BETTY He's coming out and just standing there. He looks strange, has a funny color, and has big eyes and a funny suit on. He's pressing a button and it's shooting out something, like a little tiny ball of light and it's, coming toward me, and, hitting me in the head again, like before. It's the same thing!
FRED MAX Show me where. Point with your right hand, your index finger.

Betty pointed with her finger to a spot right between her eyes.

FRED MAX Same spot as before?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX Okay, just stay there. Calm down. Suppose you describe a few things to me. Okay, what is this box you are describing?
BETTY What box?
FRED MAX All right, you said this being had a box?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX I'll give you a pencil and paper. Suppose you draw the being and the button and describe what you are seeing.

After further instructions, Betty took the pencil and paper and drew the strange-suited being. She showed it pushing the bottom button (*See Figure 16*).

LARRY FAWCETT Where does that ball of light come from?
BETTY Out of here.

In the picture she drew, Betty pointed to a hole in the center of an elongated oval centered between the two rows of buttons.

LARRY FAWCETT Describe it for me. What color is it?
BETTY It's white and blue. It shoots out blue like, but is white. It shoots out blue, but it's white—a bright white light.
FRED MAX You mention *he*. Are you sure of the sex?
BETTY It's a man, yes.
FRED MAX Why are you sure it's a man?
BETTY It doesn't look like a lady.
FRED MAX How tall is it in relation to you?
BETTY It comes up to about my waist.
FRED MAX Are there any discernible ears or facial hair?

BETTY No.
FRED MAX What color is the face?
BETTY Gray.
FRED MAX Does it have a texture?
BETTY It's, ah, smooth.
FRED MAX Do the eyes blink?
BETTY No. [*Figure 17*]
FRED MAX Do they have anything in the center, such as a pupil? What color are the eyes?
BETTY Blackish brown.
FRED MAX Let's go to the arms. Are there hands?
BETTY There are hands. I just saw a finger press that thing.

At a later session, it was discovered that the being wore a coverall mitten. Fred asked about the button on the being's suit.

FRED MAX Close your eyes and relax. The figure of the being you drew has six circles on the chest. What do they look like.
BETTY They're flat, as if black, shiny black [*Figure 18*]. Like glass and there is lightning or something streaking out, moving all the time. And there's different-color buttons like the rainbow. There is a red, orange, and a yellow and a green and blue and a purple. He pushed the purple one.
LARRY FAWCETT Is he still by the hole?
BETTY He was standing by the hole when he pressed that button.
LARRY FAWCETT Betty, I want you to look at him. Look at all the buttons on the chest. Are they all the same color?
BETTY No, they are red, orange, yellow on one side; green, blue, purple on the other. They're glowing color. When he pushed the purple one, it lit up brighter and it sent out that little ball of light like a marble.
LARRY FAWCETT When that little ball comes out, what does it do?
BETTY It goes straight to my forehead.
LARRY FAWCETT Do you feel it when it touches your forehead?
BETTY Yes, it's cold.
LARRY FAWCETT Do you remember when you were a child and you were hit by a marble?

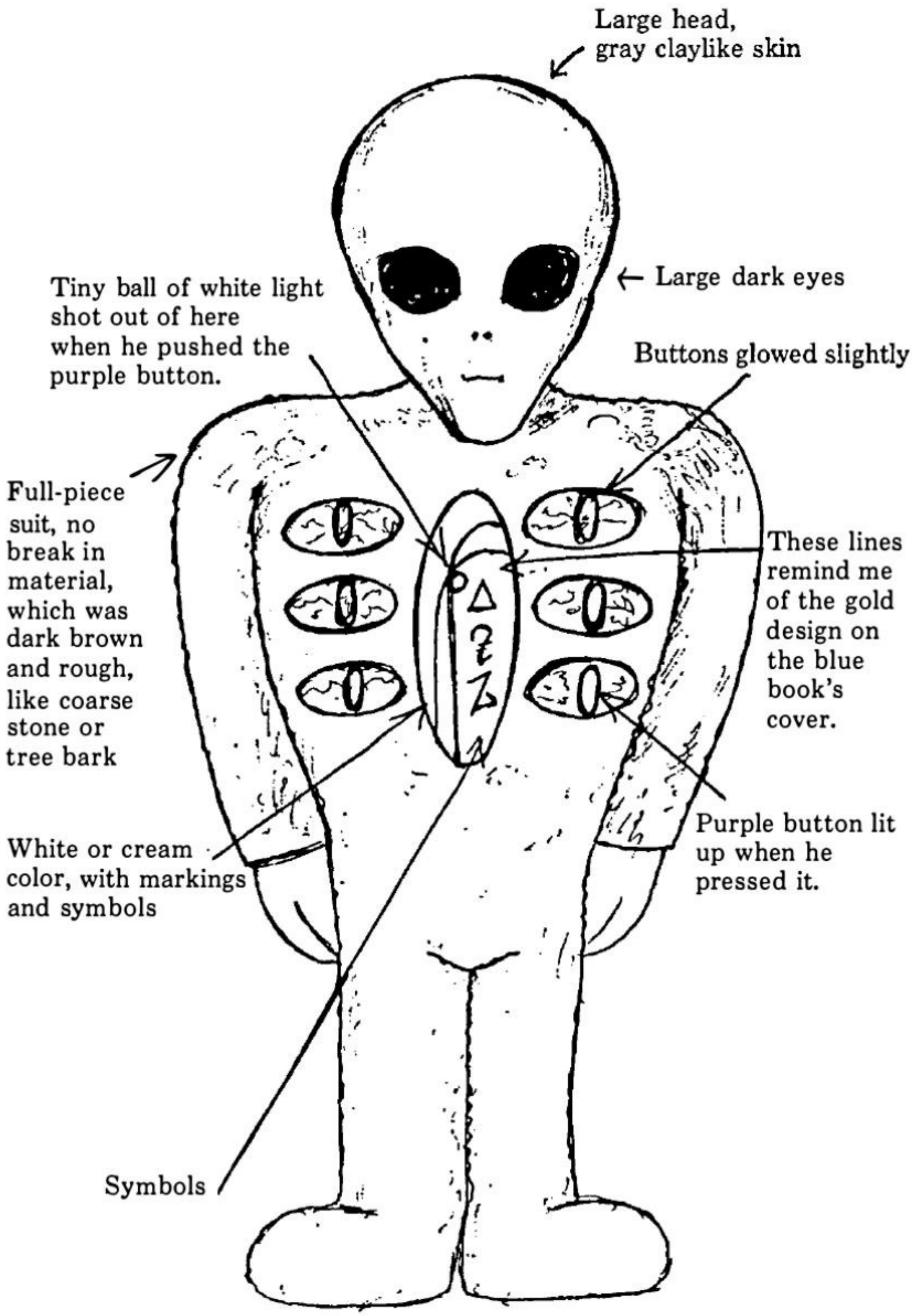

Large head, gray claylike skin
← Large dark eyes
Tiny ball of white light shot out of here when he pushed the purple button.
Buttons glowed slightly
Full-piece suit, no break in material, which was dark brown and rough, like coarse stone or tree bark
These lines remind me of the gold design on the blue book's cover.
Purple button lit up when he pressed it.
White or cream color, with markings and symbols
Symbols

Figure 17. (April 9)

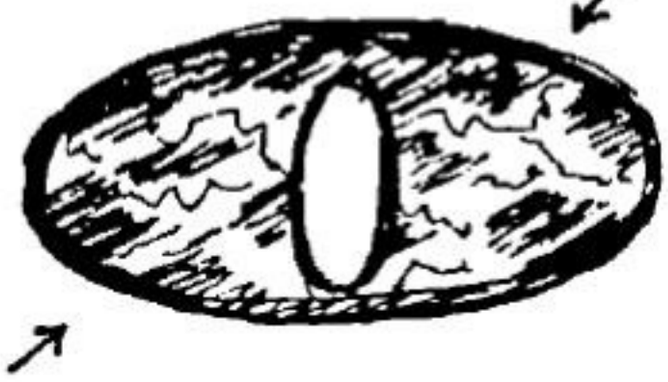

Button slightly raised, of different colors (from top to bottom, on left: green, blue and purple; on the right, red, orange and yellow)
Flat badge, like a black shiny mirror with tiny lightning streaks flashing in it

Figure 18. Detail of the buttons (*April 9*)

BETTY Yes.
LARRY FAWCETT Would you say that it's very similar to the way you are feeling right now?
BETTY It's the same.
LARRY FAWCETT Okay, Betty, after the light hit you, what happens now?
BETTY The light hit me in the head and I feel sleepy and I'm slowly falling backwards.
LARRY FAWCETT Tell us everything happening around you.
BETTY I am lying in the leaves and I'm sleepy, and the little person is by me now, looking down at me. And he is just looking and I'm hearing voices in my head.
LARRY FAWCETT What are you hearing?
BETTY It's the same voice. Said the time has come and just be still. And again I feel a squiggly feeling in my head and they're talking that funny stuff again. But this time there's another voice too and I'm hearing it in my head. That little person, he's talking to me, but I don't see any mouth moving, and he is talking with that voice, that is from that little tiny ball of light like a marble.
FRED MAX You are hearing two distinct voices now, right?
BETTY Uh, huh. But there is more with the one voice than the other one with the one voice.

Further questioning indicated that one voice was a chorus or

plurality of voices speaking together—identical to what Betty had heard as a child of seven.

FRED MAX What are they discussing?
BETTY Me.
FRED MAX Go on.
BETTY They're checking me and they're saying another year.
FRED MAX Another year? What does that mean?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX Are they saying that some part of you has not matured enough, or something like that?
BETTY They just said, "She's got another year."
FRED MAX Okay, have you asked them any questions?
BETTY I said, "How did you come out of that hole like that?" And they said, "Why did you put a trap there for an animal?" And I said, "I don't know." They said I will learn about the one.
FRED MAX Did you then ask them what they meant by *the one*?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX What did they say?
BETTY They said that they are preparing things for me to see, that it may help people in the future.
LARRY FAWCETT Betty, I want you to look at the uniform again. Do you see any writing on the uniform in the front?
BETTY Yes.
LARRY FAWCETT What is it?
BETTY It's in the center thing where the light comes out of.
LARRY FAWCETT Can you draw it for me?
BETTY I'll try to.

All eyes were upon the pad of paper as Betty drew a picture of the oval area with the button. On it she wrote some figures like hieroglyphics (*see Figure 17*).

By this point, my rather objective and logical way of reasoning was being sorely tried. Betty's reliving of her experience with the being in the woods seemed like a space-age version of the brothers Grimm. I'm afraid that when I first listened to the tape of this particular session, I came close to dropping my interest in the Andreasson Affair.

But there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Betty was really reliving an experience of *some* kind. Fred probed and tested the internal consistency of the episode by having her relive it over and over again in total and in part. Each time, she vividly relived the same happening.

For better or for worse, I decided to see the phase two investigation through to the bitter end. I felt duty-bound to continue. After all, I reasoned, this segment was still an integral part of the complete Andreasson Affair, whatever the truth of the matter. It would have been less than objective to drop the case just because my intellect was offended by its strangeness. Also, disturbingly enough, this facet of Betty's experience brought to mind certain uncanny similarities involving yet another child and another UFO.

On May 6, 1966, the *Morning Sentinel* of Waterville, Maine, carried news about another sighting that had taken place on April 23.

BINGHAM GIRL SAYS SHE OBSERVED UFO

Bingham—She's just six years old but states that she saw a UFO on the afternoon of April 23 and nobody has been able to "shake" her story. Of course, Kimberly Baker doesn't call it a UFO or flying saucer. To her it looked like a "big ball" or a "bubble" . . .

The news story stated that the area where Kimberly had reported the landed object "appeared as if some object might have landed on it for the grass and close-to-ground greenery was flattened."

The sighting was investigated by MUFON field investigator Richard Bonefant, and most of what follows is taken directly from his fine report. Richard himself was born in Lewiston, Maine, in 1944. He spent three years in military service before taking his bachelor's degree at the University of Maine. He earned his master's degree in anthropology from the State University of New York. Since then he has been studying birth defects at Albany Medical College, and more recently with the New York State Department of Health. He has published several articles in this field. I mention his credentials to stress that the investigator, a professional who conducted a careful inquiry, was impressed with the witness and her story. According to Bonefant,

Kimberly Baker and her two cousins, Wendy and Bruce, were attempting to pick pussy willows in a large field south of her cousins' house. They soon discovered that the willow stems were too elastic and tough to be broken off by hand, so Wendy and Bruce went to their house to get a pair of scissors. While waiting for her cousins to return, Kimberly noted a large shiny object descend toward her from the direction of Kennebec Mill. Startled and frightened, she froze as the object silently landed several yards from where she stood. Kim quietly faced the object for over a minute before it departed over the roof of a neighbor's house.

When Kim returned home, she went directly to her mother, tugged on her skirt, and said repeatedly, "Mommy, Mommy, I saw something!" Mrs. Baker did not give her daughter's excited comment much attention. Later, she remembered that Kim, as she was nicknamed, had kept unusually close to her that day, as if wanting the security of her presence.

Two days later, on Monday, April 25, Mrs. Baker recalled her daughter's comment. When she queried Kim, "What did you see?," Kim answered, "A big bubble."

"How big was it?"

"Like daddy's car, but higher."

"What color was the bubble?" Mrs. Baker asked.

"Shiny." Kim pointed at the family toaster and said, "Like that!"

Further questioning revealed that the object had a "sort of door, and a window." The window was later determined to be rectangular in shape and approximately eight inches high. Three distinct lights were observed. On either end of the craft were steady red lights which seemed to emanate from the body of the vehicle. A flashing green light was stationed just above the center of the object. This light appeared to come from a source slightly elevated from the main body. After answering her mother's questions about the craft, Kim proceeded to make some crude drawings of the "bubble."

Mrs. Baker was unnerved by her daughter's account of this strange encounter. Almost for [re]assurance, she notified a family acquaintance, Mr. Allie King, of the sighting. A representative of the Gannet Publishing Company, Mr. King made

weekly visits to Bingham in order to make collections for the *Morning Sentinel.* On Wednesday, April 27, he visited the Baker family and reviewed Kim's account firsthand. That afternoon, he tried repeatedly to shake Kim's story by deliberately confusing details. Kim invariably corrected him so that no inconsistencies could be detected. At this time, however, another aspect of Kim's experience came to light.

That aspect involved Kim's mentioning of *a man* in the landed object. During my monitoring of Betty's woodland experience, part of Kim's description came back to me.

MRS. BAKER Could you see what else he was wearing?
KIM When he stood up, I could see that *he had lots of black buttons on his chest.*

Richard's report goes on to check out the witness's reliability, the possibility that she had seen a helicopter, and finally evaluates Kim's sighting as having been in the unknown category. In a discussion relating to the reliability of children, he cryptically remarked, "Perhaps we should remember that in Hans Christian Andersen's fairytale, 'The Emperor's New Clothes,' it was a child's observation that eventually corrected society's view of reality."

Is it possible that accounts like the Andreasson Affair have been filtered out of history by a society that has artificially constructed its own comfortable version of what reality should or should not be? Myths and tales of elves, leprechauns, giants, and even the phoenix itself may have a forgotten basis in reality. Perhaps it was a biased society that originally relegated real events of high strangeness into the realm of fanciful folklore. There are some who attempt to do the same thing with modern reports of UFOs.

Whatever the case might be, it is also extremely interesting to note that Betty Andreasson, like Kimberly Baker, *also* reported sighting an occupied "bubble" descending from the sky.

At the next session, on April 21, 1980, Fred had Betty relive the whole woodland experience over again. We were interested in where the being came from, exactly what happened to the rocks that Betty had thrown at it, and how the entity left the area.

LARRY FAWCETT Okay, Betty, you are by the hole now. I'm

going to ask you a couple of questions on the hole. First of all, how did you see him stand? Did he stand up?
BETTY He like—um, like *floated* up, I don't know how he did it.
LARRY FAWCETT Okay, when you throw rocks at him, he was standing straight up?
BETTY Yes, he was standing up. He was coming out fast and standing up and I was throwing rocks and they were falling down.
FRED MAX How far were you from the being? Could you put a car between you two?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX It's closer than that?
BETTY Uh, huh.
FRED MAX Okay, do the rocks fall just before the person, or just after you threw them?
BETTY No, they fall about an arm's length from the person. I throw them and they stop, and they go down straight.
FRED MAX As though they hit a wall?
BETTY Yeah, but there is no noise to it.

At this point, Fred asked Betty to draw another sketch for comparison purposes of the little creature she had encountered in the woods. It was then that Larry Fawcett saw a white light, about the size of a dime, on the curtains. He stared unbelievingly for a few seconds and then spoke up.

LARRY FAWCETT I see a light over there!

Just as soon as the words were out of his mouth, the light blinked out. He got up and walked over to the curtain and pulled it back, thinking that perhaps there was a window behind it. But there was only a solid wall. Imagination? Maybe, but Larry swears he saw it and that he checked carefully to see whether or not it could have been some reflection. No one else saw it, but everybody saw Larry's *reaction* to it.

Quote from his sworn affidavit:

> I was present during a hypnotic session on April 21, 1980, where Betty Luca was under regressive hypnosis. It was at this time that I spotted through the curtains by a picture window, a white light about the size of a dime which I first thought was a street

light shining through the picture window; that I did turn around and looked behind me to see if the light was a reflection from anything behind me. When I saw that there was no light source behind me, I then focused my attention towards the light source again which was still at the same spot. *The brightness was about the same as a street light.* I then turned my attention back towards Betty Luca and the session. A few minutes later I again looked up and the light source was still there. At this point I said, "I see a light." Beryl Max said that I was possibly seeing car lights or their neighbors' outside lights across the street. I got up from my chair and walked towards the curtain and pulled it to the right. To my amazement there was a white wall behind it—no window. I let the curtain go, and the light was gone.

Fred, in the meantime, felt that he had exhausted this particular episode in Betty's life. He proceeded on to find out how it had ended.

FRED MAX Okay, let's go on.What happens next?
BETTY They said it would be another year. And they're talking some funny stuff and then, after, they tell me to stand up and I won't remember for a long time yet. I don't know.
FRED MAX What do you mean, you don't know?

Again, the familiar mental block had already taken effect. Betty could not remember what had happened.

BETTY I'm just standing by the hole, looking for my trap, and I can't find it. I guess an animal must have taken it. Something must have dragged it away.
FRED MAX In other words, you had had a trap in where this being came from?
BETTY What? [*Betty doesn't know what he is talking about.*]
FRED MAX Okay, what's going on next? What are you feeling?
BETTY My fingers feel funny. My fingers hurt. I'm in front of the hole. I couldn't find my trap, so I just went up into the woods.
FRED MAX And?
BETTY I just like to go up into the woods and look at everything that is there.
FRED MAX Have you always liked to do that?

BETTY Ever since we moved to Westminster. I love it.
FRED MAX Let me ask you, anything unusual happen lately?
BETTY No, except for me losing my trap.
FRED MAX Did the little man help you look for your trap?
BETTY What little man?
FRED MAX Did the ball of light help you see what you were looking for?
BETTY I don't know. What do you mean?
FRED MAX That's all right. Tell me, how does your head feel?
BETTY Feels sort of lightheaded. Feels like, um, filled with air. My fingers still hurt. They feel like—like I can't feel them. Like they hurt.

Unable to break through the apparent memory block, Fred decided to move Betty ahead in time to her next UFO encounter. We were getting closer to finding out when, how, and why the aliens had placed the tiny whiskered BB-like device within her head.

7. Kidnapped

Fred's gentle voice again instructed Betty to move forward into time to her next UFO experience. His voice trailed away. All eyes were upon the reclining figure of Betty Ann Luca. Satisfied that he had done his work, Fred addressed her.

FRED MAX Hi! Where are you?
BETTY I'm on the stairs in the back of the house.
FRED MAX In what city?
BETTY Westminster. At home.
FRED MAX How old are you, Betty?
BETTY I'm thirteen.
FRED MAX What's the date today?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX What month is it?
BETTY It's fall.
FRED MAX I'll tell you what. What are you doing right now?
BETTY I'm just looking around at the end of the steps there.
FRED MAX Okay, suppose you give me the events of the day. Give me like a synopsis of the events of the day, and when you get into something that is very important, give me more detail. I'll sit here and listen. Okay?
BETTY I got up this morning and I got dressed. I went down-

stairs and went to the bathroom. It's kind of early 'cause everybody seems to still be sleeping later. And so I went to fix something to eat. And I went to the icebox and I got some milk and some cereal and put some sugar on my milk and cereal and ate. Then I decided I would go outdoors and go up into the woods. And so, anyways, I'm putting up the dishes and I'm getting a drink of water and I'm gonna go outside and go up in the back. And I hear the screen door that Daddy made clump. And I'm going around and I go past the shed and I see those big spiders there. Their webs are all over the place. They're so big and got little tiny, tiny baby spiders with them. And they're all brown-and-beige stripes. I picked up a piece of cardboard to see what was under it. And there's some ugly worms with a lot of legs on it and a lot of those waterbugs. So I put it back down.

FRED MAX Okay, you don't have to give me *all* of those details. How about if we kind of go through the day and we get to the significant ones, shall we say. Okay, go on.

At this point, Betty's face puckered up into a very indignant expression.

BETTY But those *are* important to me!

Fred could not help grinning at Betty's reaction to his statement.

FRED MAX All right. Fine!

BETTY So I put that down and I went to go upstairs up the top part there.

Betty described a set of stairs that led from the back yard up into a field.

BETTY And I stopped at the foot of the stairs and I looked around there to see if there was anything. So I started up the stairs and I'm holding the railing that Daddy made. And I got halfway up the stairs and I looked over to the right, and *there's a big huge moon* right over the top of the hill.

Betty's tone of voice quickly changed from puzzlement to stark terror!

BETTY And it was strange because it gets bigger and bigger.

And it's coming toward me! It's like a big bubble, but it looks like the moon [*Figure 19*]. And it's coming toward me and I can't move! And it's just coming closer. I can't seem to move.

Figure 19. "The large ball of light looked like the moon. It got bigger and bigger as it came toward me." (*April 23*)

Suddenly, Betty's tense body and facial expressions relaxed.

BETTY Ooooh, oooh. I'm standing in some kind of a room and it's all white and I feel very relaxed. And, oh! There's, there's little people coming in the room toward me, *just sliding along.* They're stopping in front of me. There is three little people standing there. And they are funny.

At this point, Betty lost her composure again. Her voice started to shake. She began to breathe heavily.

BETTY If you hurt me, my father will get a hold of you!

Then, inexplicably, she again became relaxed. It was almost as if the beings were somehow applying some type of mental control in a persistent attempt to calm her fears.

BETTY They said not to be afraid and I feel very relaxed. They are funny-looking little people, and one of them said my father knows all about it already. I don't think Daddy knows those people. They're funny. They tell me not to worry, that my father

knows all about it, and they won't hurt me. They're funny-looking. They're very small and they're gray and they got white-colored clothes on, so it's hard to see them. And that light . . . [*Figure 20*].

FRED MAX What light?

BETTY The light that's in the room. It's so bright.

FRED MAX Okay, go on.

BETTY Ah, they're just standing there looking at me with their big fat brown eyes. They're standing there and they said, "We're going to take you someplace. *We're going to take you home.*" I said, "I am home!" And they said, "Don't fear, don't be afraid,

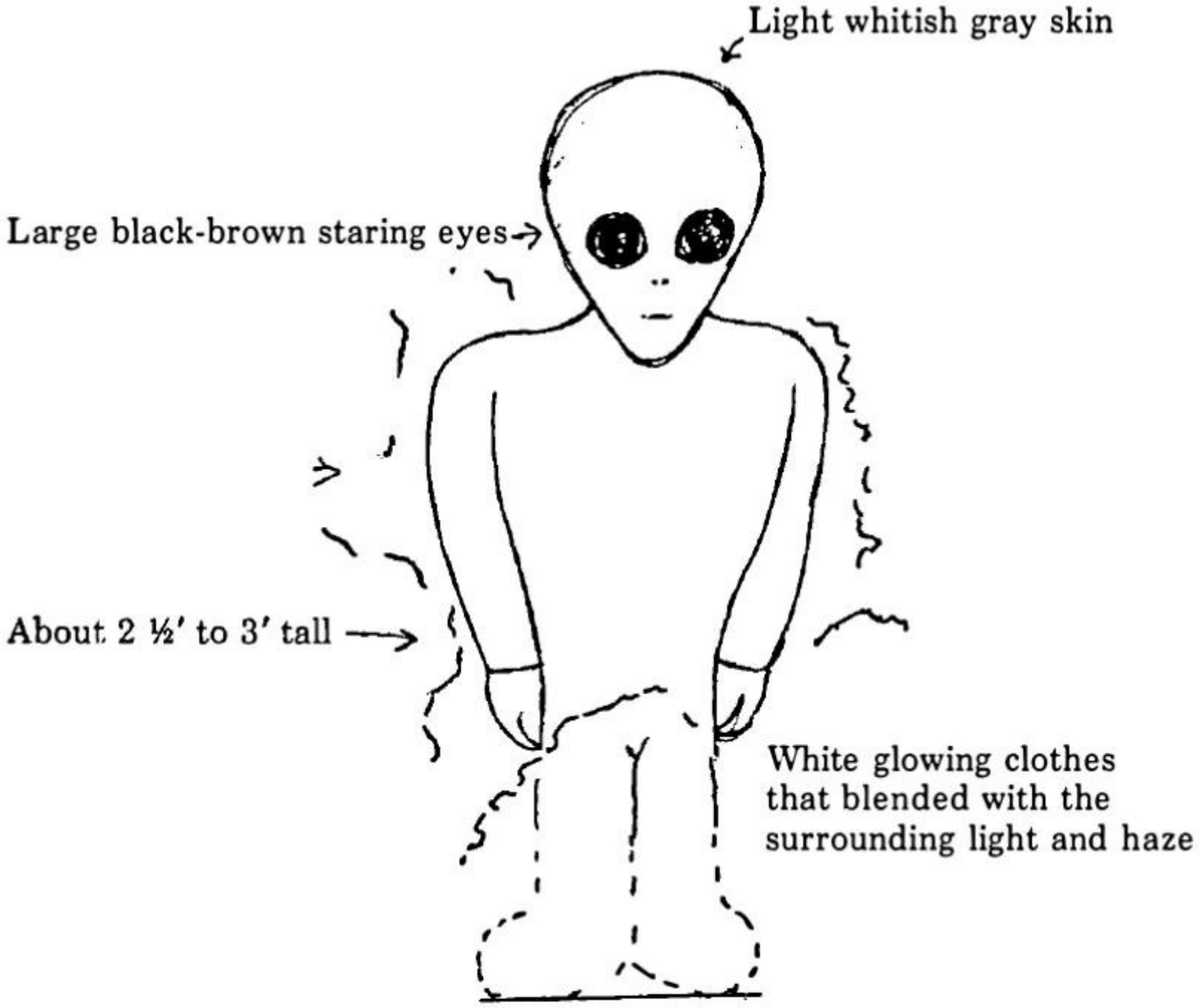

Light whitish gray skin
Large black-brown staring eyes
About 2 ½′ to 3′ tall
White glowing clothes that blended with the surrounding light and haze

Figure 20. The first beings that Betty saw (*April 23*)

you're all right." And one put his hand up. Ah, and I feel very sleepy.
FRED MAX When he put his hand up, did he touch you?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY I don't know what is happening, but I seem to be going like in a mist and I'm—I can barely make them out ahead of me. I—something is opening and we're going into another room. And I'm just floating along with them and there's a big box in the middle of the floor. It's so cold here.

Betty was literally shivering at this point. Even her voice was trembling as she continued to describe her fantastic ordeal.

BETTY I saw them go off to the side there. I'm just floating over to that box. It, ah, looks like the white stone or queer stone, somehow lit up or something, and I'm *floating* over.
FRED MAX You mean your feet are no longer touching the bottom?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY I'm in a lying-down position. Right over that white long box that looks like stone. And I'm just laying there and it's lit, and, ah, oh!, another, another box is coming down, is coming down close to me [*Figure 21*].
FRED MAX Another box?
BETTY Yeah, it's stopping, and *I can't move*. I just move, I'm just lying there.
FRED MAX How did you get on the box?
BETTY I floated onto it. And I'm not even on it, I'm above it, and there's one above me. And they got two balls of light. They're putting one at my head. The third being that isn't carrying a ball is taking off my saddle shoes and my bobby socks and, he's putting something at my heels. Something is sticking them to my heels. I can see where the little person just let go of that ball of light. It just *is in midair* at my feet down there and there's one at my head.
FRED MAX Are you being touched by anyone or anything?
BETTY No, but it's cold, and it's light, but I can't see much off

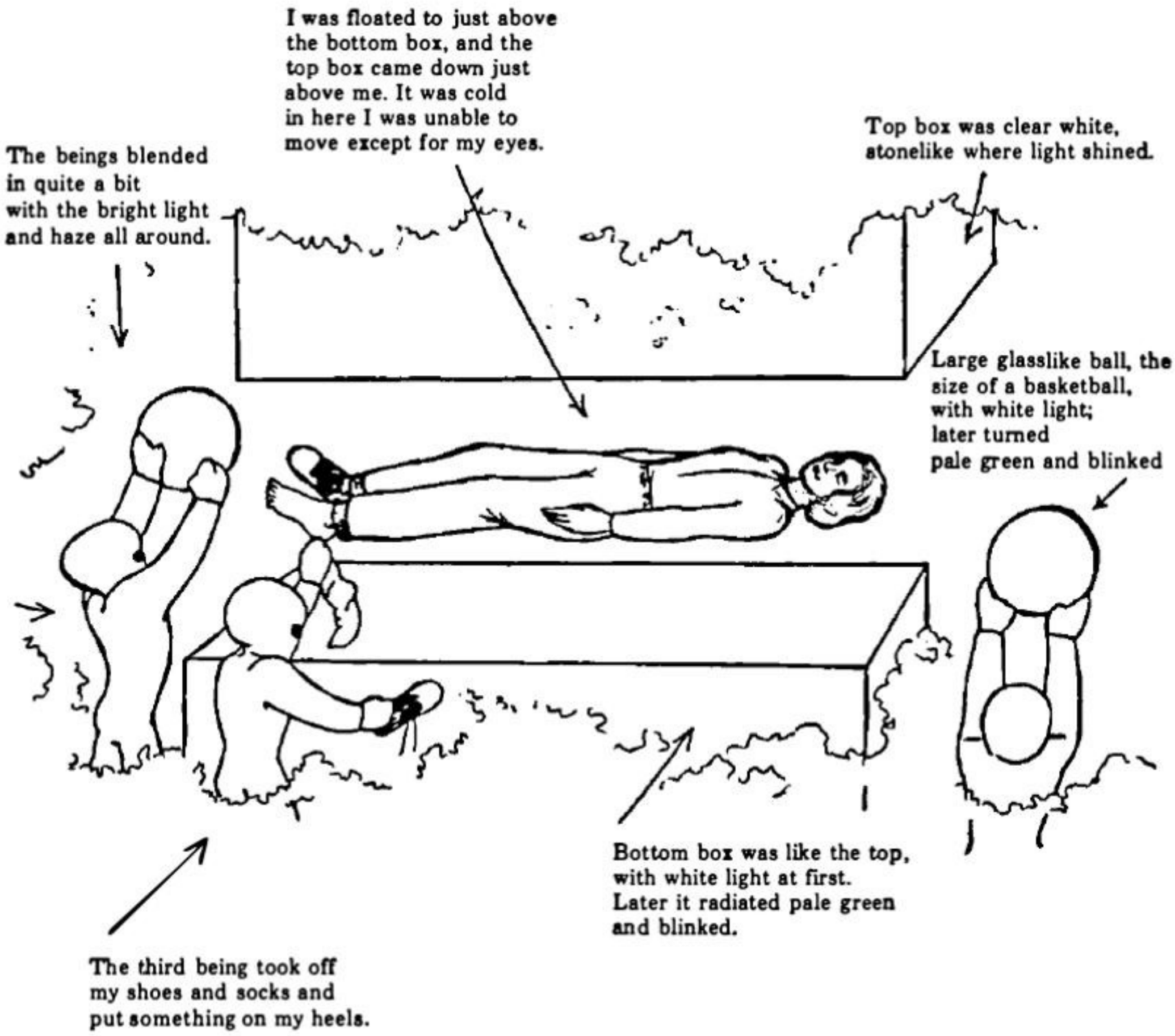

I was floated to just above the bottom box, and the top box came down just above me. It was cold in here I was unable to move except for my eyes.
The beings blended in quite a bit with the bright light and haze all around.
Top box was clear white, stonelike where light shined.
Large glasslike ball, the size of a basketball, with white light; later turned pale green and blinked
Bottom box was like the top, with white light at first. Later it radiated pale green and blinked.
The third being took off my shoes and socks and put something on my heels.

Figure 21. (*April 23*)

to the side there. There's a light going on and off and on and off, out of those boxes. I'm just lying there, and they've gone. There's something coming, there's something coming, oooooh!

Betty became very emotionally upset and began to breathe heavily. Fred attempted to get her to describe what she was seeing.

FRED MAX What do you mean, something?
BETTY They look like barrels, and out of the barrels there's white and there's blue and there's purple light like shooting out.
FRED MAX Are these the barrels that you described from those directions around your head?
BETTY Yeah, there's like two and two and two and two and ah,

they keep on shooting out toward each other and they, they're light [*Figures 22, 23, and 24*]. There's two white and they're broken lights, and a purple and a blue, and they just keep on shooting. I hear a little humming sound.

FRED MAX Where is it?

BETTY It's a very low humming sound, and the thunder is gone now. I'm still lying in between those two boxes, and those two balls of light are there and there's white light there. It's a pale green flashing, but it gives me sort of a slight headache in between my eyes and in my head. I'm just lying there and it's flashing green.

FRED MAX What happens to you next?

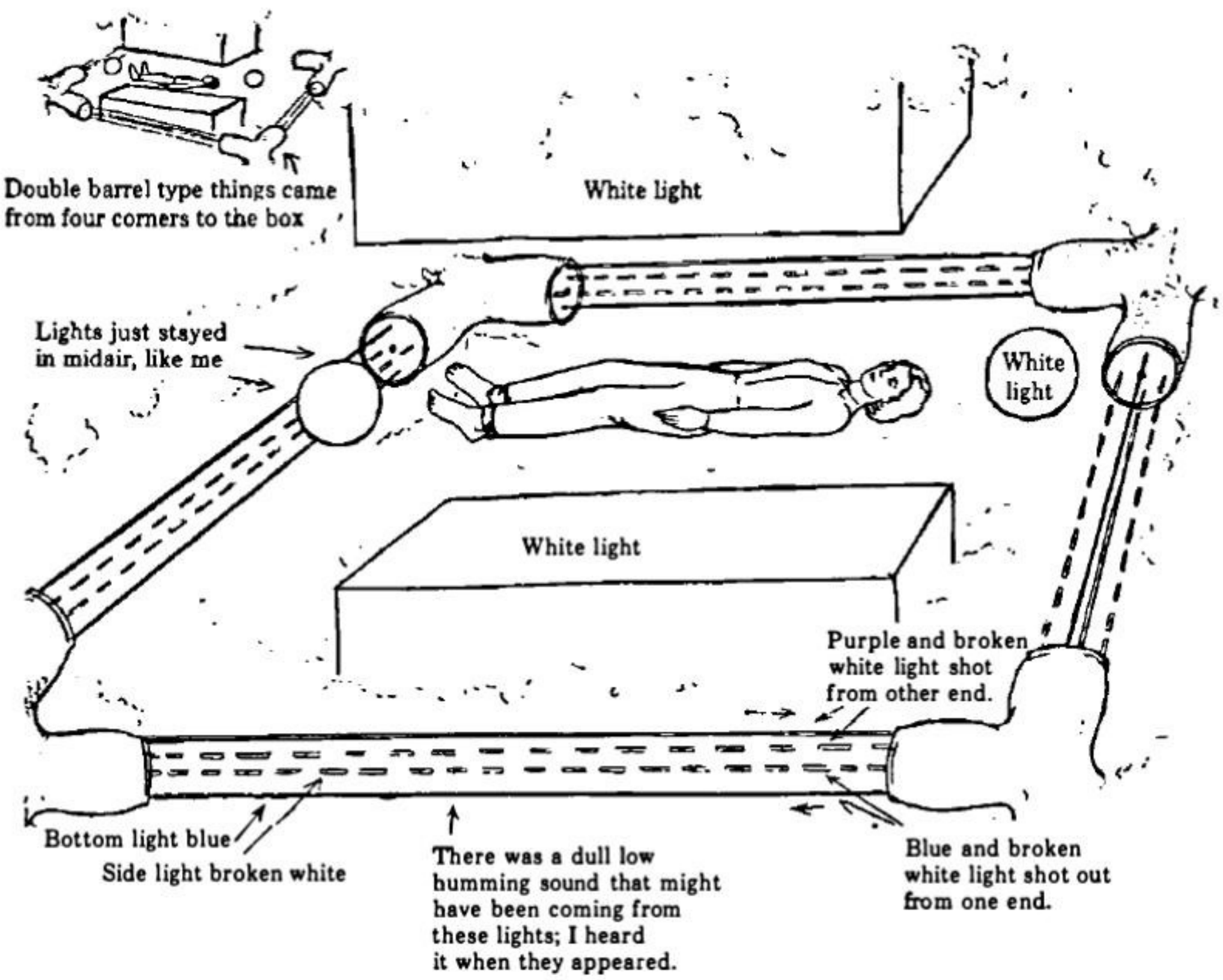

Double barrel type things came from four corners to the box
White light
Lights just stayed in midair, like me
White light
White light
Purple and broken white light shot from other end.
Bottom light blue
Side light broken white
There was a dull low humming sound that might have been coming from these lights; I heard it when they appeared.
Blue and broken white light shot out from one end.

Figure 22. (*April 23*)

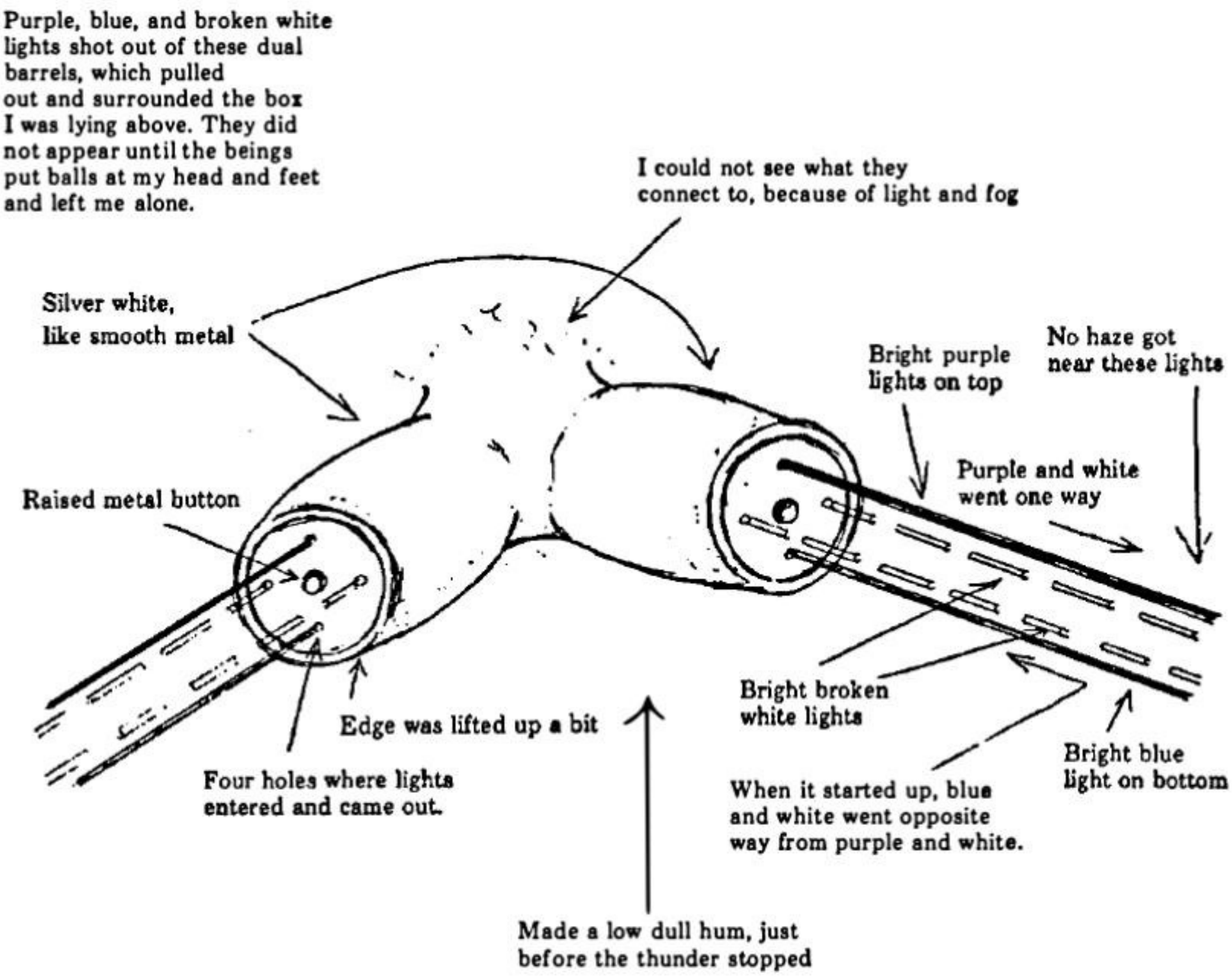
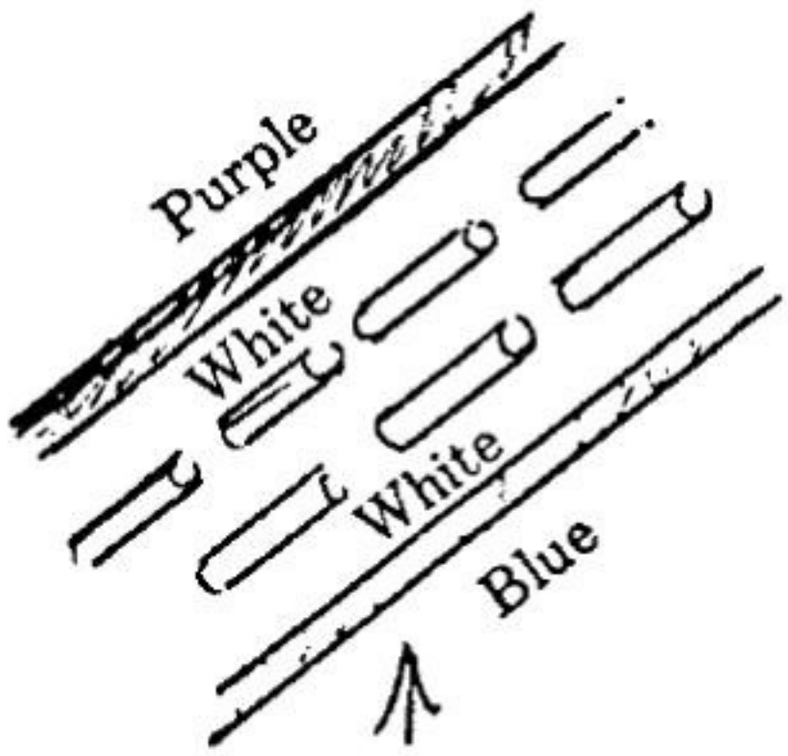

Purple, blue, and broken white
lights shot out of these dual
barrels, which pulled
out and surrounded the box
I was lying above. They did
not appear until the beings
put balls at my head and feet
and left me alone.
I could not see what they
connect to, because of light and fog
Silver white,
like smooth metal
Bright purple
lights on top
No haze got
near these lights
Purple and white
went one way
Raised metal button
Bright broken
white lights
Edge was lifted up a bit
Four holes where lights
entered and came out.
When it started up, blue
and white went opposite
way from purple and white.
Bright blue
light on bottom
Made a low dull hum, just
before the thunder stopped

Figure 23. Closeup of the "barrels" (*April 23*)



(Using Larry's Zipatone colors,
Betty later identified the purple
as a combination of #2578 over blue
#2584, held up to daylight;
the blue as #2597 held up to
daylight. The white, when on,
was bright and appeared solid, but broken.)

Figure 24. Closeup of the lights (*April 23*)

BETTY The green light is going off. Two of the little people are coming in and taking away the balls. And they're lifting up the box that was over me. It's still cold in this room. They put them away and then I'm floating off of that other box and standing upright. It's all light, but it's misty in here. And one of the little people there says, "Come here." And *I'm not even moving myself*, I just go! And he told me to stand still and lift up my foot, and I did. And he took something from off my foot and told me to put it back down and lift up my other one.

FRED MAX What do you mean, he took something off your foot?

BETTY I don't know. He took something off my foot. I don't know what it was. He took something off my heel, I think, and he stuck it to his chest. And he told me to follow him. I'm following him through this kind of misty stuff and I can't see very well, it's all misty.

FRED MAX How high up does the mist go on you?

BETTY Way over my head.

FRED MAX In other words, you are encompassed by it?

BETTY I don't know what that means.

FRED MAX That's all right, go ahead.

BETTY He's going along this misty stuff and he's stopping. And he's waiting there a minute. There's something like a door. It's opening up and it's dark in there, but I know somebody is in there. I'm going in that dark room, and there's two people, but they're not little like those other ones were. They're maybe a little bit bigger than me, my size.

FRED MAX They're regular-type people?

BETTY No, they look the same as those others, but they're bigger. It's hard to see them [*Figure 25*].

FRED MAX You're five feet tall, right?

BETTY I think I'm five feet tall, yeah.

FRED MAX Okay, would you say they're more than three inches taller than you?

BETTY No.

FRED MAX Okay, so they're that close. Okay, go on.

BETTY They're standing there, but it's hard for me to see them. I just see their shiny eyes and the big round heads. I can't see their clothes, and they said, "Hello Betty!" And I said,

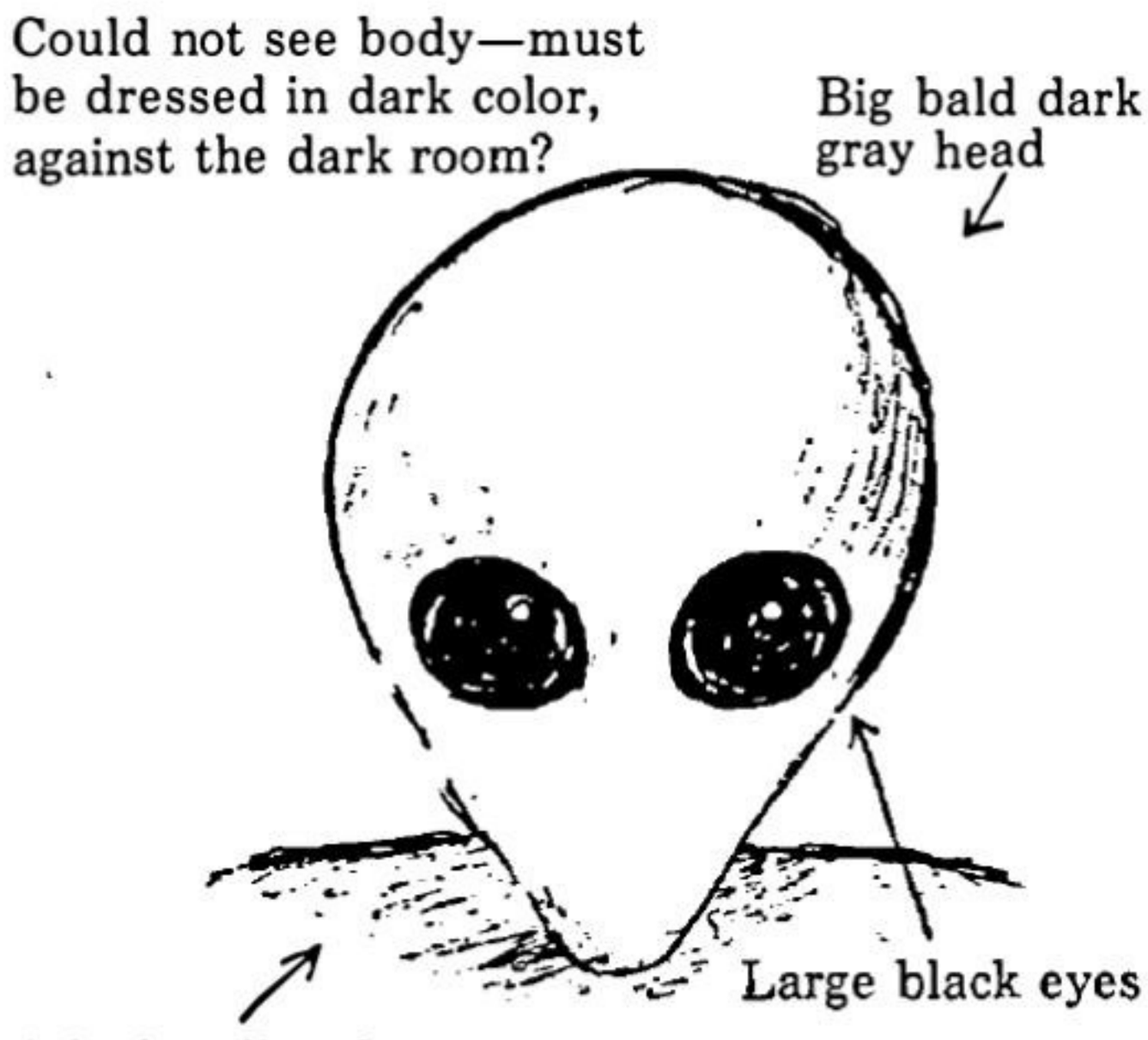

Could not see body—must be dressed in dark color, against the dark room?
Big bald dark gray head
Large black eyes
A little taller than me

Figure 25. The beings in the dark circular room (*April 23*)

"Hello," and they said, "You're going for a ride." And I'm floating again and I'm being laid down on this something, a big circle thing. It looks like glass, but it's rubbery. And there's um, there's some funny—wiggly, wiggly, zigzag, I don't know. [*Betty was trying to describe a design in the glassy rubbery material, Figure 26.*] I'm being laid down there and one of the people had something that, oh! They want to put something on my mouth, and I don't want to!

FRED MAX What do you mean, on your mouth? Show me with your right hand.

BETTY It's a thing that goes around my tongue and inside my mouth there, around the back of my ears [*Figure 27*]. It holds my tongue down. I don't like that!

Betty began to cry. Fred leaned closer to her in empathy.

FRED MAX It hurts?

BETTY No, it doesn't hurt, but I don't like it! They said they had to do that, and they said I'm gonna have a ride and not to be afraid.

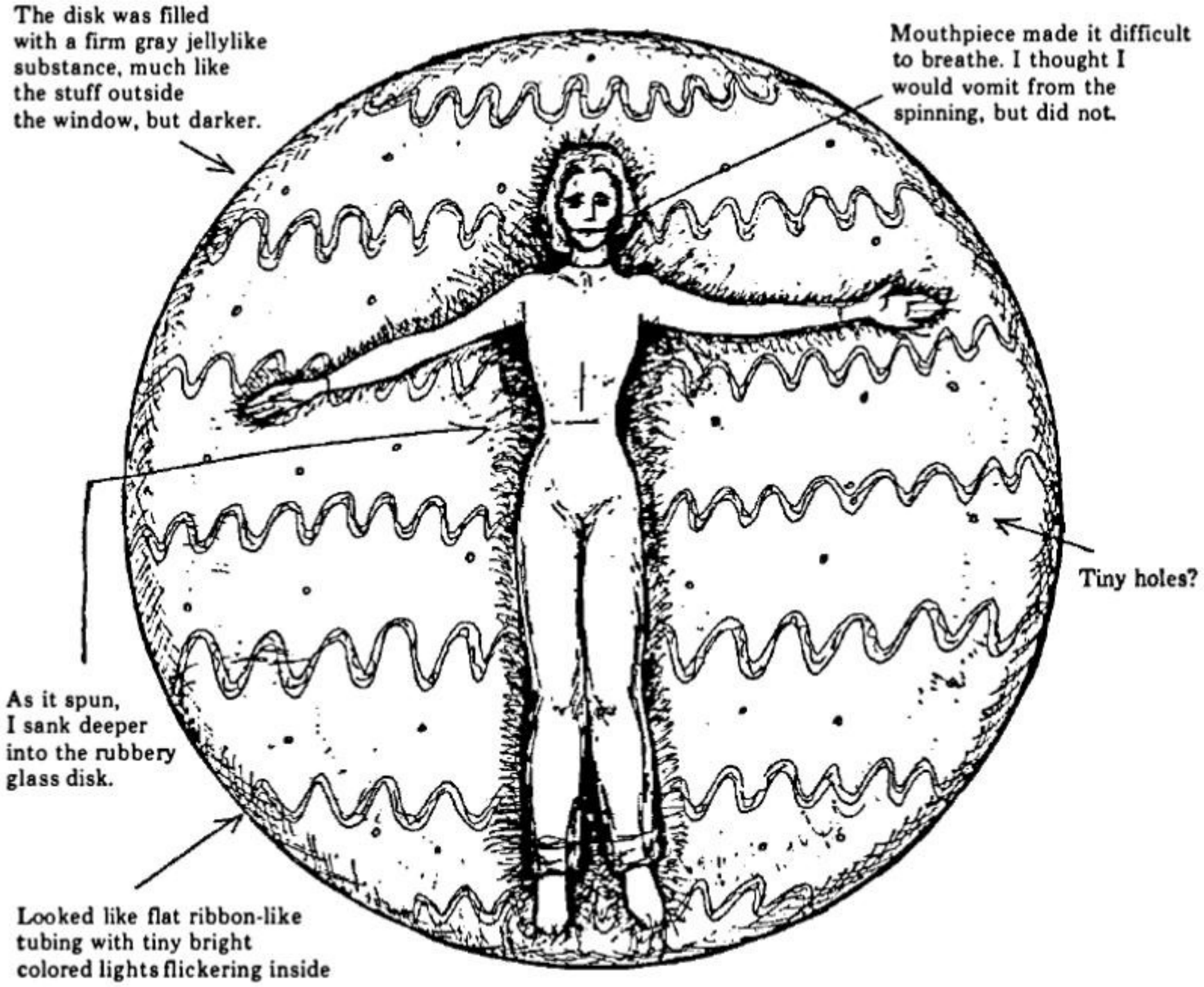

The disk was filled with a firm gray jellylike substance, much like the stuff outside the window, but darker.
Mouthpiece made it difficult to breathe. I thought I would vomit from the spinning, but did not.
Tiny holes?
As it spun, I sank deeper into the rubbery glass disk.
Looked like flat ribbon-like tubing with tiny bright colored lights flickering inside

Figure 26. (*April 23*)

I assume that the device was placed in her mouth to hold down her tongue and prevent her from choking during the craft's acceleration.

BETTY One of them is putting a hand on my forehead, and I feel better. They said I won't be afraid, that I was going someplace that I would be real happy about. And they're starting something or other. There seems to be glass overhead, but it's dark. And they're starting this thing I'm lying on. It's glass, but it's firm but it feels rubbery, starting *to go around.* Oh, I hope I don't get sick. Oh, and there's some—I feel cool, oh, feels good. They're sprinkling some water on me from above there. And there's a light that is coming down . . . I see a rainbow all around it [*Figure 28*]. The thing that I'm lying on is going round and

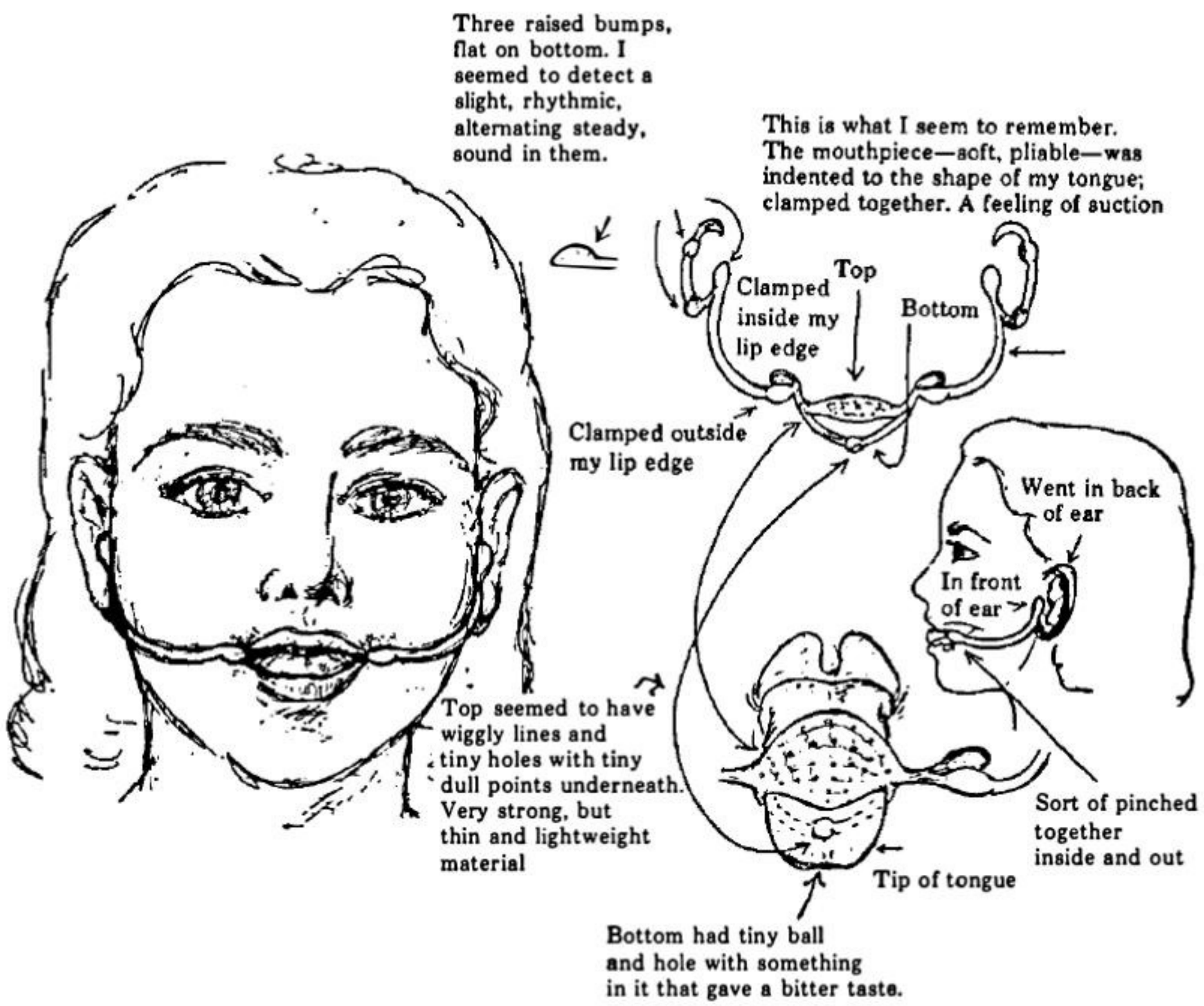

Three raised bumps, flat on bottom. I seemed to detect a slight, rhythmic, alternating steady, sound in them.
This is what I seem to remember. The mouthpiece—soft, pliable—was indented to the shape of my tongue; clamped together. A feeling of suction
Top
Clamped inside my lip edge
Bottom
Clamped outside my lip edge
Went in back of ear
In front of ear
Top seemed to have wiggly lines and tiny holes with tiny dull points underneath. Very strong, but thin and lightweight material
Sort of pinched together inside and out
Tip of tongue
Bottom had tiny ball and hole with something in it that gave a bitter taste.

Figure 27. The Mouthpiece (*April 22*)

round and round. Ohhhh, I feel like I'm sinking right into this thing. It's—ahhh. . . .

Betty's whole face looked as if it were being pulled in by some kind of suction. Her voice changed considerably. The group in Fred's living room looked on in utter disbelief.

BETTY I'm just sinking into this thing that they—ohhhhh! It's hard to swallow!

The psychosomatic effects upon Betty were fantastic to behold. Her body reenacted the downward push during this period of apparent acceleration. Investigator Larry Fawcett reported to me:

At this point in the session, all present became amazed. We could actually see the g-forces on her face. Her skin got very

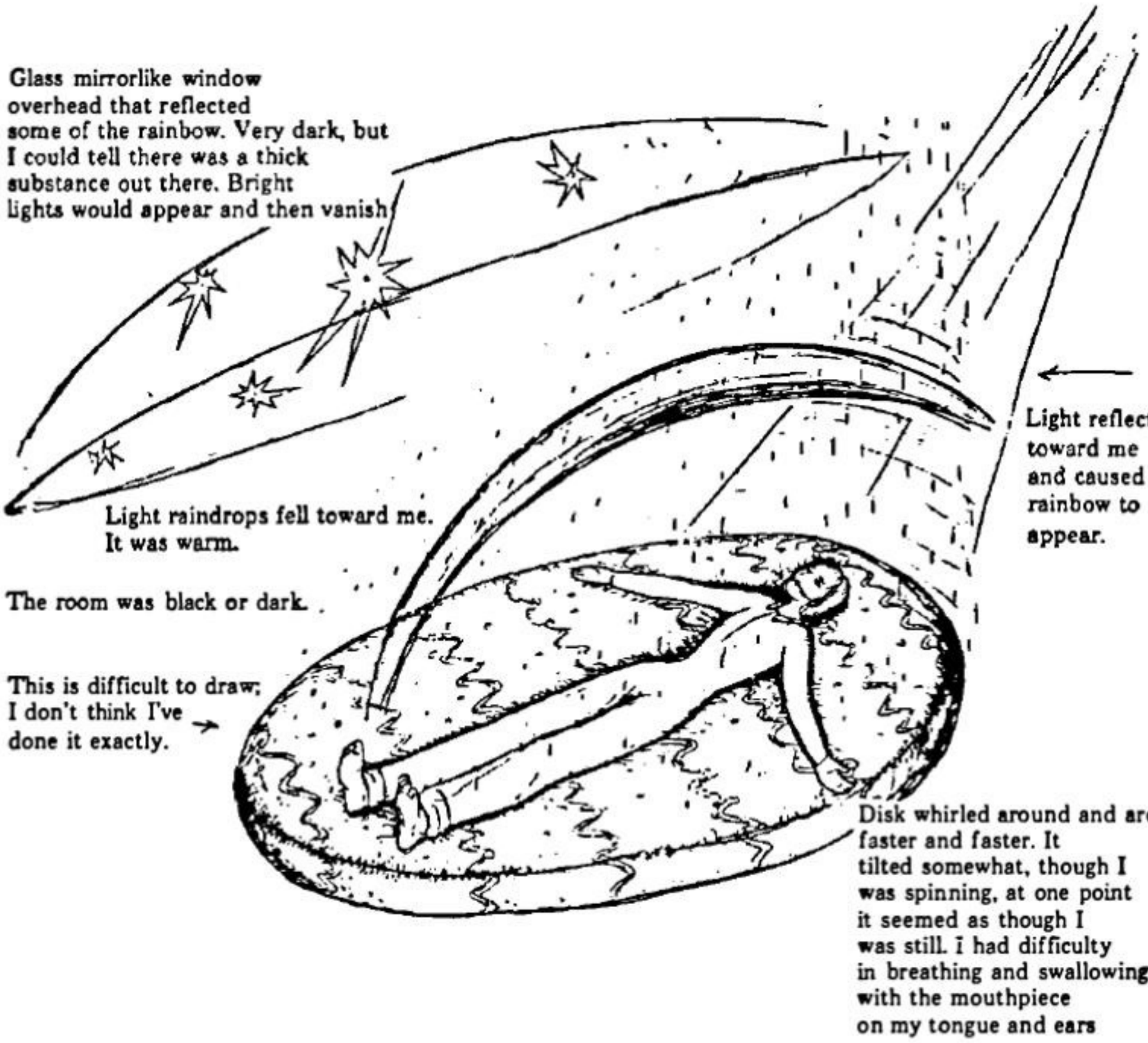

Glass mirrorlike window overhead that reflected some of the rainbow. Very dark, but I could tell there was a thick substance out there. Bright lights would appear and then vanish
Light reflected toward me and caused a rainbow to appear.
Light raindrops fell toward me. It was warm.
The room was black or dark.
This is difficult to draw; I don't think I've done it exactly.
Disk whirled around and around, faster and faster. It tilted somewhat, though I was spinning, at one point it seemed as though I was still. I had difficulty in breathing and swallowing with the mouthpiece on my tongue and ears

Figure 28. (*April 23*)

tight around her face and her mouth was pulled back. She had difficulty talking.

FRED MAX Take it easy, just relax. Okay, what happens next?

Betty seemed to describe a glass dome above her [*Figure 28*]. She appeared to be in a flying object that was hurtling toward a body of water.

BETTY Oh, and there's some water. We're gonna crash into some water! Ohhhh!

Betty cringed in terror, bracing herself for an impact. Fred moved immediately to rescue her from this traumatic experience.

FRED MAX Okay, take it easy. When I count to three, jump out of the situation and view yourself as if you were in a movie.

One, getting out more and more. Two, you're getting more and more comfortable. Three, you're able to view it as one would a movie. Suppose now, you draw me a picture.

Supplying Betty with paper and pencil, Fred instructed her to draw what she had described so vividly [*Figure 29*]. Then he brought the session to a close.

FRED MAX Just close your eyes and relax. Deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper. Okay, now, next week, you'll very easily and comfortably come back to this particular point in time when I want to regress you. I will now progress you. I'll count from one to three, and you will go to April twenty-first, nineteen-eighty, and you will progress there without affecting your trance. How-

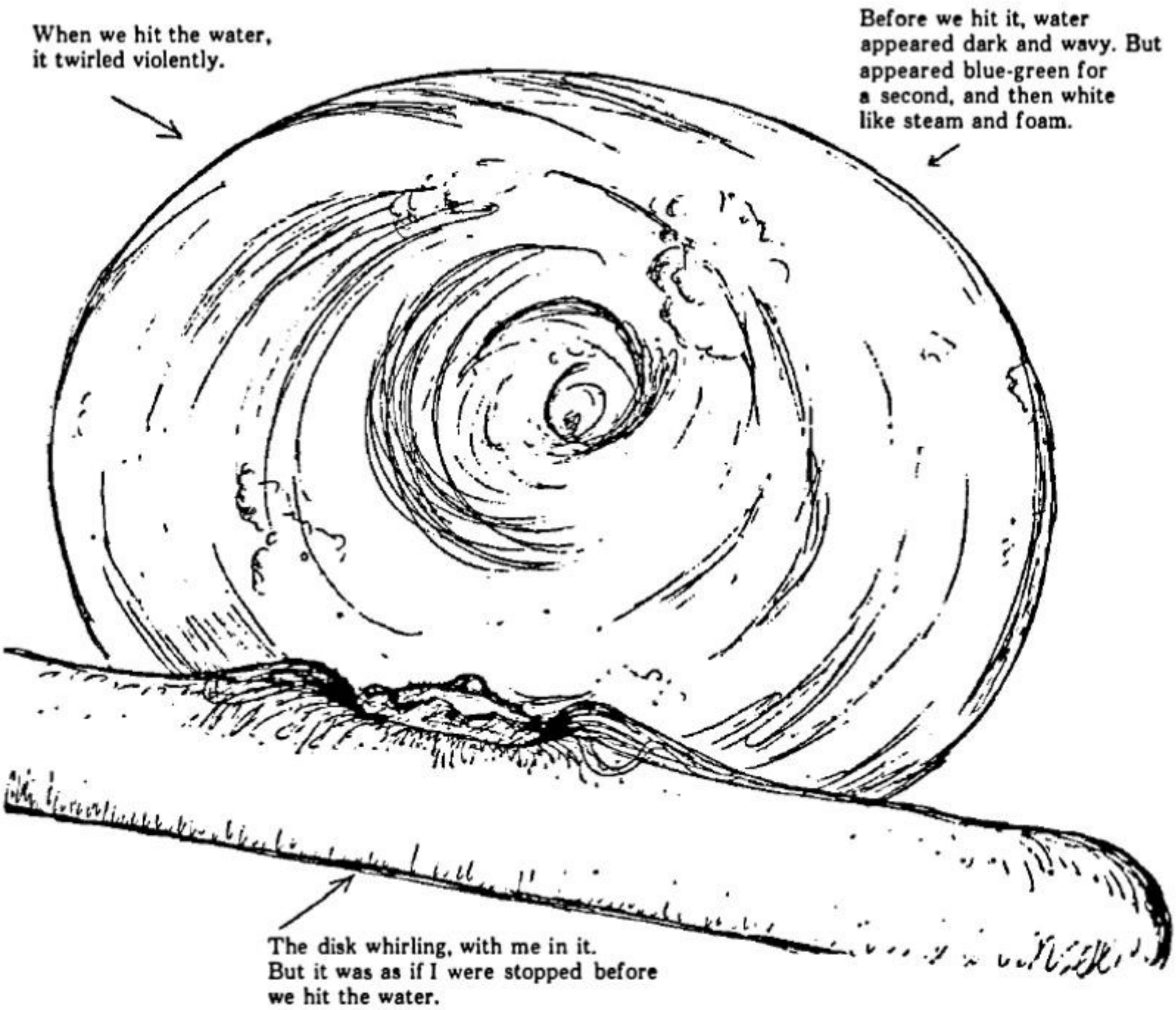

When we hit the water, it twirled violently.
Before we hit it, water appeared dark and wavy. But appeared blue-green for a second, and then white like steam and foam.
The disk whirling, with me in it. But it was as if I were stopped before we hit the water.

Figure 29. (*April 23*)

ever, when I regress you next time, you will return to the point where you are now. One, two, three. Very good!

During the briefing period after hypnosis when Betty was being questioned, she was startled to see a form appear and fade away next to the chair occupied by Fred Max. It had the same appearance as one of the little alien creatures that had abducted her. As she gazed in shocked amazement at the transitory figure, everyone in the room suddenly heard a weird high-pitched sound. Larry Fawcett's wife, in a sworn affidavit, made the following statement:

> I was present during a hypnotic session on April 21, 1980 at the home of Fred Max in Cheshire, Connecticut, where Betty Luca was having a regressive hypnosis session. I saw Larry Fawcett, my husband, acting as if he was seeing something on the curtain at the picture window and trying to figure out what it was. He said he saw a light. [Later] during our discussion, I felt pressure in my ears and could hear some kind of high-pitched sound. I noticed this pressure in my ears even before anyone brought it to my attention that they were hearing a sound and experiencing this pressure. *This was at the time when Betty Luca stated that she was seeing a form to the left of Fred Max's chair.* [Emphasis added.]

How can such experiences be explained? I cannot believe either the investigators or the Lucas would perpetrate a hoax. Mass suggestion? Maybe. But what was the stimulus that caused everyone to *feel* the identical pressure on his or her eardrums? What stimulus caused everyone to hear the same high-frequency sound simultaneously? And how about Betty's visual description of the ephemeral figure? Was this entity real, or some kind of a posthypnotic afterimage? Did some unknown process the entity employed to make itself appear to Betty cause the side effects upon others in the room?

I do not have the answers to these questions. I do know that people like Betty and Bob, and sometimes people in close proximity to them, do experience such phenomena. (The buzzing sound the Lebels heard was so loud that it nearly caused a visiting friend to pass out.)

Like so many other facets of the Andreasson Affair, there are no definitive answers to such goings-on. I feel it my duty as an investigator to record what reliable and quite sane people have reported for experts in various fields to analyze and evaluate. Even the experts have disagreed and will continue to disagree about the causes and meanings of such CE-III reports. Quite often their proposed conclusions reflect only preconceived notions. Many times data are selected and rejected to force-fit pet theories. Regardless of human fallacies, it is important to investigate and accurately record these reports.

To say the least, the last session had been extraordinary. Betty's fleeting teenage memory of an approaching "bubble in the sky" had been only the conscious tip of an incredible repressed UFO Close Encounter abduction experience. One can only speculate on the functional purposes of the devices that she encountered aboard the craft. Fortunately, we have her drawings, tapes, and detailed transcripts for researchers to evaluate.

Another mind-bending session had come to a close. The next week, on April 28, Fred brought Betty back to where the alien craft entered the water. In the opening minutes of the session, Fred Max had Betty relive portions of her experience she had recounted during the prior session. They remained vivid and consistent. He asked some questions about the curved transparent canopy that Betty lay under while pinned to the round, table-shaped rubbery cushion. Finally, Fred proceeded to ask her what she could see through the canopy after the craft dived into a body of water. Through this traumatic segment, Betty had to be calmed several times.

BETTY It's going so fast, oh! It feels like I'm staying still. I'm tilted a little. Oh, there's water coming up! Oooooh! Ooooh!
FRED MAX What's the matter?
BETTY Ooooh! I'm crashing into that.
FRED MAX No, just take it easy. Take it easy. You'll be fine. [*After Betty calmed down*] Okay, go on.
BETTY It's like the water is rolling around and around, and it's all white up there. Round and round, and it's stopping now and it's just water. But now I'm going the opposite way. Ooooh!

If Betty's latest hypnotically relived experience had any basis in physical reality, where had she been taken and why? The only known planet in our solar system with large bodies of liquid water is our own planet earth. Because of the apparently short time that elapsed between Betty's kidnapping and the alien craft entering the water, it's hard to conceive how it could have traveled anywhere except to one of our own oceans.

FRED MAX Okay, just relax, relax, relax. You're doing fine. Don't be scared. Just go on. [*Betty again calms down.*]
BETTY That whole window is water, like in water. I don't know how to explain it.

At this juncture, Fred had Betty, without affecting her trance, open her eyes and draw what she was seeing. Then he had her continue.

FRED MAX Okay, close your eyes. Just relax and let's go on.
BETTY And it looks like we're coming above some water. We are out of that water, and we're into some place that looks like ice all around.
LARRY FAWCETT Where are you looking now, Betty?
BETTY Out of the window.
FRED MAX You see through this window. Can you see the outside from this window?
BETTY That's what I think I'm seeing.
FRED MAX Do you see any clouds?
BETTY No, it's just a big, big—looks like a big cave or tunnel of ice with icicles all over, but there's light around it [*Figure 30*].
LARRY FAWCETT Betty, are you approaching this cave?
BETTY No, I'm in it. I hear something very high in my ears. I don't know if it's those little things that were making those funny noises before, or what.
FRED MAX What little things were making those funny noises?
BETTY Those little balls on that thing that went around my ear. They make funny noises at different times.
FRED MAX Okay, look around now and what do you see? You're lying flat on your back, looking up. Correct?
BETTY Yeah, it's tilted a little bit.

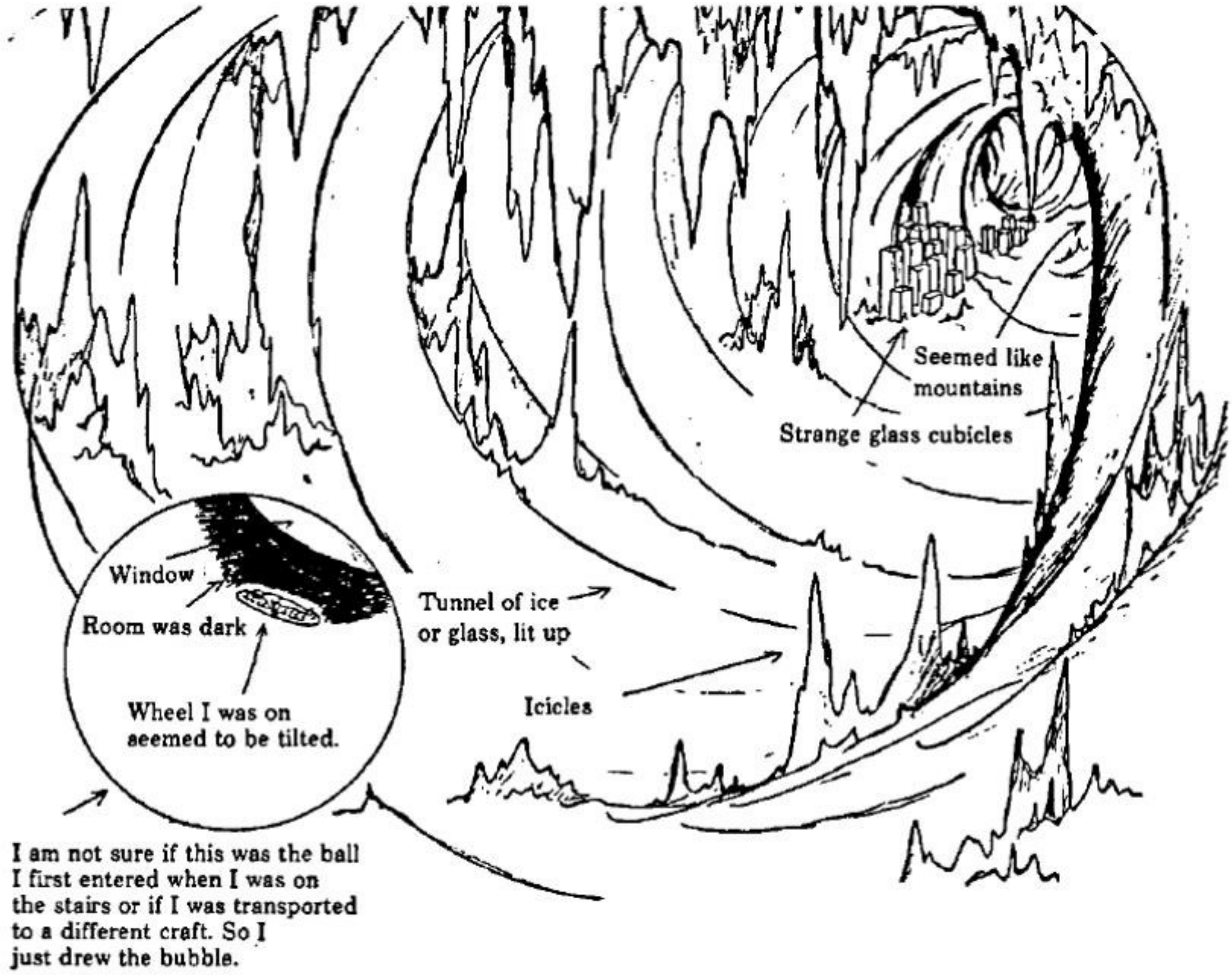

Seemed like mountains
Strange glass cubicles
Window
Room was dark
Wheel I was on seemed to be tilted.
Tunnel of ice or glass, lit up
Icicles
I am not sure if this was the ball I first entered when I was on the stairs or if I was transported to a different craft. So I just drew the bubble.

Figure 30. (*May 20*)

FRED MAX You're tilted so that your head is higher than your feet?
BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX How much?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX All right, go on.
BETTY And it's going through this icy place and getting into a bigger place where it's lit up. But the light doesn't seem to help light the room.
FRED MAX What do you see?
BETTY I see like big, big square icicles. Big ones all over the place.
LARRY FAWCETT Are you still in this room?

BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX You're still on the table, right? And you're looking up. Is it like a movie you're watching through this window?
BETTY No, its like I was riding in a car and looking out the window. I'm just moving along beside those odd—I don't know what you would call them—icicles, square icicles or glass things. I don't know. And there is light there. We keep on going and there's another bunch of them coming up. [*Figure 31*].
LARRY FAWCETT Are you still alone in the room?
BETTY Yeah. Oh! Wait a minute. There's people there, there's some people in there.
FRED MAX In where?
BETTY There's some people inside those things. There's some people in there.

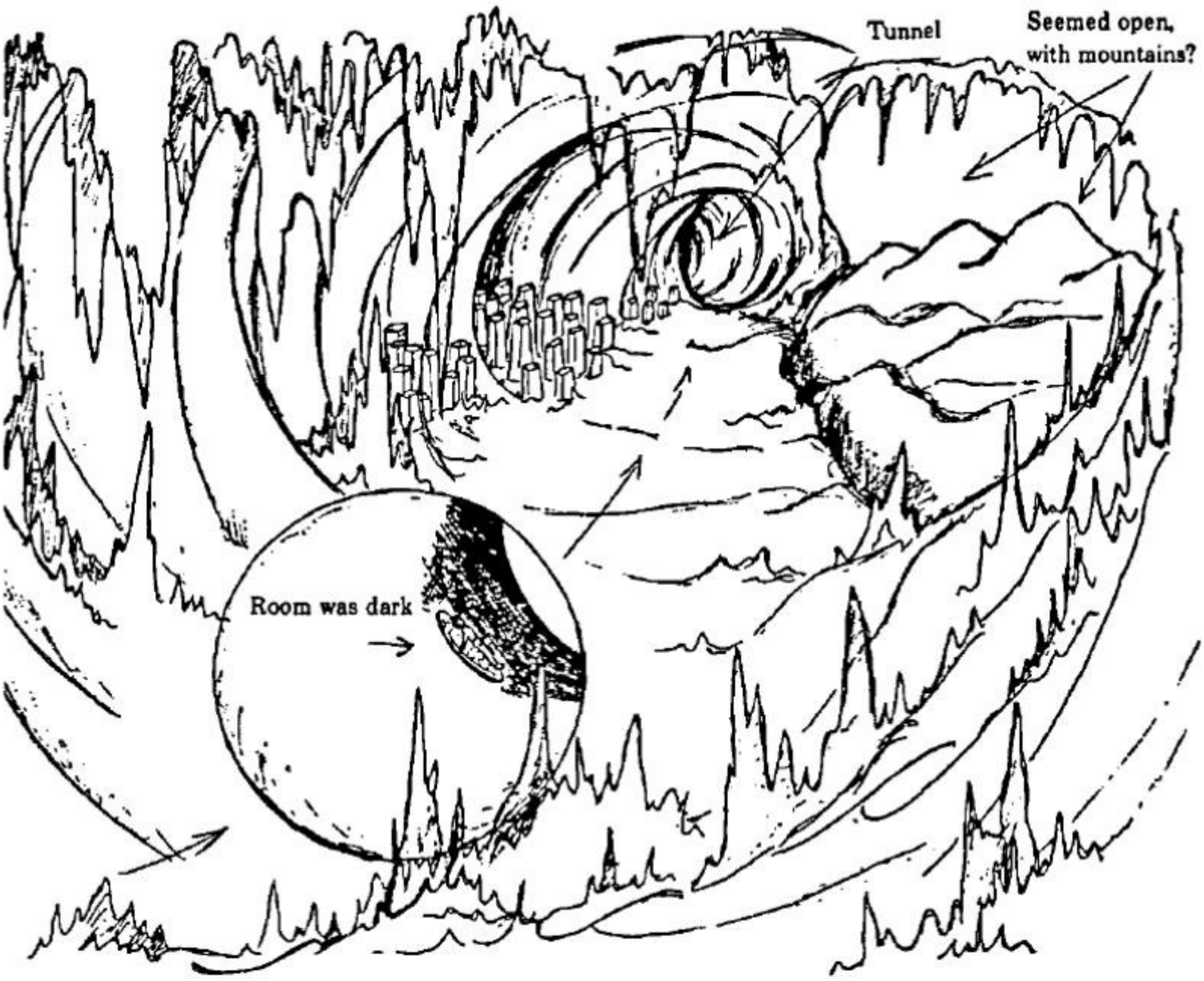


Figure 31. (*May 20*)

The atmosphere in Fred's living room became tense as Betty began to describe an incredible sight.

FRED MAX You mean people-people?
BETTY Yeah, people like me.
FRED MAX Where?
BETTY Inside those glass things, there's some people. But they're not moving.

8. The Museum of Time

FRED MAX You're still in the ship and you're looking out the window and you're seeing people, right? Can you describe them in any way?
BETTY It just—it looks like a man standing there.
FRED MAX Can you describe the man to me?
BETTY He's got—um, I don't know, he's just, he's got hairs out like that.
FRED MAX How old a man is he, roughly?
BETTY He's about my brother-in-law's age. He's carrying some kind of a sack.
FRED MAX How old is your brother-in-law?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX Thirties, forties, fifties?
BETTY No, he's maybe in his twenties.
FRED MAX Is this man a Caucasian?
BETTY What is Caucasian?
FRED MAX Is this person white?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX How is he dressed?
BETTY He's got a funny blouse sort of a blouse like a girl, and

kind of baggy pants. There's all peoples in these different things. There's an Indian in there.

FRED MAX You mean dressed as one would picture an Indian in a cowboy movie?

BETTY Right, yeah.

FRED MAX Tell me, is there any suggestion of movement in these people?

BETTY No.

FRED MAX Do they have normal coloring for living people?

BETTY Yeah.

FRED MAX In other words, they don't look dead?

BETTY No.

FRED MAX Do you have reason to believe they are, in other words, stuffed?

BETTY No.

FRED MAX Why?

BETTY I don't know, but they don't look like they're stuffed. There's scenery in back of each of them but it's faded.

FRED MAX What do you mean by scenery? What color is the scenery?

BETTY Like this man that's carrying this bag of stuff, there's some dry grass or something there, like he's in a field.

FRED MAX Wait a minute. Does each person have his own distinct scenery?

BETTY Yeah, they do.

FRED MAX Okay, in other words, is this scenery appropriate for this person?

BETTY I don't know.

FRED MAX What kind of scenery does the Indian have?

BETTY There's some rocks around, and there looks like there's some shrubs of some kind, I don't know, but it's not solid like the people are.

FRED MAX Does it look as though people were trapped in the ice?

BETTY Yeah, it looks like they're in the ice, and they're staying still.

FRED MAX Okay, how many different people do you see now? In other words, do you see several different people?

BETTY There's a whole bunch of people there.

FRED MAX Is there anybody there that looks like anyone you have seen before?
BETTY No. There's people there that are dressed funny and old-fashioned.
FRED MAX As if they were from a different period in time?
BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX I know this will sound silly, but are there any people who look like they're in the future? Who look like they have clothes on that haven't been made yet by anyone here?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX In other words, materials you've never seen before or methods of connecting the clothes, like we have zippers—they may have something more advanced. Do they have anything that would suggest something far more advanced than that which you have seen on regular people?
BETTY No, I don't see anything like that.
FRED MAX Do they all appear to be looking at the same thing, if anything?
BETTY Ah, they're just standing there. There's some that are sitting, but the chair is faded.
FRED MAX Are there any children?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX How young would you say the youngest people you see are?
BETTY I'd say—um, babies.
FRED MAX And do you see any old people?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Do you see any black people?
BETTY Yes, and I see Chinese and just all different peoples there.
FRED MAX Could you count the number of cubicles you see?
BETTY No, there's too many. The thing [craft] is just slowly moving through the tunnel of ice and there's all these different frozen, or something or other, people there. There's even a dog and a cat and some animals too. There's a whole bunch of stuff there, but I can't see it all.

Several days later, when I received a cassette tape of this session, I found my mind rebelling. How could such things be true?

And yet, how could Betty spontaneously and emotionally relive such detailed and intricate experiences unless they were true? A cold chill coursed through my body when Betty was describing people and animals enclosed in glassy cubicles in an icy cavern. Somewhere I had recently read of a similar journey. Then I remembered where.

Since publication of *The Andreasson Affair*, I had received scores of letters from people all over the world. Some letters were from people who believed that they too had been abducted by alien beings. Like other abductees who had been mentally programmed to forget the incident, this woman had dreams of the incident. There is no way of my knowing whether or not the person who wrote this letter had a real abduction experience; as far as I know, her case has never been investigated. However, a portion of her letter is pertinent:

> In one of those crazy dreams, I am walking through a long dark tunnel. On either side in the tunnel are door ways. Behind these doors are *cavern-like rooms*. In these rooms are what the *voice* says are relics of the past. I think it said they had relics from all history.

Perhaps Betty was privileged to *see* what this person was only *told* about. Perhaps Betty was privy to the aliens' Museum of Time!

> **FRED MAX** Okay, just relax. Deeper, deeper, deeper. Excellent. Okay, go on now.
> **BETTY** We're just passing a whole bunch of those things and this big cave. There's light up ahead, but it's haze or misty stuff that keeps hitting against the window now as we're going up further. It's getting a little darker and it's all mist. Just mist there. And somebody is coming in.
> **FRED MAX** What do you mean, somebody is coming in? Coming into the room that you're in?
> **BETTY** Yeah. One of those people are [*sic*] coming in and they're saying, "See, you're all right." And they're lifting up my hand and looking at my fingers.
> **FRED MAX** Okay, let's back up a second. How many people enter the room where you are now?
> **BETTY** One person.

FRED MAX One person, or one *being*? *Being*, meaning someone outside of a regular-type person.
BETTY One *being*. One *being*.
FRED MAX Okay, and is this being taller or shorter than you?
BETTY I think he's taller. I think he's the same one that was there before. And he's looking at my fingers and hands and putting them down and he's taking *it* off my ears and out of my mouth. And I'm just laying there and suddenly I'm *floating up* again. The person says: "We are leaving now." So I'm just floating and following him and going out a door of that dark room.
FRED MAX Before you go, how are you doing it? Are you walking where you are going, or are you floating?
BETTY I'm floating.
FRED MAX Are you vertical? Is the *being* vertical?
BETTY Yeah.

Fred brought Betty back to just before the alien removed the clips and asked how she felt when they were removed. Was there a difference? Betty replied that there was a pronounced difference *after* the device was removed.

BETTY I feel pins-and-needles and heavy, but breathing is better.
LARRY FAWCETT Can you smell now?
BETTY [*Sniffs*] Uh huh.
LARRY FAWCETT What do you smell?
BETTY I just smell a little bit of burning, that's all.
FRED MAX Like *what* is burning?
BETTY [*Sniffs again*] Like something inside of me. I don't know.
FRED MAX In your head?
BETTY Yeah, in my nose and in my head. I don't know.
FRED MAX Okay, what's happening now?
BETTY We're going out of the thing [crȧft] there and I'm following him. My feet and hands are heavy and picky, like they fell asleep. And we're going into a place where it's foggy, awful foggy and dark. I don't like this place!

When they entered this misty area, Betty showed fear. This

portion of her account brought to mind another hypnotic regression session conducted during phase one of our investigation. Betty stated that she knew the *name* of the place where the aliens had come from. When asked, she attempted to pronounce the name phonetically, but without success. Then, during the July 28, 1977, session, one investigator asked her, "*When* did you get the information?"

BETTY When *I was there.*
INVESTIGATOR How long ago was that?
BETTY A long time ago.
INVESTIGATOR You mean in nineteen-sixty-seven? Is that when you got the information?

Betty did not answer, After a long pause, the interrogation continued.

INVESTIGATOR Was it before nineteen-sixty-seven, Betty?
BETTY Yes.

At this juncture, all of the investigators became very excited. This was the first time that such an explicit statement had been made concerning a prior UFO experience. Up until that time, there had been just subtle hints of such a possibility.

INVESTIGATOR It was! Do you remember how long before nineteen-sixty-seven?

Again, no answer concerning *when* could be extracted from Betty, so a new vein of questioning had been used.

INVESTIGATOR How do you know that that is the place where the beings come from?
BETTY That is where they come from.
INVESTIGATOR How do you know that? Why do you know that is where they came from, because they told you?
BETTY Yes, they told me and *I was there.*
INVESTIGATOR You went to the place where they came from?
BETTY Yes.
INVESTIGATOR Did you see other ships there?
BETTY Yes, there's other ships there.

INVESTIGATOR How old were you at the time that that happened?

Again, Betty had not answered. Had something or someone been preventing answers to when she had been brought to the aliens' place of origin? In any event, Betty had become very, very upset.

INVESTIGATOR What are you upset about, Betty?
BETTY I don't like this place, so dark, gray . . . hazy all the time.
INVESTIGATOR Which place? You're back there now?
BETTY Yes.
INVESTIGATOR Are you frightened of this place?
BETTY Yes!

Now, on April 28, 1980, we were learning in detail about the gray, misty place where the aliens had taken thirteen-year-old Betty.

BETTY We're just moving along and he's going off to the side and I'm moving up ahead *all by myself.* And I see three more of those people there. They're just standing there in that fog and it's hard to see them. It's scary!
FRED MAX Do they all look alike?
BETTY I only see a shadow of them there and there's some funny-looking things in back. Looks like some things of metal, some kind of machines. They're just standing there, three of them, and I can't make out any faces. It's foggy. They're telling me to relax. They're just standing there with that stuff in the back. Those things that are in the back there are made of metal [*see Figure 32*].
FRED MAX All right, what do they look like?
BETTY They're, um, I don't know how to explain them.

Fred again had Betty open her eyes without affecting her trance and had her draw what she was observing. The machines looked like some type of hovering, oval craft. After Betty finished the drawing, Fred asked her to continue her account.

BETTY The middle one is coming over toward me, and he raises his hand. He put his hand down, and now I'm just follow-

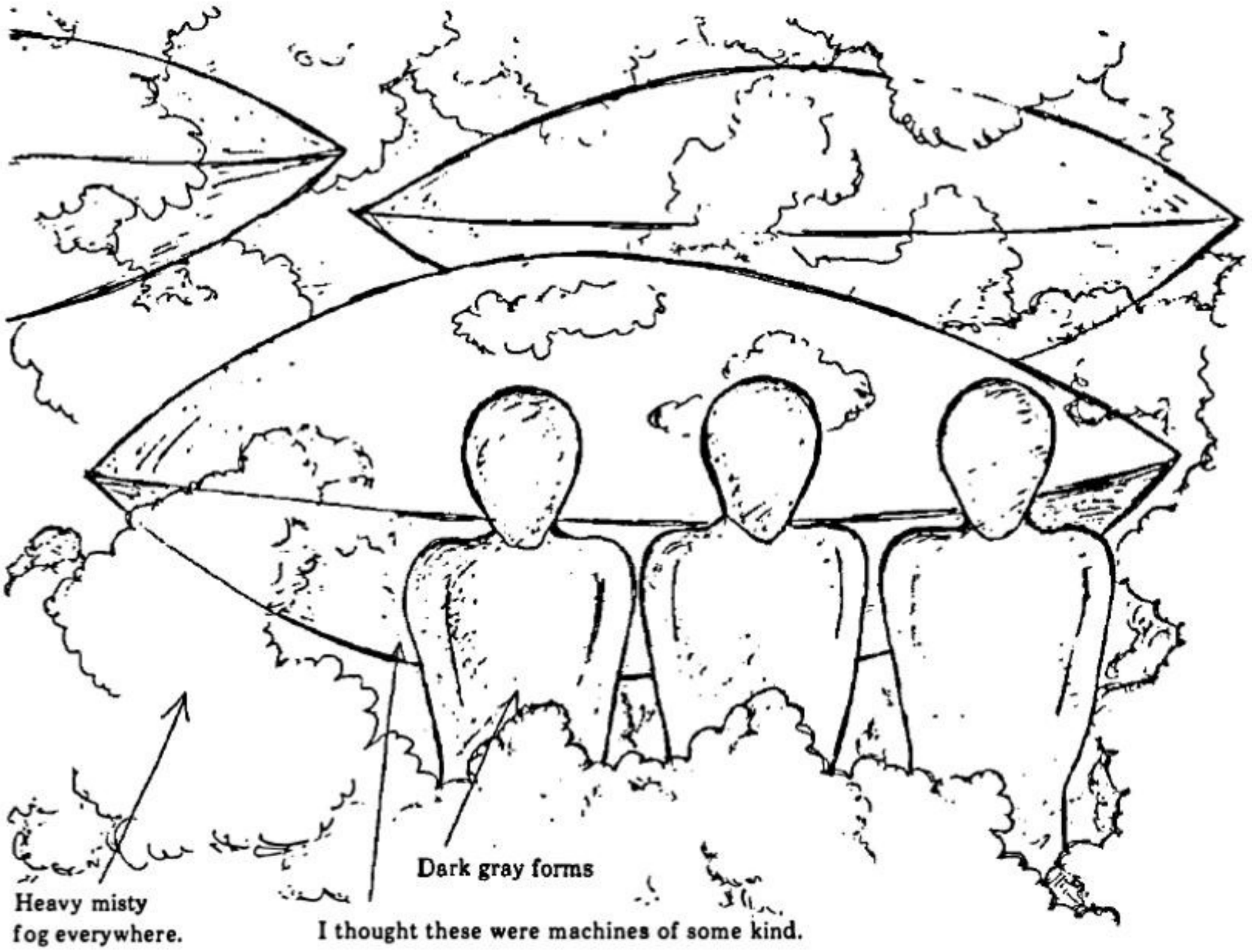


Figure 32. (May 20)

ing him. We're going around the side there. It's just so foggy and dark here. It seems damp. And he stopped and said, "You're getting closer now, you know." And I said, "Closer to what?" And he said, "Closer to *home*."

FRED MAX Just one second. You just asked a question of the *being*. Prior to this, you hadn't asked any questions. Did it surprise you that you were suddenly capable?

BETTY No, when I asked him, it didn't seem as if my mouth was moving.

FRED MAX Okay, go on. He says that you're getting closer to home.

BETTY We keep going. He brings me to this strange-looking thing on the ground. Something there.

FRED MAX Okay, I want you to draw it for me. I'll count from one to three. Open your eyes without affecting your trance.

Betty drew the strange man-sized device which looked like an open eggshell or clamshell. Fred continued to question her as she drew it.

FRED MAX This is on the ground below you?
BETTY Yes, this is on the ground. It looks like mirrors.
FRED MAX Can you see yourself in there?
BETTY There's all haze around. If I were to look, I would see more than just myself, I would see a lot of myself.
FRED MAX Okay, relax. Close your eyes, relax, deeper, deeper. Okay, go on.
BETTY He took me to that thing and floated me into it. I did lie down into it. The top came down and closed me inside of *it* and I see many, many, many, many of me. The top just sprung open again, and I'm in a place where it's all bright light. Oh, it's just beautiful here. One of the little tiny people are here now, and they're floating me out of this thing. We're going over to the side and he told me to step on these big blocks of clear glass. And I'm floated down and I step on them all and I do, but a light goes on in them. And he says to follow. This time *I'm moving my legs* and we're on like glass, a sea of glass or something. And it's so beautiful here.
FRED MAX How do you mean, beautiful?
BETTY Oh, everything is just like it's clear glass, like a forest of clear glass. There's leaves and trees and grass and everything, everything. And the birds, they're like thin, thin, thin glass.

Fred stopped Betty once again and asked her to draw what she was seeing, but she could not.

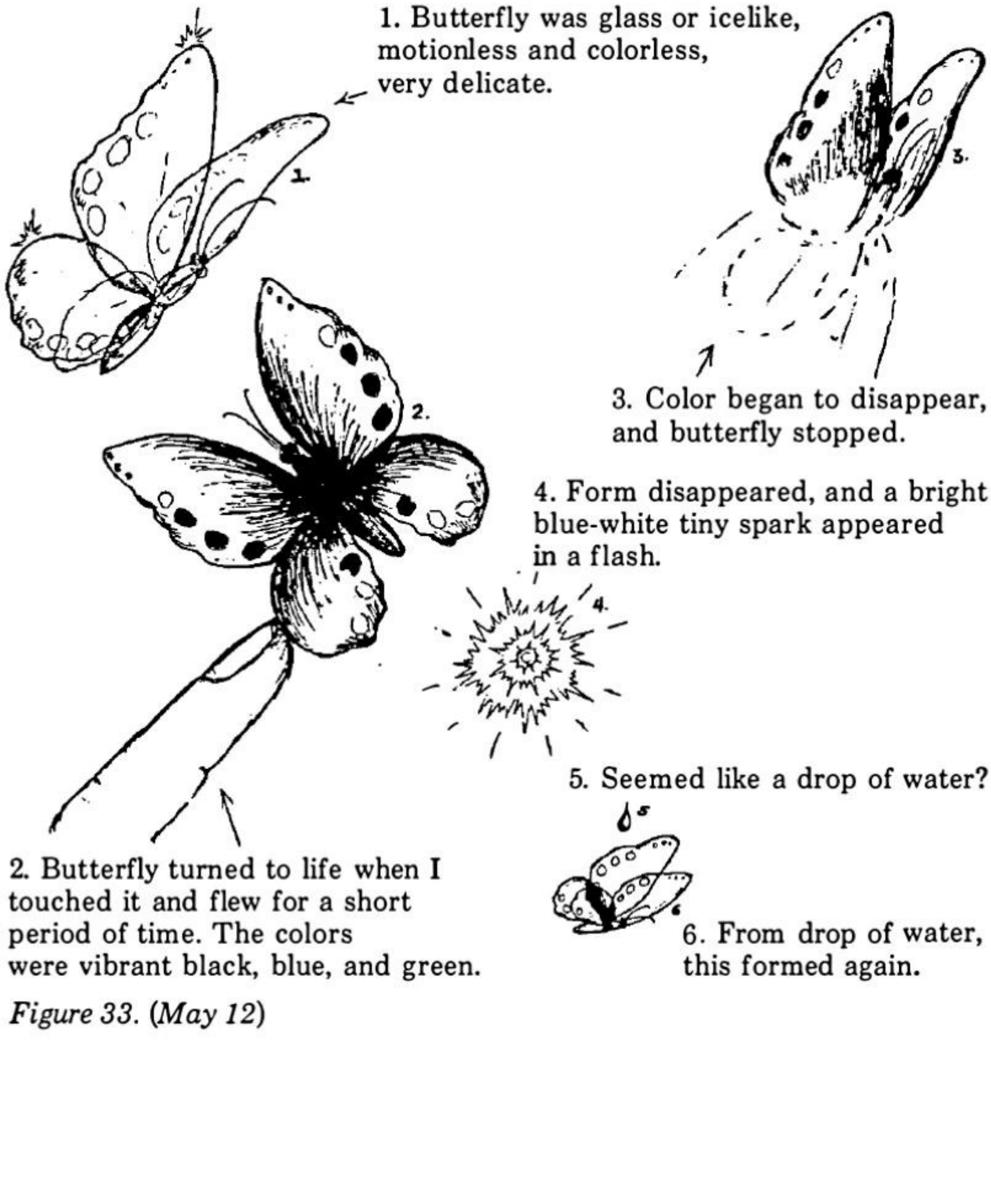
BETTY It's just too beautiful. I just can't draw how beautiful it is!
FRED MAX Okay, just relax, deeper, deeper, deeper. Okay, go on.

Then Betty described an incredible happening.

BETTY We're walking along. Everything is just so beautiful. The only thing is, there's nothing moving. There's even birds flying, but they're not moving. And there's butterflies and I'm

reaching out to touch a butterfly and when I did, it's fantastic! It's beautiful! There's all color coming into the butterfly now, and it's flying around and around. When I touched it, it got color and lived and it's flying! Oh, it's stopped. Its color is going and it's fading into a tiny speck of light, like a tiny speck of light. Then it goes back into the ice form of that butterfly. That was amazing! [*Figure 33*]

That was an understatement! Fred decided to have Betty describe this process in some detail.



1. Butterfly was glass or icelike, motionless and colorless, very delicate.

2. Butterfly turned to life when I touched it and flew for a short period of time. The colors were vibrant black, blue, and green.

3. Color began to disappear, and butterfly stopped.

4. Form disappeared, and a bright blue-white tiny spark appeared in a flash.

5. Seemed like a drop of water?

6. From drop of water, this formed again.

Figure 33. (*May 12*)

FRED MAX How long would you say this butterfly was alive? Seconds? Minutes? Hours?
BETTY Seconds, I guess.
FRED MAX Okay, when the butterfly came to life, did anything else come to life with it?
BETTY No, but I'm touching some of the flowers and— Oh! The flowers are beautiful. The color is coming into them and it smells beautiful. Oh, I'm going to touch some leaves. Oh, it's just so beautiful. And now those flowers are going back into—they just—the colors disappear and a *speck of light* appears and goes back into the form of that *clear* [transparent, glasslike] flower and the leaves too. Oh, I asked him—"What's happening?" He says: "This is for you to remember so mankind shall understand."
FRED MAX Yes.
BETTY And I said, "But why did it turn color and fly away when I touched it?" He told me that I will see when I get home.
FRED MAX Did you ask anything else?
BETTY He said, "Home is where *the One* is."
FRED MAX And did you say "Who is the one?" or anything like that?
BETTY He says: "We are drawing closer to *home* where *the One* is. Oh, it's so beautiful in here. And we're walking along, and as you walk it seems like that little one, that person there, his foot lights that glass thing's underneath lights. "How come we have to have these things on our feet?" I asked him. And he says they are necessary.

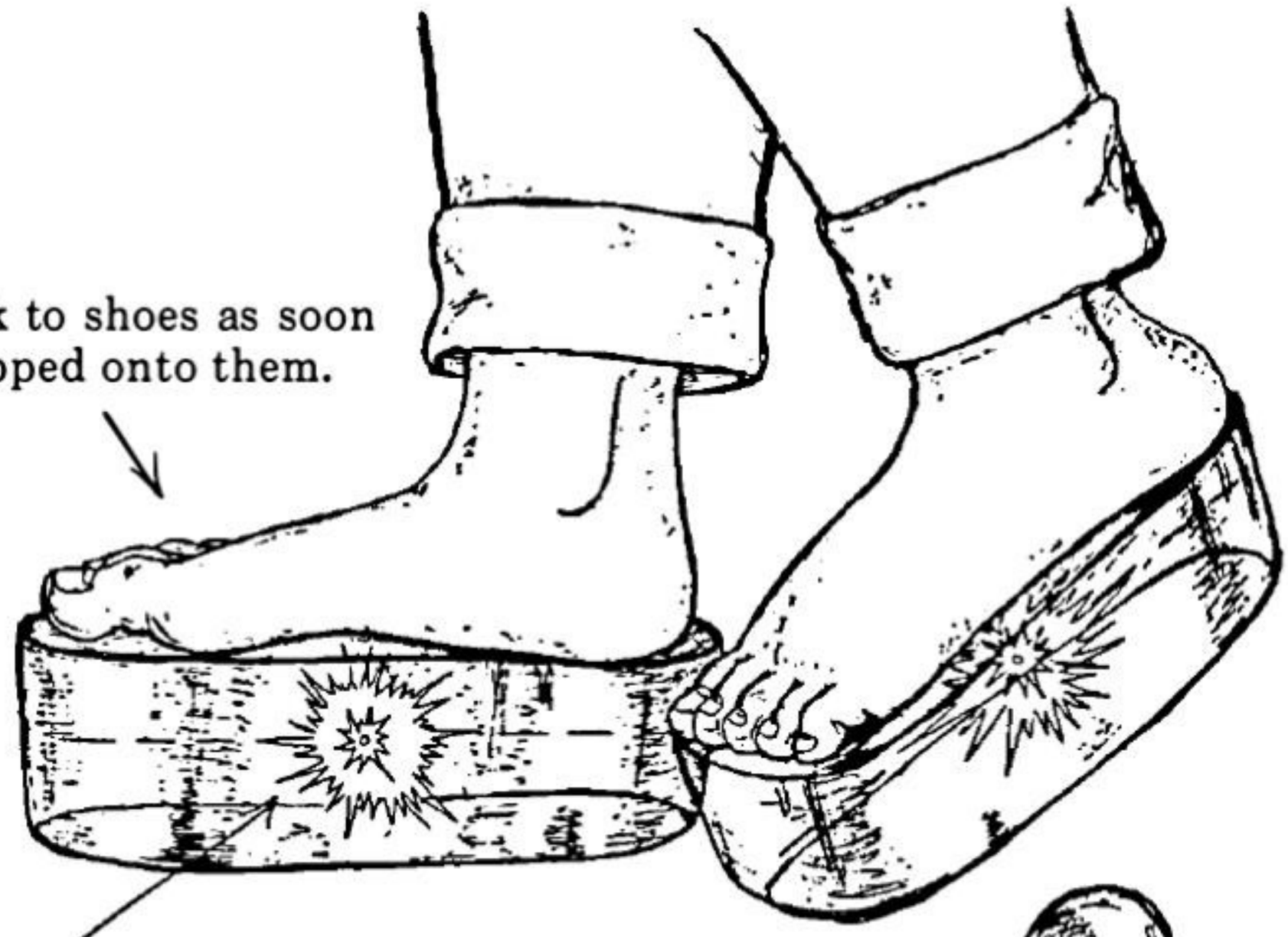
At this point, Fred stopped her for specifics.

FRED MAX What do you have on your feet?
BETTY Those glass things that we put on before we went into here.

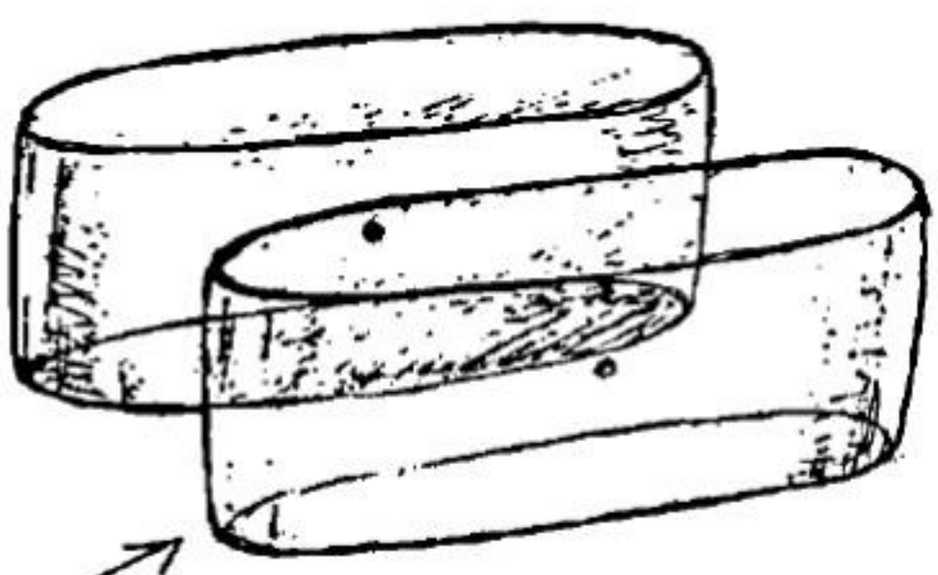
Later Betty would draw these glass shoes in detail [*Figure 34*], but Fred elected to have her continue the account.

BETTY We're just walking along this thing and up ahead there's a huge, huge glass-type ball down there.

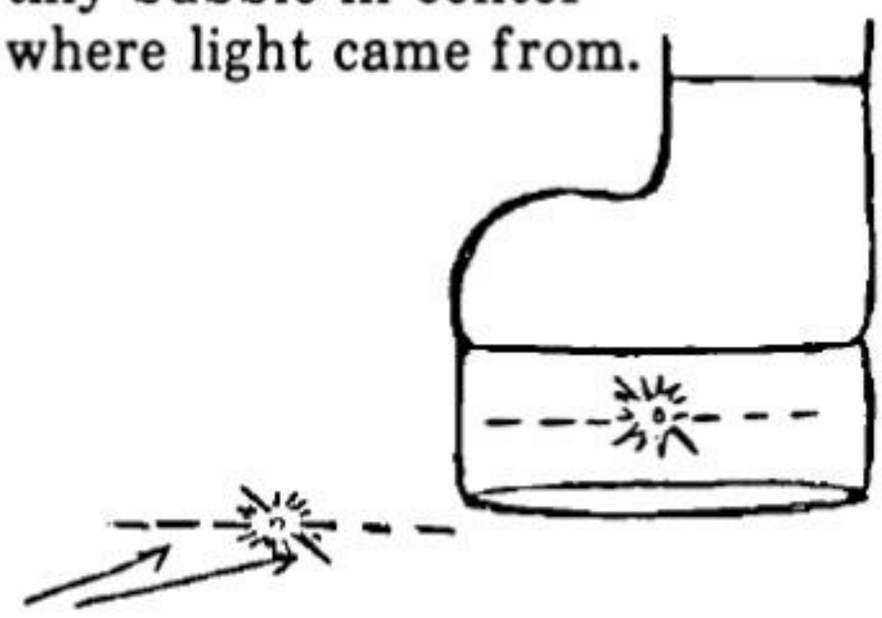
Feet stuck to shoes as soon as we stepped onto them.



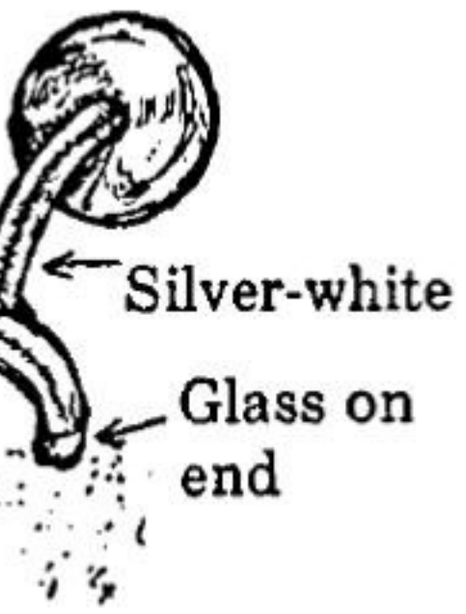
Light lit up at times



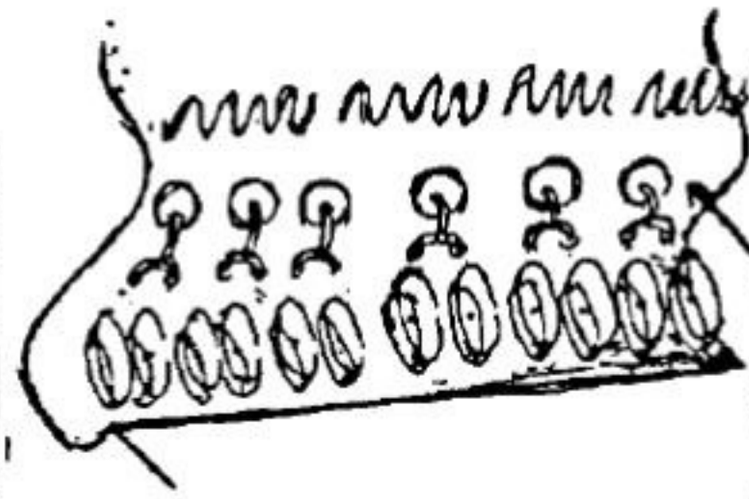
Glass shoes with tiny bubble in center where light came from.



Casts off stream of light in two directions.

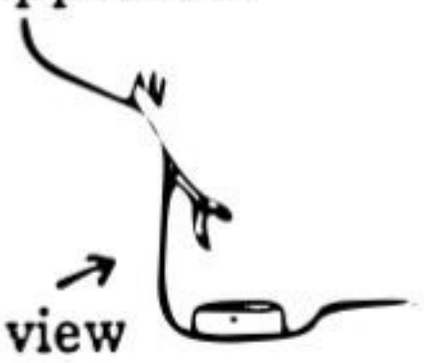


Waves coming from this thing



Lights appeared and flickered up and down.

Things hung over the shoes. Vibrating waves appeared.



Side view

Figure 34. (*May 12*)

Betty proceeded to describe a round glasslike vehicle which she was made to enter by leaning backward into it.

BETTY And so I'm leaning back. Oh, I'm tumbling. I'm right in that ball of glass. [*Figure 35*]

Huge clear glass ball that I fell into.
Everything was made of glass or ice.
It was so beautiful I am
unable to capture it on paper.
This is just to give an
idea as to how it looked.

Figure 35. (May 12)

FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY It's moving.

The transparent vehicle proceeded to move through a huge conduitlike structure. Fred was curious as to how it moved.

FRED MAX How is it moving? Is the glass like a big ball rolling, or does it appear to be moving by a different method?
BETTY It's moving some other way than rolling.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY It's stopping up ahead. Everything seems so bright and glasslike around here. And there's another little person standing out there and just looking at me. I can't move. I got to stay here until he says I can come out. I see other little persons over there too.
FRED MAX You mean people or people-*beings*?
BETTY The ones with the big heads. Oh!
FRED MAX What's the matter?
BETTY My fingers! Ooooh! It hurts.
FRED MAX Does it hurt at the fingertips or the whole fingers?
BETTY Just the fingertips.
FRED MAX Okay, I'm going to rub some anesthetic over your fingertips. I want you to feel your fingers getting anesthesized just like a dentist giving a shot in your teeth. I want you to feel these fingertips getting nice and comfortable. I want you to feel it going. Okay, go on.
BETTY I can't move from here yet.

Again, Betty winced in pain as her fingertips began to hurt once more. Again and again Fred tried to ease the pain, without success. He finally brought her back to that point in time just before they began to hurt to offer Betty some relief. Soon Betty was able to continue.

BETTY The little person is calling me out of the glass ball. And he's saying, "Come with me," and he's leading me up ahead. And he's telling me to lift my foot. When I do, the *thing* falls off. "Lift the other," he said, and he told me to come with him.
FRED MAX You're now barefooted?
BETTY Yeah.

FRED MAX Go on.
BETTY And we're floating along.
FRED MAX You're not walking? You're floating? Go on.
BETTY We're coming up to this wall of glass and a big, big, big, big, big *door*. It's made out of glass.
FRED MAX Does it have hinges?
BETTY No. It is so big and there is—I can't explain it. It is door after door after door after door. He is stopping there and telling me to stop. I'm just stopping there. He says: "Now you shall enter the *door* to see the *One*." And he says, "Fear not."

Then Betty appeared to undergo an out-of-body experience!

BETTY And I'm standing there and *I'm coming out of myself!* There's two of me! There's two of me there! [*Figure 36*]
FRED MAX Are you looking at yourself?
BETTY Uh, huh.
FRED MAX Do you feel as if you were in both bodies?
BETTY No. That one over there is like, um . . . [*Pauses*]
FRED MAX Like what?
BETTY That one over there, it's like a twin. But it's still, like those people I saw in those, those ice cubes.
FRED MAX In other words, a motionless copy of you?
BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX Okay. Do you see the *One* yet?
BETTY The *One*? No.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY I'm coming up to the door, and the little person is saying: "Now you shall enter *the Great Door* and see the glory of the *One*." And I'm standing face to face with that door.

Then Betty became very puzzled.

BETTY I'm not there anymore. I don't know where I am.
FRED MAX What do you mean? Where are you now?
BETTY I don't know.

For some reason, Betty was unable to determine where she was despite Fred's efforts to find out. He decided to end the session, but first he gave Betty a posthypnotic suggestion to remember

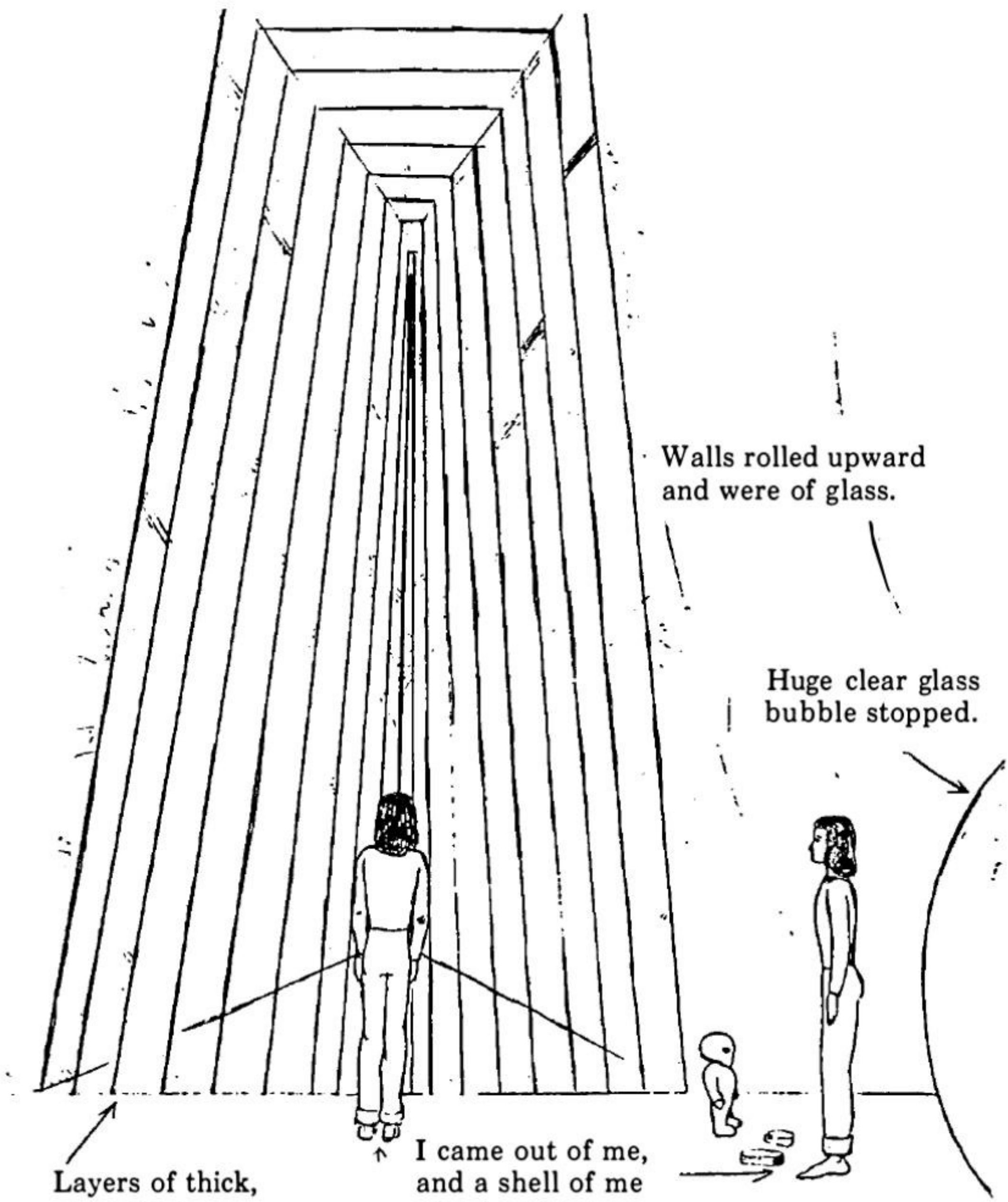

Walls rolled upward and were of glass.
Huge clear glass bubble stopped.
Layers of thick, clear glass
I came out of me, and a shell of me stood motionless.

Figure 36. The Great Door (*May 12*)

everything and to make drawings if she wanted to. Later on in the week, Betty did draw some of the things that she had encountered during this portion of her experience as a teenager. One drawing was of her standing before the Great Door.

Betty's intriguing description of the massive glasslike door brought to mind her mention of a special *door* during one of the previous phase one hypnosis sessions.

At a session held back on July 16, 1977, Betty was reliving a portion of her initial abduction experience. Investigator David Webb interrupted her with a question: "At any time, Betty, did either Joohop or Quazgaa give you any predictions for the future? Things that would happen on earth?"

Betty's mind flipped back to the present. Her body became restrained to the hypnotist's chair. She experienced the same physical sensations that she had felt when she had lain paralyzed on an examination table on board the alien craft. Suddenly, her body seemed to become possessed by someone or something willing to answer our questions through her.

During the discussion that followed, Betty made mention of a door:

BETTY It's something about a *door* and it's going to be opened.

When one of the investigators asked Betty whether the aliens would help us discover their message, she gave a thought-provoking answer.

BETTY You would not have gotten this far nor gained this much information *had we not desired to help you.* That which has been given you—seek, search. *We shall help reveal.* Certain pieces of the puzzle will be fitted. Try to understand yourselves. Seek spiritually. Doors have been left open unto you. The Great Door shall guide.

This answer clearly insinuates that they may have planned not only our investigation but the book that followed—including this sequel I am writing at this very moment:

As I listened to the tapes of the April 21 session, it became quite apparent to me that Betty was just about to reach the apex of this particular UFO experience. I phoned investigator David Webb and

made arrangements for him to drive with me to Connecticut to attend the next session. I was deeply intrigued. What would Betty find on the other side of the Great Door. And who was the One?

There are times when coincidental circumstances make me feel like a pawn in some complex but predetermined chess game. Sometimes, even after applying cold logic to such thoughts, it is not at all easy to dismiss them. Let me relate a recent astounding event that occurred just after I had finished typing up Chapter 3, in which an object reportedly approached five-year-old Bob Luca and focused a white beam of light on him. When the beam hit him, Bob found that he could not move a muscle. This account was still very much on my mind when the telephone rang on the evening of December 5, 1980. The woman's voice on the other end sounded very upset. It was a woman I'll call Carol; she and her husband, Bob, are fellow employees with me at GTE Sylvania. I had known them casually for well over a decade.

The subject of her call was a UFO sighting. The witness was her thirteen-year-old son, Jimmy. As I listened intently, I felt a weird feeling of déjà vu. Her son's experience was nearly identical to the one I had just finished writing about!

About 6:30 P.M., Jimmy was out in a field behind his house when he heard a faint buzzing sound above him. Glancing up he was terrified to see hovering above him an oval object that seemed as large as two houses. Before he could react, the craft shone a white light on him and he found that he could not move a muscle. He stood helplessly as the light narrowed to a thin beam resting upon his chest. The beam blinked out and the object streaked away.

Once again free to move, he moved very fast! Jimmy ran breathlessly into the house to tell his parents. Carol dismissed the incident as a police helicopter reconnoitering the neighborhood with a searchlight. Jimmy was so upset that he did not want to attend his Scout meeting, but Carol made him go. After he had gone, Bob persuaded Carol that Jimmy might have really seen something out of the ordinary. She phoned me, and I assigned investigator Joe Nyman to the case. When Jimmy returned from the Scouts, he was surprised to see Joe waiting, but was relieved that his parents were now taking his story seriously.

Joe interrogated Jimmy and, convinced that the boy was telling

the truth, he asked him to go to his room, strip down, and check his body for any unusual markings. In a few minutes, Jimmy came out and pointed to a reddish mark on his chest. It looked like a severe sunburn in the shape of an inverted T. Joe took color photographs of this marking.

Unfortunately, the family were just about to leave for a two-week vacation in Florida, so there was little that could be done until they returned. When Joe asked if Carol would take Jimmy to a doctor to examine the spot, she felt foolish, still thinking that there must be a logical explanation.

Upon their return from Florida, they told us that the marking had faded completely away in just a few days. Since Jimmy had nightmares and talked in his sleep about being abducted by the UFO, arrangements were made for him to undergo hypnotic regression sessions.

Under hypnosis, he relived the experience vividly with much emotion. When the light narrowed to a beam on his chest, he heard a voice in his head telling him not to be afraid and that he would be given tests. Immediately he was filled with a sense of peace and well-being.

Hypnotic regression sessions will continue in an attempt to learn the details about this incident. Interestingly enough, a similar incident had taken place in Tyler, Texas, on January 24, 1979. It too involved UFOs, a bright beam of light, a diamond-shaped burn on a young man's chest, and a period of missing time indicating a possible abduction.

The similarity of this event and its timing so close to my recording of Bob Luca's experience is incredible. In the past, my unusually objective, logical mind rebelled against the practical significance of subjective déjà-vu experiences, hunches, and synchronisms. However, the frequency of such incidents has changed me from a skeptic to an almost persuaded agnostic! A few sentences ago, for example, I suddenly left off writing to respond to a call of nature. On my way to the bathroom, I glanced at a TV program that my son David was watching. There was Bugs Bunny talking to a dwarflike helmeted Martian! As I watched and chuckled about this

coincidence, I suddenly got a strange feeling that I had seen this same Bugs Bunny show somewhere before. Then it hit me. This was the identical Bugs Bunny portrayed in one of the scenes of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* In this movie, Richard Dreyfuss suddenly awakens to the sounds of this very same TV show, which his daughter has turned on.

9. The Great Door

During the following week, I anxiously awaited the next session.

On May 10, 1980, David Webb, Larry Fawcett, and I rendezvoused with Bob and Betty in their home, where Betty treated us all to a delicious meal. Also in attendance was Patricia Gail Sable, whom Larry Fawcett had invited. She had been one of three selected to take an accelerated program of studies at Boston College. In just four years she had received both her bachelor's and her master's degrees in sociology *magna cum laude* from Boston College in May of 1976. A professional hypnotherapist and stress therapist, Patricia was invited as an observer. We were especially interested in her comments on how the sessions were being conducted and concerning Betty's UFO experience itself. As she later stated in her written evaluation.

Meeting Betty Luca for the first time on May 10, 1980, was rather like meeting the grown-up Dorothy from the *Wizard of Oz.* So pure of heart, so innocent and uncorruptible that it was difficult to understand how this was possible. In this fast-paced age of international conflict, runaway inflation and domestic turmoil how could anyone be so clear and unscathed, so loving and warm? It is as if Betty has taken all the Sunday school teachings of love and brotherhood that we shared as children

and made them work for her as a responsible adult. There is none of the "angry child" within her that is so easily perceived in most of us at the slightest irritation. With both Betty and Bob Luca there is a sense of internal peace. This calmness pervades their being and is wonderfully contagious. Along with a fun-loving side to their personalities is an undercurrent of sincerity which flows through all their social interactions. Their faith in God is unshakable, their wants and needs almost biblical in their simplicity. My experience of Bob can best be summarized by the following exchange:

> **PATRICIA** You love and accept everyone, don't you? You don't judge anyone, you just accept them.
> **BOB** I can't imagine living any other way.

I've heard that said before, but it was never spoken so honestly.

Bob and Betty have an innate ability to make an impact on others' lives by doing nothing in particular—just by being who they are. They allow us to call into question the basis upon which we build our lives. Certainly this internal harmony is conceivably available to everyone. How in the world did we get so far away from it? Any two people who live so complacently are certainly privy to one of the greater secrets of life.

Soon we had all gathered at Fred Max's house. Fred soon had placed Betty in deep trance. He brought her back in time to relive what had occurred just prior to her being brought to stand before the Great Door. Since this session and the one that followed both concerned this particular segment of experience, I am drawing on the transcripts of both the May 10 and the May 15 sessions.

Betty now stood before the strange door. Again she described its appearance and her out-of-body experience.

> **BETTY** There's a big door there, and it is big, but it is strange. It is like deeper and deeper and deeper. And it's bright, really bright. And I have to stand before the door. But, before that, I came out of myself. I was just standing over *there*, and I was standing over *here*. There were two of me, but that one over there was stiff.
> **FRED MAX** Have you tried to talk to your other self?

BETTY That won't work, because I'm over here, and that one is over there.
FRED MAX She looks exactly like you?
BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX Is she making motions to show you she is alive, like breathing, moving her arms?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Would you say she looks like a wax museum piece or something?
BETTY No, it looks just like me.
FRED MAX All right, go on.
BETTY I was told to come forward. I went in the door, and it's very bright. I can't take *you* any further.
FRED MAX Why?
BETTY Because.
FRED MAX What do you mean, because?
BETTY I can't take you past this door.
FRED MAX Okay, I'll tell you what. You go past that door alone then for a few minutes, okay?

Time and again, Fred tried in different ways to induce Betty to tell him what was behind the door—all in vain.

FRED MAX Sometime maybe, if you change your mind, would you tell me?
BETTY I can't change my mind. It is set.
FRED MAX What would happen to you if you did tell me?
BETTY I can't tell you. I'm sorry.
FRED MAX Okay, let's proceed to the first thing you *can* tell me. Fair enough?
BETTY Oh! [*Betty's face glows with joy, Plate 3.*]
FRED MAX What's happening now?
BETTY I'm coming out of that door, and it was wonderful!
FRED MAX Did the One say something exciting?
BETTY I can't tell you. I'm sorry.
FRED MAX Would you say that the One was God?
BETTY Do you really know what God is?
FRED MAX I don't know. I was hoping that you had seen Him and could therefore tell me.

BETTY I can't tell you about that.
FRED MAX Okay, let's proceed. What's happening now? You just came out of the room, and you feel great.
BETTY I come out of the door, and there is a tall white-haired man standing there and he's got on a long nightgown.

Fred asked Betty to describe this tall man and then brought the May 10 session to a close. The atmosphere felt charged with electricity. For those few hours, during the session, I found myself mentally accepting what now seems unreality, as reality. It was a long ride home that night. David Webb and I had much to discuss and ponder the totally unexpected data that was emerging.

The next session took place on May 15, 1980. Determined to find out what lay behind the Great Door, Fred again brought Betty back in time to where she was standing before it.

FRED MAX Where are you?
BETTY I'm before this huge great big door. It's glass. Layers and layers of glass.
FRED MAX What are you standing on?
BETTY Glass.
FRED MAX Let me ask you now: You're going to see the One now, right?
BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX Why are you going to see the One?
BETTY Because it is time for me, they said, for me to go *home* to see the One.
FRED MAX All right, in other words, does this imply that the One is someone that you have seen before?
BETTY I don't remember.
FRED MAX Okay. Do you know why it is time to see the One?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Why haven't you asked questions?
BETTY They haven't been there very often. Those little people haven't been there very much for me to ask.
FRED MAX Yeah, but they are asking you to do a lot of things, shall we say.
BETTY I know. But, I'm in their place. I can't do anything.
FRED MAX Okay. In a moment you're going to see the One,

right? We don't want to waste the experience. We want to get the most out of it. So when you see the One, I want you to ask yourself: "What am I getting out of this? Why am I here? And, what will this mean to me later on in my life?" It's like any big experience a person is allowed to have. Okay? I want you to progress to where the door is open and you are seeing the One.
BETTY Oh!

At that very moment, an indescribable smile came over Betty's face. The only adjective that I can think of to describe it is rapturous. This expression of pure, unrestricted happiness remained on Betty's face as Fred continued to question her.

FRED MAX You seem happy. Why are you so happy?
BETTY It's just—ah, I just, I can't tell you about it.
FRED MAX All right. I know you can't tell me, but I want you to do a few things. I want you to ask yourself why you are being shown that which you are being shown. In other words, you weren't given this trip just for a free ride, so to speak. They *want* you to see what you are seeing. Does that make sense?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX All right. Now that you're there, ask yourself: "What am I getting out of this? Why am I here? What am I supposed to think about after I leave here?"
BETTY Oh, it matters not what I get from it.
FRED MAX What do you mean?
BETTY It's—words cannot explain it. It's wonderful. It's for everybody. I just can't tell you this.
FRED MAX You can't? Okay, why can't you?
BETTY For one thing, it's too overwhelming and it is—it is undescribable. I just can't tell you. Besides it's just impossible for me to tell you.
FRED MAX All right. Are you capable, when looking around you, to tell *yourself*?
BETTY I see it.
FRED MAX Right. That which you can see, you have a grasp of even if you don't understand it.
BETTY I understand it. I'm sorry. I'm just sorry. I wish I could share it with you.

FRED MAX Were you *told* not to share it with me?
BETTY It is like even if I was able to speak it, I wouldn't be able to speak it. I can't. I'm sorry.
FRED MAX Were you specifically told not to speak it?
BETTY Partly, yeah.
FRED MAX How was it expressed to you?
BETTY I can't tell you those things. I'm sorry.
FRED MAX All right. Can we let the beings speak through you? Suppose you just relax, and I'll put my hand on your shoulder. I will count from one to three. *I will put my hand on your shoulder* and with each number you will go deeper and deeper. When I reach three, you will just relax and allow the beings to speak through you. One, two, three.

Betty began speaking in a strange tongue; see *Plate 4*.

FRED MAX Okay, Betty, can you explain to me so that I could understand what you have just said?
BETTY [*Begins crying*] Father loves the world so very much.
FRED MAX Yes?
BETTY And so many reject Him.
FRED MAX Un huh, okay. You said a lot of words. Can you explain more of what you said?
BETTY They will be felt by those who believe and have faith. They will feel the love radiating from them.
FRED MAX Okay, where are you now?
BETTY I'm where there is light.
FRED MAX And what do you see?
BETTY I cannot tell you this.
FRED MAX Okay, that's all right. Let me ask you. Do you feel much love, the same love, or any different degree of love now than you have before?
BETTY It's a greater love.
FRED MAX Okay. When will I understand all of the words that the being said through you?
BETTY When you allow the Spirit to come upon you and you are filled with that love.

Obviously Fred was not getting the answer he wanted. Perhaps,

he thought, Betty herself did not know what she had uttered in the strange language.

FRED MAX Do *you* understand all the words that you have said?
BETTY I understand them, but they will not come forth.
FRED MAX Okay, I'm trying to understand. I'm not trying to ask you to divulge anything, all right? You understand them, but you can't express them?
BETTY They're in my heart.
FRED MAX More like a feeling than a concept?
BETTY They're in my heart, in my mind, in my body.
FRED MAX Okay, could you explain this to your children?
BETTY What children?
FRED MAX If you have children someday. The words that you spoke, while they had a message of love in them, did they also have a warning?
BETTY Yes. Those that do not have love have nothing. Love is the answer.

Fred decided to try yet another tactic. First, he again allowed Betty to experience what she was seeing behind the Great Door. Betty's face shone with delight and sheer joy.

FRED MAX I see you are enjoying where you are.
BETTY Uh huh.
FRED MAX Let me ask you. How would I get the love you have? Could I have an interpreter?
BETTY A what? [*As a child, Betty did not know the word.*]
FRED MAX An interpreter is a person. Suppose I know a language. I only speak French, and you only speak English. We have a person who speaks both languages. Now, since you do speak English and these beings are capable of communicating to you, I'd like to ask them if they will speak through you in English so that I will understand them. Okay?
BETTY You mean the little people?
FRED MAX The little people, right.
BETTY But they're not in here right now. [*I.e., they had not entered the* door *with her.*]

FRED MAX We're going to allow them in you. I'm going to put my hand on your shoulder. I am going to touch you and count to three. Each time I touch your shoulder, you will allow yourself to not only go deeper and deeper but to open up such that the beings will enter you and speak to me. Okay.

Betty seemed not to understand what Fred was getting at.

BETTY In this place?
FRED MAX Right.
BETTY No.
FRED MAX What do you mean, no?
BETTY Not here.
FRED MAX Where?
BETTY Where I am.
FRED MAX Oh, I'm sorry. If I take you out of where you are now and progress you from where you have seen the One—okay?—I'll bring you out of there. Can I then do it? Would that be fair?
BETTY Uh huh.
FRED MAX All right. Suppose I count from one to three, and you'll leave where you are; from where you have seen the One. One, two, three. Where are you now, Betty?
BETTY I'm back on the other side of the door.
FRED MAX All right. What happened when you were on the other side of the door?
BETTY I can't tell you.
FRED MAX All right. That's what I wanted. Now we're going to request that the being speak to you, okay?
BETTY There is only that one little one there.
FRED MAX One is enough. He will interpret the tongues through you. All right? I will count from one—
BETTY [*Interrupting*] I can't tell him what to do.
FRED MAX How about if we *request* it? Is that fair enough?
BETTY Okay.
FRED MAX I will count from one to three. With each number, you will become more and more relaxed and more and more open. And, when I reach three, if he wants to, the being will

speak through you. One, two, three. Yes. Please interrupt.
BETTY Why?

Fred assumed that it was Betty asking this question!

FRED MAX So that we can benefit from the message that you received.

But, apparently, it was *not* Betty who had asked the question!

BETTY Why do you try to take that from her?
FRED MAX *Take?*
BETTY That's what *he* said.
FRED MAX Okay. We are not taking. We merely want to share so that we can experience this love also so that we can progress also.

Again, apparently the being—or Betty's subconscious playing the part of the being—answered Fred.

BETTY You have had the truths before you. Why did you not partake of it?
FRED MAX When did I have the truth before me?
BETTY That is for you to find.
FRED MAX Is it possible for me to speak to *him*?
BETTY Not right now.
FRED MAX Why is that?
BETTY 'Cause he doesn't want to speak, I guess.

As Patricia Gail Sable wrote later,

Betty appears to be a good, solid trance subject. She steps easily in and out of alternate levels of consciousness. There is an energy transference, however, while Betty is in trance which is highly unusual. With most trance subjects there is a minimal amount of observable mental activity. The exchange of energy and information is generally unilinear. When Betty is hypnotized, there is an upsurge of energy and multilevel communication takes place. One gets the sense that the hypnotist as overseer is purely illusionary in this case. Some levels of Betty's consciousness have more overt and covert control than is usually recognizable.

Again Fred failed to elicit the information that he sought regarding what Betty had experienced while behind the Great Door. With endless patience, he tried yet again.

FRED MAX Okay. You've seen the One. Do you feel different about anything now than you did before?
BETTY Everything is so wonderful!
FRED MAX Is there anybody that you don't like?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX There are some people, shall we say, that aren't as nice as other people, right?
BETTY No, everybody is nice. They are just growing, that's all. If one doesn't understand another one, they are just growing, that's all.
FRED MAX Do you think Bob feels this way?
BETTY I don't know, I didn't ask him.

For a moment, we thought Betty was referring to her husband, who, of course, she would not have known as a thirteen-year-old child! Fred checked this out.

FRED MAX Who is Bob?
BETTY My brother-in-law.

At this answer, I breathed a silent sigh of relief.

FRED MAX Okay, just relax. You've been to see the One and now everything is a little nicer, right?
BETTY I understand that everything is one.
FRED MAX What do you mean?
BETTY Everything fits together. Everything is *one*. It's beautiful! No matter what it is!
FRED MAX What do you see now?
BETTY I can't tell you those things.
FRED MAX All right, let's progress to where you *can* start telling me those things again.

Betty was then brought forward to that point in time where she left the One and came out through the Great Door.

BETTY Okay, I'm outside the door.

FRED MAX Yeah?
BETTY And there's a tall person there. He's got white hair and he's got a white nightgown on and he's motioning me to come there with him. His nightgown is glowing and his hair is white and he's got bluish eyes. And it's bright out here, and I think I see two more of them over there.
FRED MAX Just like this person? Do they look like people?
BETTY Um, but tall. They are real tall and they got some ferns or something in their hands.
FRED MAX Do you speak to them?
BETTY He's beckoning me to come over there and there's like a shell, an open shell. But it's mirrors and mirrors and mirrors.
FRED MAX Can you see that clearly and distinctly?
BETTY Um.
FRED MAX All right, suppose you draw me a picture of what you see so that we can discuss it.

Fred had Betty draw a sketch without affecting her trance. Later, as was our common practice, she provided a more finished drawing (*Figure 37*).

FRED MAX Okay, you can close your eyes. Why do you think the shells are there?
BETTY It's like the other one that one put me in before.
FRED MAX You mean you were *in* one of these shells?
BETTY Uh, huh.
FRED MAX Was the shell closed when you were in it?
BETTY Uh, huh.
FRED MAX How long were you in it?
BETTY Quick.

Fred then had Betty describe this previous experience.

FRED MAX Why were you in the shell?
BETTY That person put me in it.
FRED MAX What person?
BETTY With the big head.

Betty proceeded to explain that previously one of the small large-headed creatures had placed her in the shell. Later, however,

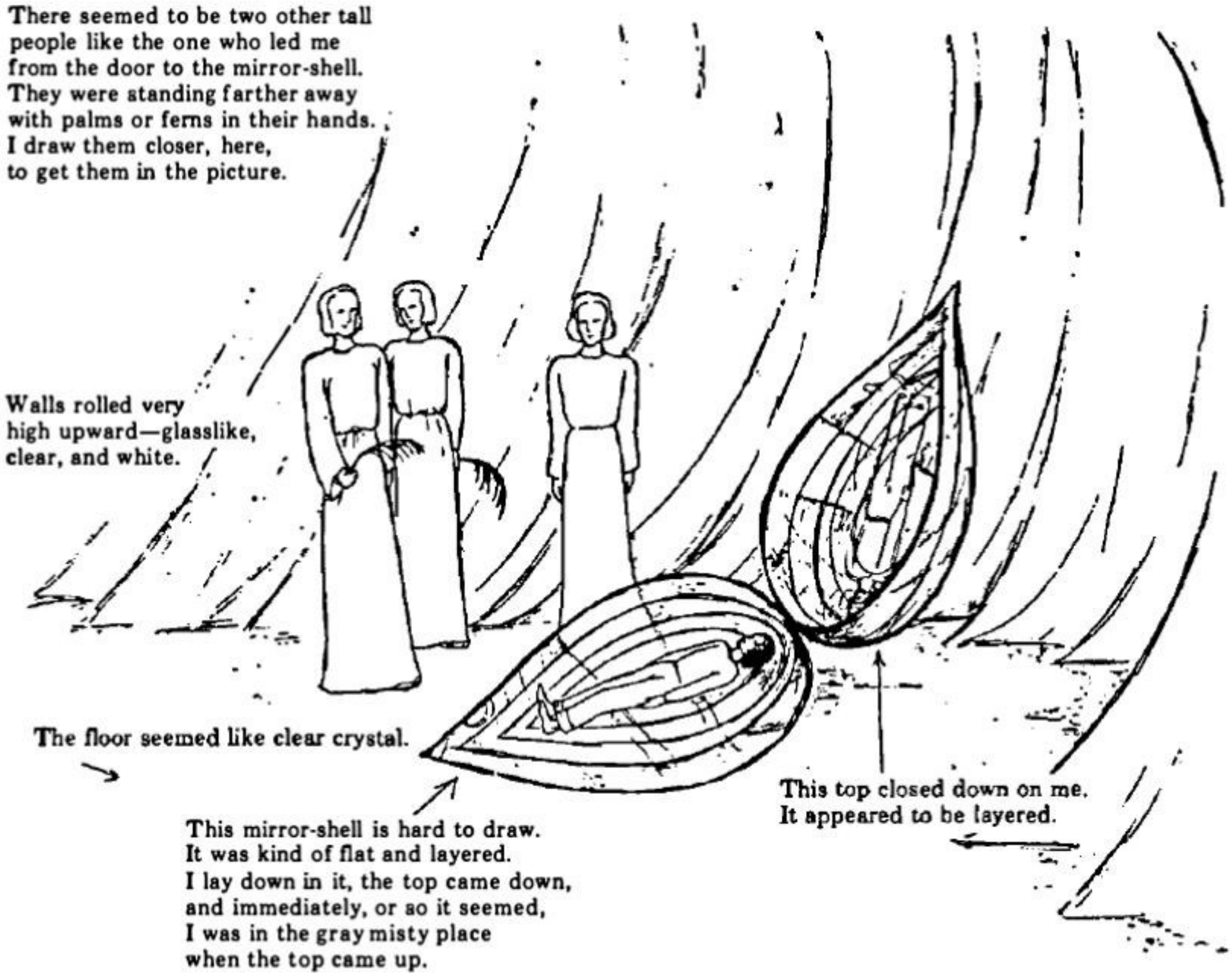

There seemed to be two other tall people like the one who led me from the door to the mirror-shell. They were standing farther away with palms or ferns in their hands. I draw them closer, here, to get them in the picture.
Walls rolled very high upward—glasslike, clear, and white.
The floor seemed like clear crystal.
This mirror-shell is hard to draw. It was kind of flat and layered. I lay down in it, the top came down, and immediately, or so it seemed, I was in the gray misty place when the top came up.
This top closed down on me. It appeared to be layered.

Figure 37. (May 12)

when she came out from behind the door, one of the tall, robed human-looking men had placed her in the shell. Fred asked her about how she felt while inside it.

FRED MAX Is it scary in the shell?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Why not?
BETTY I'm only in there a little while.
FRED MAX What do you mean, a little while—minutes?
BETTY As soon as he closes it down, he opens it up. The little one opens it up as soon as the big one closes it down.

It soon became apparent that the shell-like device was some kind of transportation system. The tall robed human-appearing man

placed her in it and closed the cover. The next thing that Betty knew, the cover was opened up by one of the small large-headed alien creatures—at another location. Fred tried to find out more about what it was like inside the shell.

FRED MAX Just relax. When you were in the shell, what did you experience in there?
BETTY I could *see myself* quickly. Then, they opened it back up.
FRED MAX Was the temperature the same in the shell?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX Is there any sound?
BETTY There is no sound at all.
FRED MAX Why do you think you were put in the shell?

Betty answered in reference to the first time that she was placed in the strange device.

BETTY I went to that beautiful, beautiful forest of glass.
FRED MAX After seeing the One?
BETTY I haven't seen the One yet. I go to that beautiful glass forest.

Fred then brought her to the point where she had just come out of the Great Door again. We were interested in her second experience with the device.

FRED MAX We are going to the One very rapidly and after you see the One, tell me what happens next, *after* you have seen the One.
BETTY I'm outside the Great Door, and there is a tall person standing there with white hair in a shiny glowing nightgown. He's telling me to come over by the side there because there is a *shell thing* there he wants me to get into. And he puts me into that shell thing.

When Betty was taken out of the shell by one of the small, nonhuman creatures, she was in another location.

BETTY I see those funny machines. The top part of one of the machines is going around and around and there's some lights

blinking. And that one person [little creature] is telling me to follow him. I'm sort of floating in back of him, and we're going through this sort of mist and there's a whole bunch of those funny things.

FRED MAX What funny things?

BETTY Those machines.

FRED MAX Can you draw one for me?

Betty was allowed to produce a rough sketch of the craftlike objects without affecting her trance. (*Figure 38*. Later, at home, she drew a more finished sketch.) Fred then had Betty close her eyes and continue her journey.

BETTY It's foggy all through here . . . It's hard to see what they [the machines] are doing. Keeps going round and light flashes.

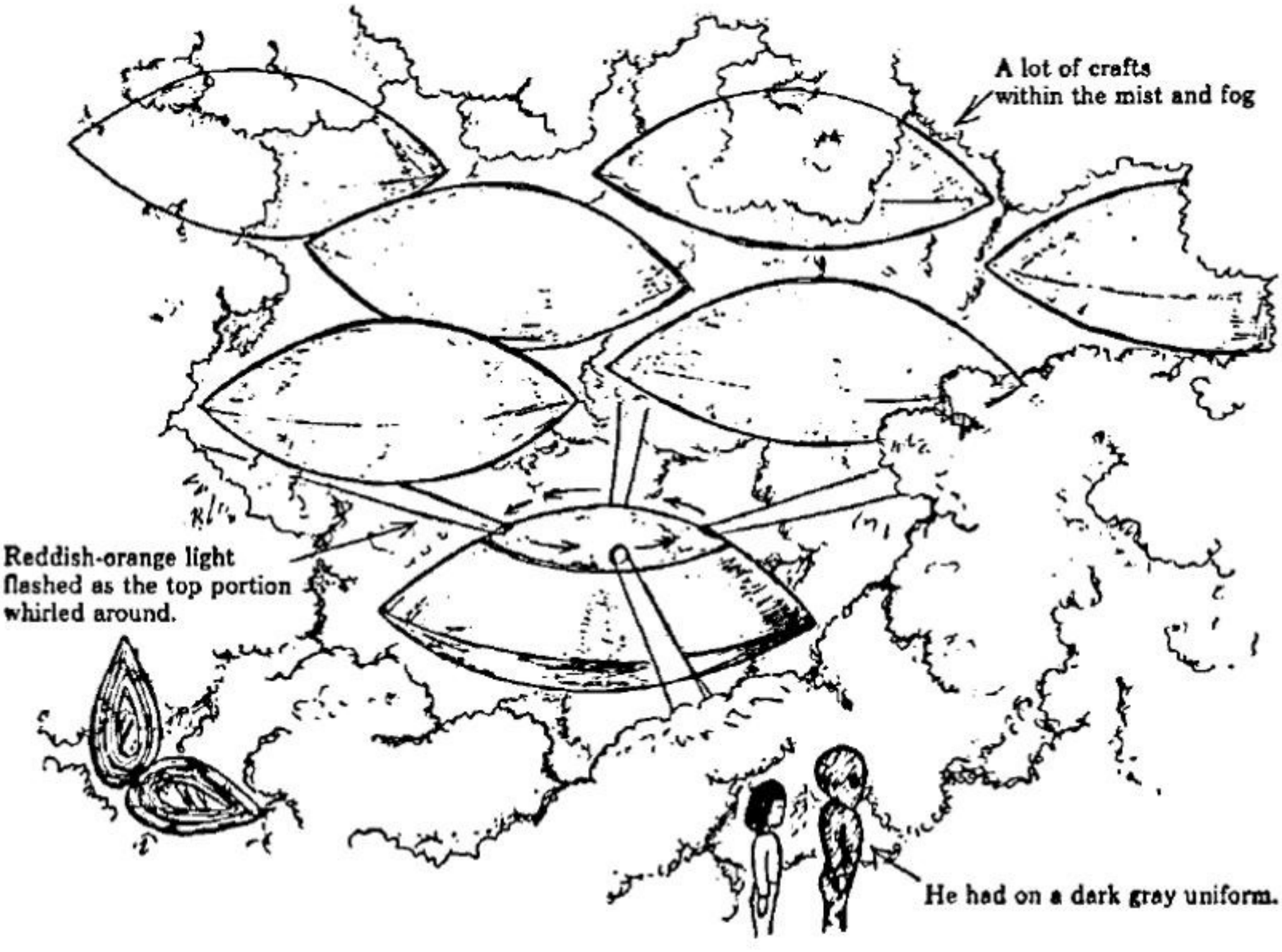

A lot of crafts
within the mist and fog
Reddish-orange light
flashed as the top portion
whirled around.
He had on a dark gray uniform.

Figure 38. (*May 16*)

FRED MAX What color is the light?
BETTY Reddish orange.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY We just started to walk like this through the fog and there's all these [machines] around. One of these people are taking me over to this side there and it's all misty all around. It's moist and damp and gray, all shadowy. It looks like there is a brighter light up ahead where we're going. And he's taking me up there and I see the light and then going into that area and it looks like three windows, but they are in some place.

Again, Fred allowed Betty to open her eyes and sketch what she was seeing (*Figure 39*) before returning her to the experience.

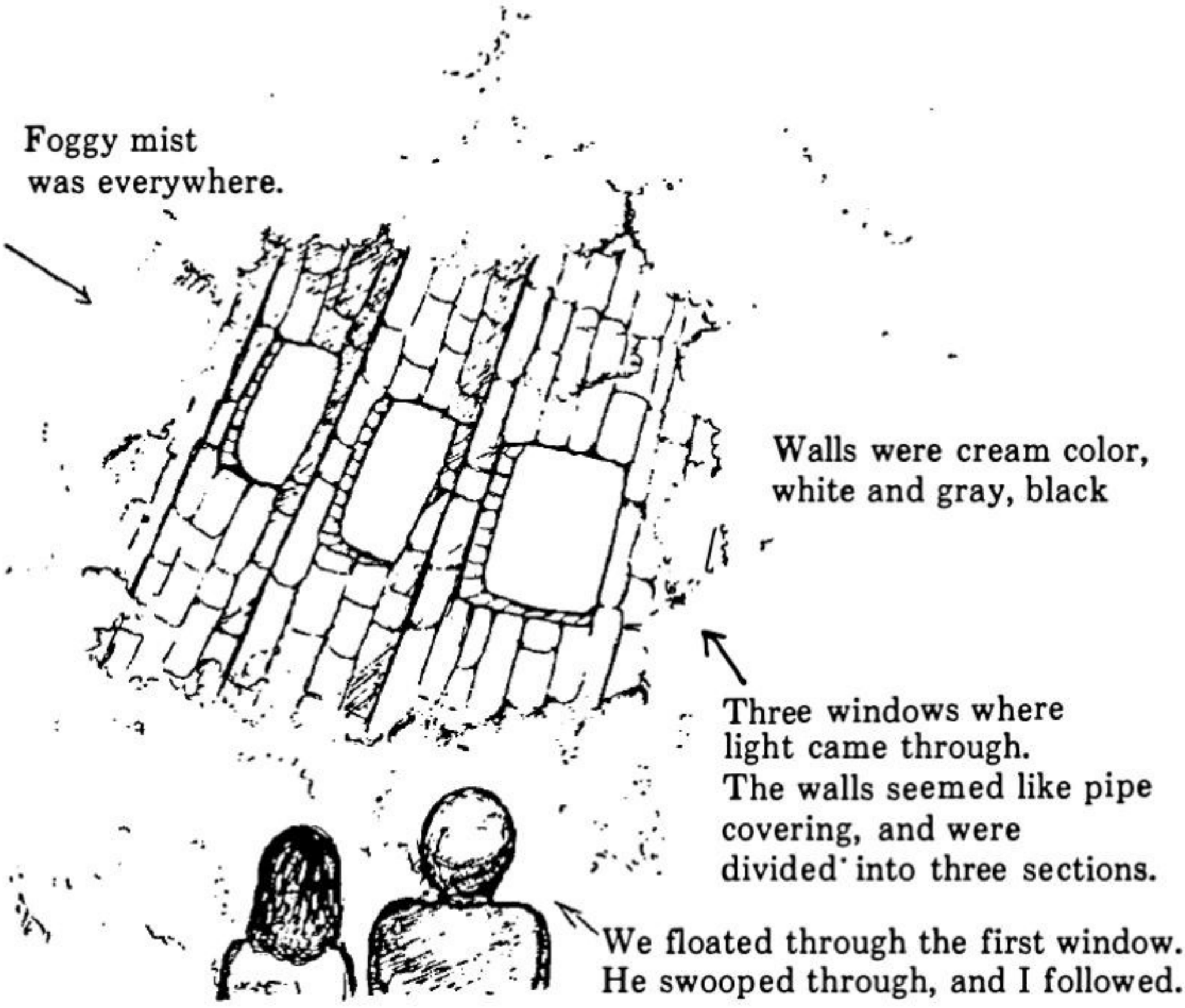


Figure 39. (May 16)

FRED MAX Okay, just relax, go on.
BETTY We're coming up to that light. He just swoops through, and I just swoop through it right in back of him, and we go down to the ground or whatever it is. It's like ice in there, but there are those little people working. They got some kind of a thing in their hand and there's a pale-blue stone. Beautiful.
FRED MAX Wait a minute. You're seeing a bunch of little people working? What are they doing? How would you describe their activity?
BETTY It looks like they got something that they're working with. I don't know what it is.

Again, Fred had her sketch the scene (*Figure 40*) and then continued to question Betty about this particular activity.

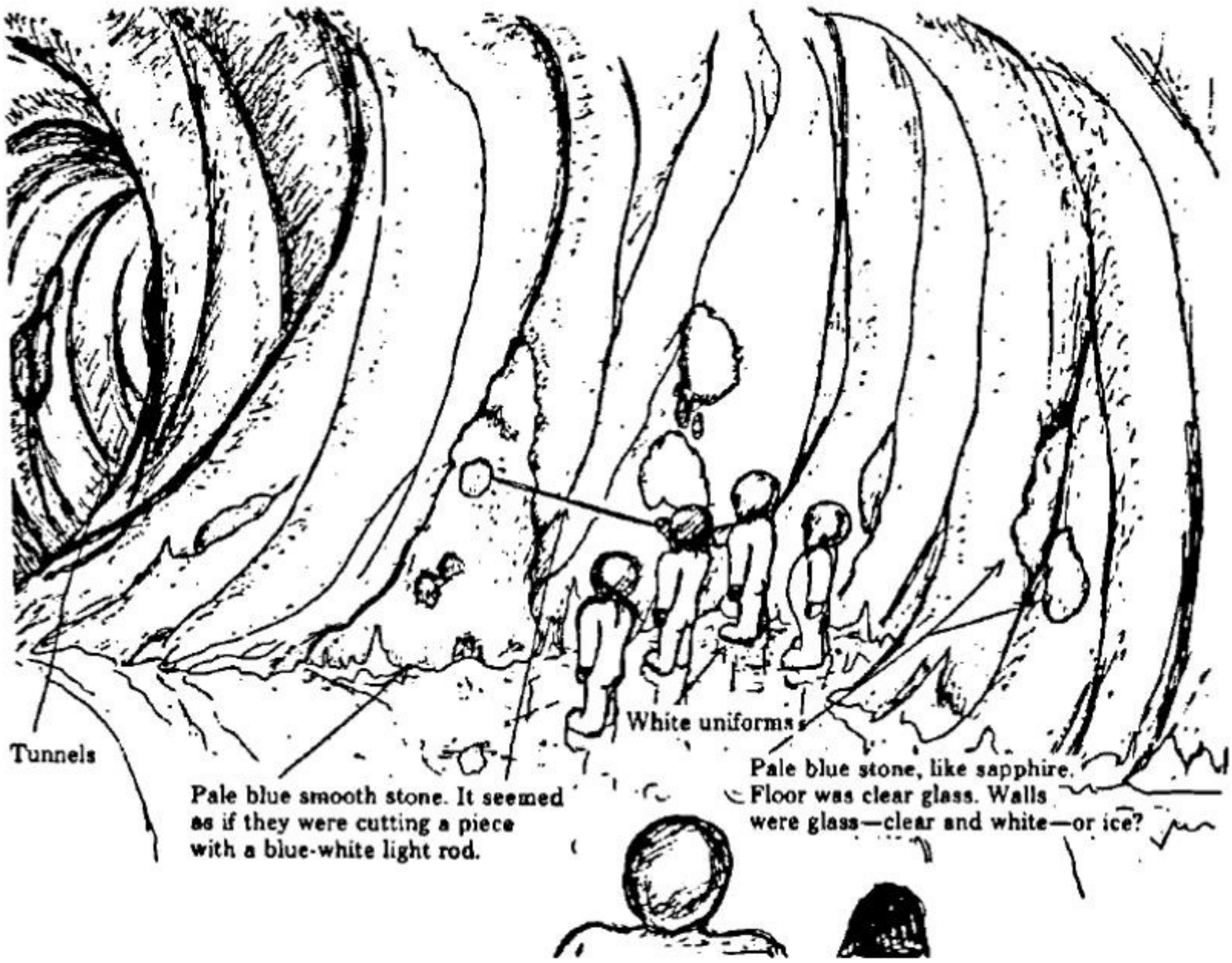

Tunnels
Pale blue smooth stone. It seemed as if they were cutting a piece with a blue-white light rod.
White uniforms
Pale blue stone, like sapphire. Floor was clear glass. Walls were glass—clear and white—or ice?

Figure 40. (May 16)

FRED MAX Are they all working together?
BETTY Yeah. They're in this ice thing and there's some blue stuff in this ice, some blue. It looks like shiny blue.
FRED MAX Does this look like a construction crew?
BETTY I don't know. There is just some blue stuff there that they're after in this long thing.
FRED MAX Okay, do they also have tools on them?
BETTY There's two there helping with something. It sends out a bright light there. It looks like a white-blue light.
FRED MAX Does this light seem to be able to cut or knock down something?
BETTY Yes, that's what they're doing. They're cutting some pieces out of this pale-blue stone. That's pretty stone there.
FRED MAX When the light hits the stone what do you see?
BETTY I don't see anything, but they're *cutting* this. Just the light is cutting this.
FRED MAX Do you see smoke or anything?
BETTY No, I don't see any smoke.
FRED MAX Okay, I want you now to relax. For lack of a better title, we'll call this the construction scene. Next time I regress you, you will easily and comfortably come back to what we call the construction scene, okay?

Step by step, Fred brought Betty back to consciousness. As usual, the session had been fascinating and thought-provoking. But though the Great Door had been opened to Betty, it still remained locked to the rest of us.

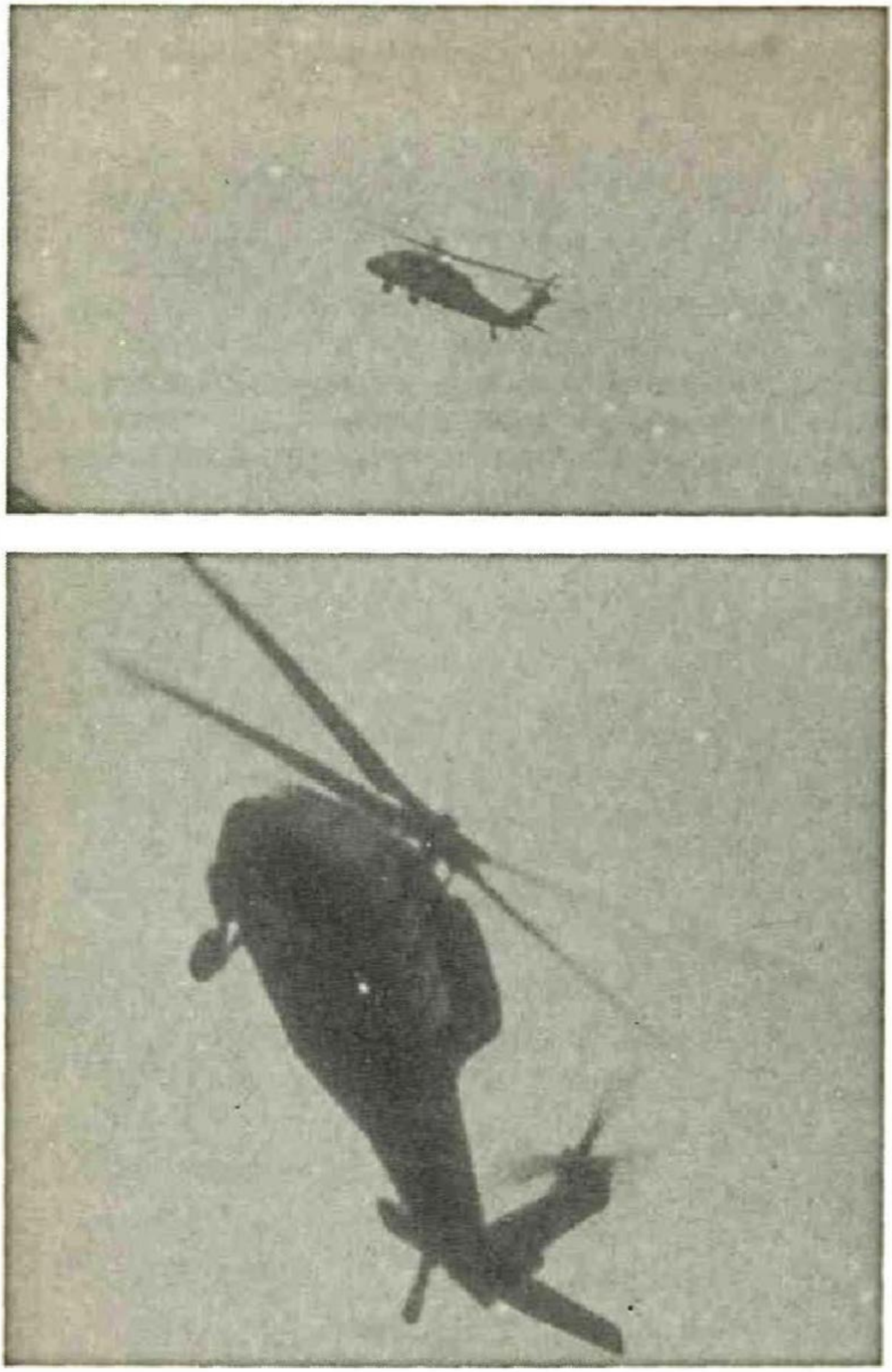
The next session would be equally provocative. The time had come at last when we would find out *when* and *how* the BB-like object had been implanted within Betty's head.

Betty and Bob Luca on their wedding day

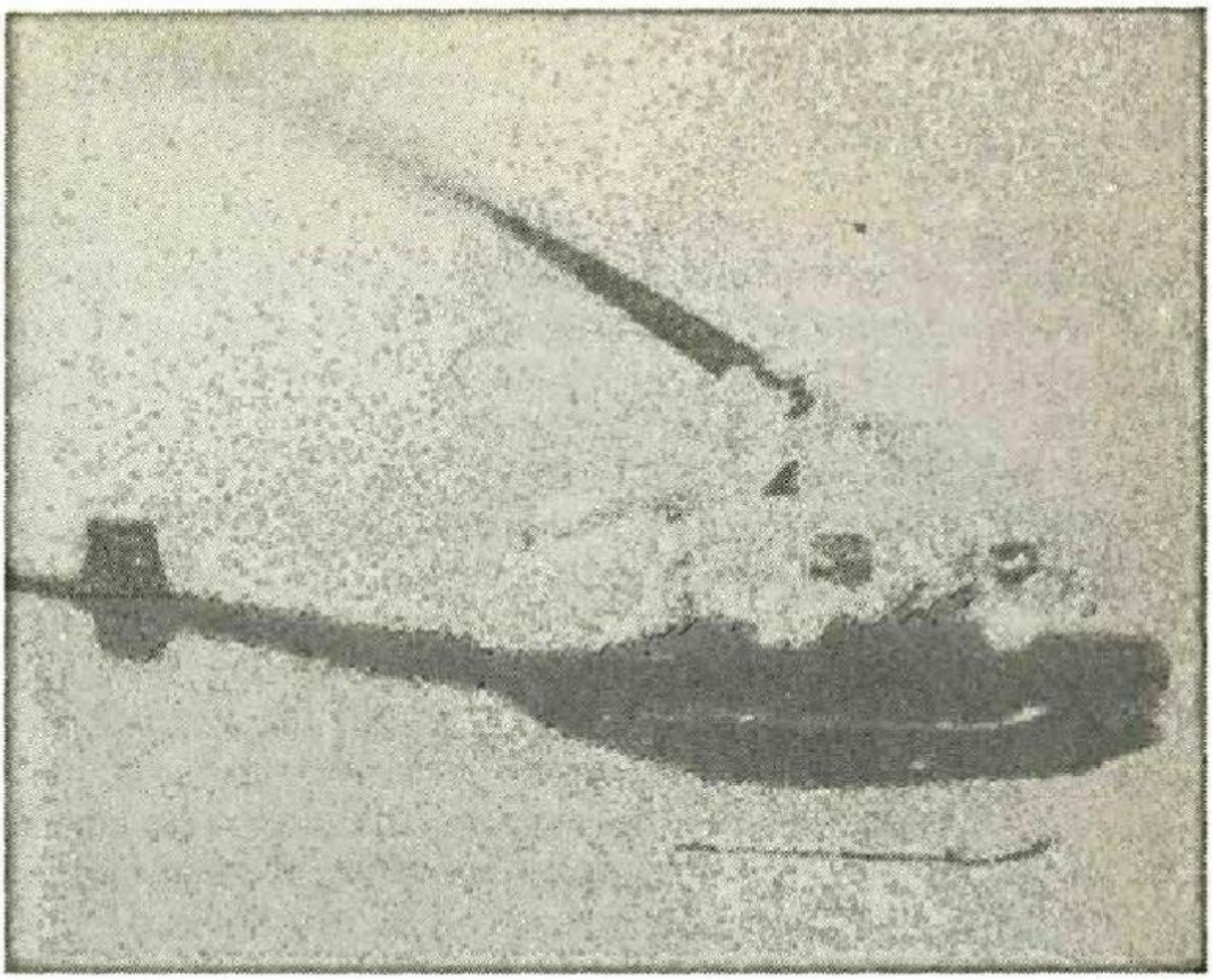
A typical hypnotic regression. From left to right: Larry Fawcett, Betty Luca, Fred Max (*Fred Max*)

Betty speaking in an unknown language (*Fred Max*)

The expression on Betty's face as she relives entering the Great Door to see the One (*Fred Max*)



A black, unmarked helicopter making passes over Betty and Bob's home. Bob took these pictures from the roof. "I filed a formal complaint with Sikorsky Aircraft on this one." (*Both: Robert Luca*)



Very dark olive drab helicopter photographed at Hammonasset Beach (*Robert Luca*)

Helicopters in "restricted area" similar to those seen buzzing the Lucas' house and car (*Robert Luca*)

10. The Implant

During the week between sessions, my mind buzzed with questions. What and who had been behind that door within doors?

Fred's multiple efforts to elicit any detailed information from Betty concerning that which lay behind the Door always ended in failure. Since the One also remained a complete mystery, I decided to return to the transcripts of Betty's phase one hypnotic regression sessions that had taken place in 1977. In session twelve which had taken place on July 16, I found one mention of the Great Door. Investigator Joe Santangelo queried Betty about it. Back then, unfortunately, none of us had the slightest idea of its significance, and there had been no follow-up attempts to discover its nature. In light of what we know now, it is most interesting to go back to the older transcripts and examine Betty's earlier cryptic references.

JOE SANTANGELO What is the Great Door?

BETTY It is the entrance into the other world. The world where light is.

JOE SANTANGELO Is that available to us as well as to you, Betty?

BETTY No, not yet . . .

JOE SANTANGELO Do you understand what is on the other side of the Great Door?

BETTY Yes, I understand and believe in it. . . .

JOE SANTANGELO Will they permit you to guide us?
BETTY No, they want to guide.

That was the extent of Betty's inadvertent mention of the mysterious door. Apparently someone does not want us to know any more about it at present.

To me, another novel segment of Betty's story was her mention (in typical childish vocabulary) of the tall, shoeless, snow-white-haired humanlike personages in glowing "nightgowns." Up until then I had never read of beings like this mentioned in association with UFO reports. Not too long before I started this chapter, however, the November 1980 *MUFON UFO Journal* arrived in my mail. Because of a change in editors, it had been running behind in publication schedule and was over a month late. Again I was confronted with another synchronism.

One of the *Journal*'s lead articles, written by its editor, Richard Hall, dealt with the huge wave of UFO sightings that blanketed Italy in 1978. Of 500 known cases, 130 (at least 25 percent) involved reported Close Encounters of the First, Second, and Third Kinds! Twenty-five cases involved the sighting of humanoid entities, and there were 20 physical-trace cases. Thirty cases involved physiological and psychological effects upon the witnesses. Hall commented, "The sightings led to unprecedented public discussion and debate, even in the Italian Parliament," adding that, paradoxically, "They were essentially ignored by conventional news media in the United States."

Again, highly pertinent information for this book had come to me at a most opportune time.

One incident in the Italian UFO wave had taken place on July 4, 1978. I saw that Betty's description of tall robed human figures operating with alien dwarfs was no longer unique. One of the Italian reports had striking similarities. Hall's recap of the incident follows:

> On July 4, military personnel from the Navy Air Base at Catania felt a compulsion to ascend the slopes of Mt. Etna, and there saw three red, pulsating UFOs, one of which landed. It was a *domed disc* about 12 meters [40 feet] in diameter with red and yellow body lights.
>
> The group then encountered two *tall* golden-haired, *white-*

robed beings accompanied by three or four *shorter beings* wearing helmets and "space suits".... Also, independent witnesses in and around Catania had reported UFO sightings about the same time.

Although these witnesses had been exposed to the UFO news stories and statements of UFOlogy's lunatic fringe, all appeared to be responsible military personnel.

On May 22, 1980, quite a crowd gathered at the home of Fred and Beryl Max. As usual, Fred and Larry Fawcett sat close to either side of Betty at one end of the room. Bob and Beryl sat some distance away with several invited observers, including Patricia Sable and two interested medical doctors. Fred's gentle but firm voice broke the utter silence that pervaded the room.

FRED MAX We're at the construction site, as suggested last week. I will count from one to five. You will be back, back in time to the part we labeled the construction site . . . One, two, three, four, five. Hi, Betty.
BETTY Hi.
FRED MAX Where are you?
BETTY I'm in this, um, tunnel. It looks like glass or ice. There's some little people over there and there's pale-blue stone or something over there. And they got this whitish-blue wand or stick or something that is going around that blue stone . . . We just came through that window right over there. Floated right through. We're standing there watching those little people in little white suits. I'm with one of those funny-looking people with the big heads and the big black eyes and the gray skin and a gray suit on. Just a little taller than me.
FRED MAX You are now in the presence of three men dressed in white, correct?
BETTY No. When I came out of the shell, I was in this gray misty place. And there was one of those big-headed people there. And I walked or floated like with hiin. And it was all mist and there were machines.

Fred let Betty go on in some detail until again she was standing watching the so-called construction crew. Then Betty continued her account.

BETTY We stop and look and we kept going up as we were going up this tunnel . . . And we're coming to some place that's all lit up. We're going in there. It's like a room, but like a cave. But it's beautiful because there is all black, like coal, but it shines different colors on that coal. And there is something in the very middle.

FRED MAX What do you mean?

BETTY I don't know. It looks like some kind of shiny silver metal. And it's got some circles with five things—

FRED MAX Hold it. Suppose you draw me a picture.

Fred had Betty draw a rough sketch without affecting her trance. Later, Betty provided a finished sketch (see *Figure 41*) that showed a strange object on the floor of the black-walled cave. Fred proceeded to question her about it.

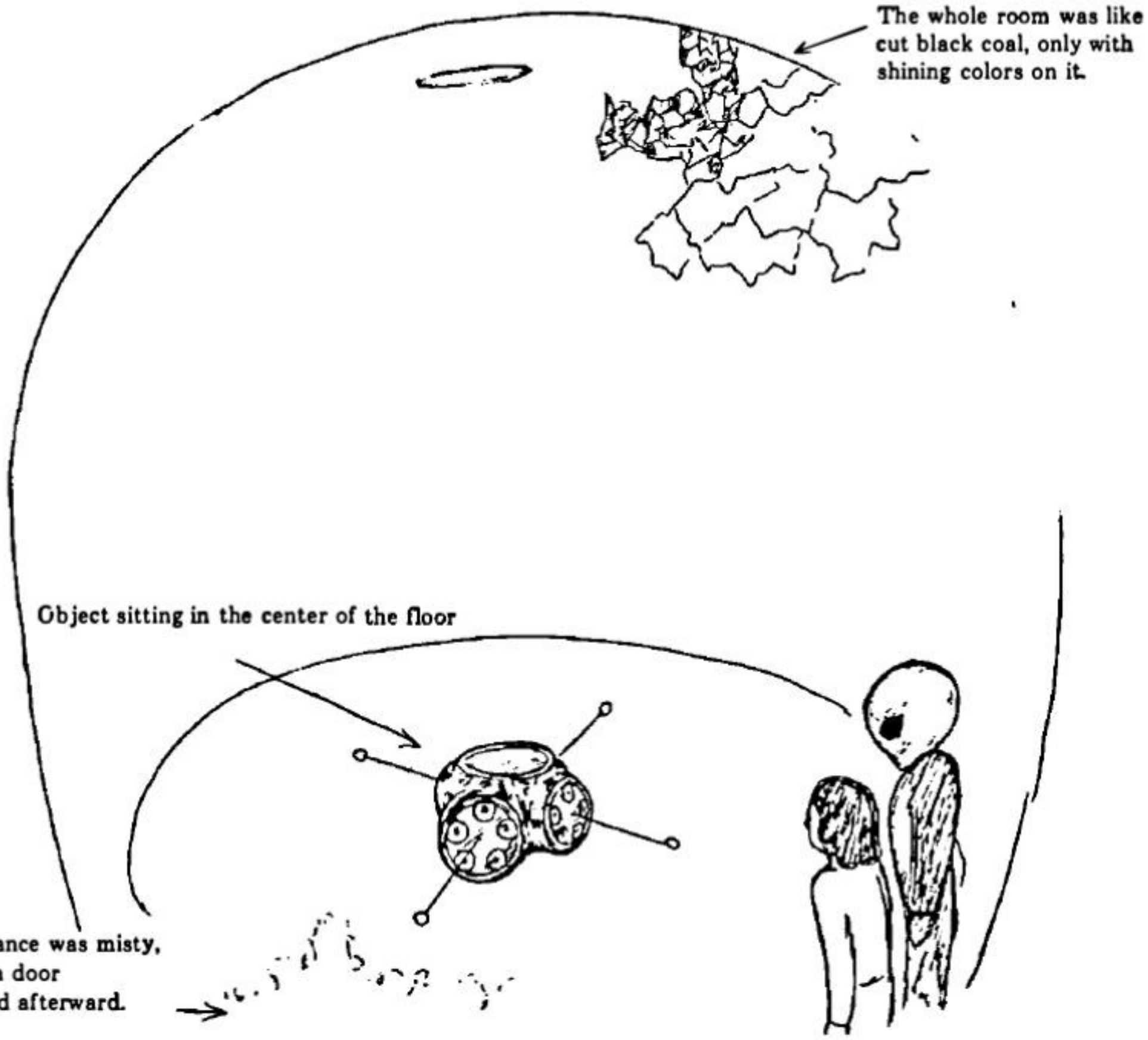

The whole room was like cut black coal, only with shining colors on it.
Object sitting in the center of the floor
Entrance was misty, and a door closed afterward.

Figure 41. (*May 25*)

FRED MAX What do you think this is?
BETTY I don't know what it is.
FRED MAX All right. Any other beings here?
BETTY No, just me and him.
FRED MAX Close your eyes. What do you see now? What's happening?
BETTY We're in that room. One of those little people are coming and he's carrying that blue glass stone on a— I don't know. It looks like a triangle. He's carrying it and he comes over by us. That tall person just *bows his head* like that and the little person puts that thing on that funny-looking thing there in the middle . . . on top of that stone and lifts it. And when he lifts it there's, a point thing that's like a wiggly jelly. And from there, that little person is leaving.

Again Fred had Betty draw what she was trying to describe (see *Figure 42*).

FRED MAX Okay. There was a blue shiny rock on top. There was a triangle put on top of that, and on top of that was a pyramid-shaped object with a jelly in it. Right?
BETTY Right.
FRED MAX Okay, relax. Close your eyes. Just relax, deeper, deeper, deeper. Okay, go on.
BETTY That little person brings out that glass thing. It seems as if a door closes . . . I don't know. I see the things starting to move up. And there's a glass and it's moving up, and there's a glass thing coming down. It's all purple, like a light shot right up underneath there in that glass. Oh, is that pretty! Oh, wow! The stone below the jelly is burning purple fire and making the stone a darker blue. We're just standing there watching it. And now it's starting to die down. Oh, that is pretty! The stone is a beautiful blue. It's a little bit bigger now.
FRED MAX What's a little bit bigger now?
BETTY That stone.
FRED MAX And what is the being doing while watching the fire?
BETTY He is just standing there beside me, watching it too.
FRED MAX Have you and he been talking together?

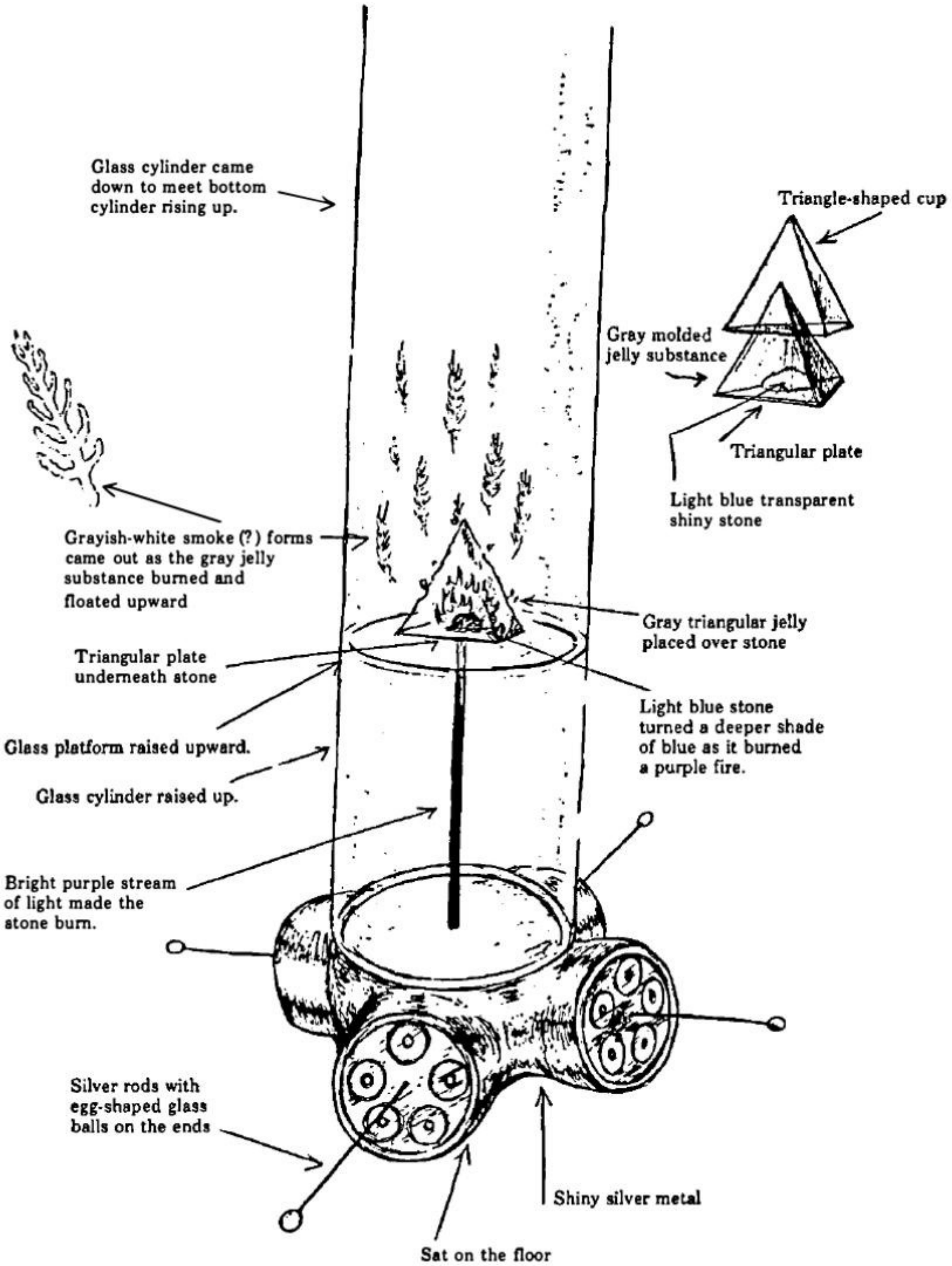

Glass cylinder came down to meet bottom cylinder rising up.
Triangle-shaped cup
Gray molded jelly substance
Triangular plate
Light blue transparent shiny stone
Grayish-white smoke (?) forms came out as the gray jelly substance burned and floated upward
Gray triangular jelly placed over stone
Triangular plate underneath stone
Light blue stone turned a deeper shade of blue as it burned a purple fire.
Glass platform raised upward.
Glass cylinder raised up.
Bright purple stream of light made the stone burn.
Silver rods with egg-shaped glass balls on the ends
Shiny silver metal
Sat on the floor

Figure 42. (May 25)

BETTY No. I guess if he wanted to talk to me, he would.
FRED MAX Are you scared?
BETTY No. Because they haven't hurt me, and I think it's best to be quiet so they don't. I don't know where I am, so I just better be quiet.

Betty next described a kerosenelike smell coming from the burning blue stone. Then the creature brought her back to the area where the construction crew had been, back out through the windowlike opening, and toward the machinelike craft hovering in the misty area.

BETTY That little person is coming. He's got that triangle with the blue stone on it, and he is following us. You can hardly see cause it's so foggy, but that blue stone makes blue light around it, and you can see the top of his head from that. We're coming to that machine. It's wheeling still on the top but the bottom is slowly going the opposite way. We're stopping before it and the bottom is stopping. And it's opening up, and it's light inside. The little person is jumping, floating up, or something or other; getting up there with that triangle and that stone. I'm following him, and I'm up inside and it's all light in here. Over the side there's a black shiny thing and a funny thing on the side there. And now that other person is in here.
FRED MAX What is this black thing you're seeing?
BETTY It's like—um, it's square and there's a thing beside it. They want me to come over to it. I'm being sent to it. That taller person is beside me, and he said he's going to give me something. And I said, "What?" He said, "First you have to do this and then I will show you." There's something that sticks out there with round circles. The round circles are red and yellow, blue and purple and green. He wants me to put my fingers on them.
FRED MAX You're not in this object though yet, right?
BETTY What object?
FRED MAX The black object one you were going into. You're not in there yet, right?

At this point, Fred had mixed up the machinelike craft that

Betty had entered with the black consolelike object she had confronted within the craft.

BETTY I wasn't going into a black object. There's a square black thing in front of me [*Figure 43*].
FRED MAX Okay . . .
BETTY And he told me to put my fingers on those things. I did, and they lit up. When I did, a little light bulb popped out of

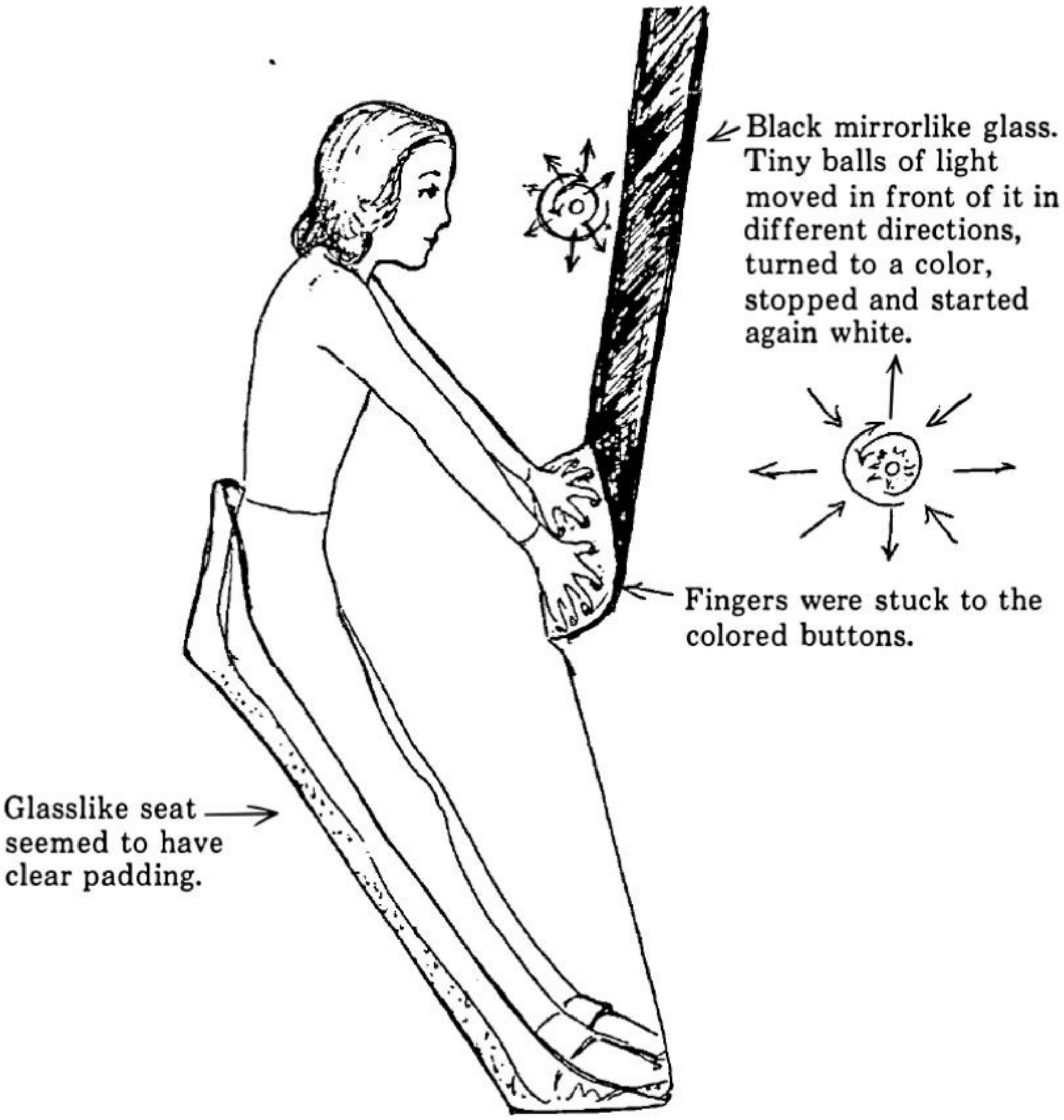

Black mirrorlike glass. Tiny balls of light moved in front of it in different directions, turned to a color, stopped and started again white.
Fingers were stuck to the colored buttons.
Glasslike seat seemed to have clear padding.

Figure 43. (*May 25*)

there. He said I was to watch the white ball. I'm watching the white ball and it goes every which way, back and forth and up—Ooops! It turned to red and stopped. And it's starting up again and it's white. He said to watch the ball. I'm watching it, and it goes all over the place. Oh! It turned yellow now.

FRED MAX How big is the bulb?

BETTY Real small. About like a marble. It turned yellow. It feels like my fingers are stuck to these things. And then it's turning white again. He said to follow the light. And I'm following it with my eyes, and it's going all different directions. Oh, it hurts my eyes a little. And it is green now. It stops. It makes me sleepy too. And now it's white light again and he tells me again to follow it. Oh, and it stops and it's blue and it's white light again, and—

FRED MAX As you watch the object, can you move your hand rather than moving your eyes?

BETTY I can't.

FRED MAX Does it appear to have a regular pattern?

BETTY Yeah, it goes back and forth, up and down, around and around, and over and over and over and over.

FRED MAX It goes through the same sequence, right?

BETTY Yeah.

FRED MAX Let's go back to where you were looking at these black objects, okay?

BETTY [*Corrects Fred*] You mean the black square?

FRED MAX Yes. I want you to draw it for me.

Betty was awakened without affecting her trance and drew the strange machine. Fred asked her about the five circles upon which she had placed her fingers. He was interested in which colors each finger touched.

BETTY The thumb is purple, and then blue and green and yellow and red. And this ball goes back and forth, up and down and I think it goes round like this and it's round like that.

FRED MAX In other words, it goes around counterclockwise and then a clockwise direction?

BETTY And it goes over somehow and over somehow.

FRED MAX From one o'clock to seven o'clock.

BETTY And then it comes to the middle and it becomes a light.
FRED MAX Eleven o'clock to a five-o'clock position and then becomes a light?
BETTY A different-color light. It kind of hurts my eyes a little bit. It's just like my muscles or something hurt from it.
FRED MAX How about your arms, your legs? Do you feel them getting very heavy at this time?
BETTY My fingers feel it. They feel stuck to these lights.
FRED MAX Is there any mechanism they should be stuck on? Is there some kind of locking device? Does it seem logical that your hands should be stuck?
BETTY No. They said, "Now I'm going to give you something." And they take me over to the other side. There's a little tiny, looks like glass, peas or something. No, they can't be peas. They're too small [*Figure 44*].
FRED MAX The size of a BB?

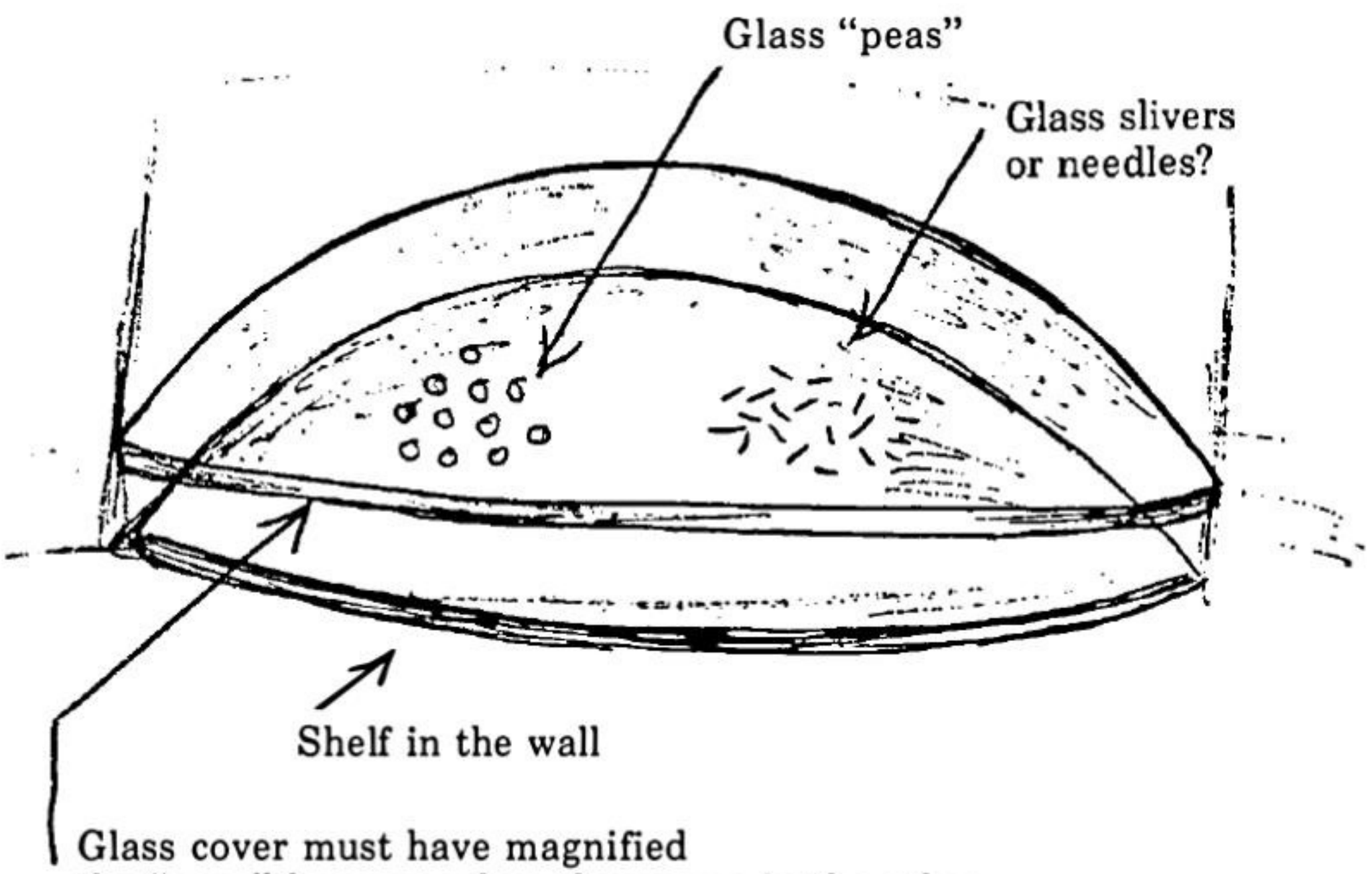

Glass "peas"
Glass slivers or needles?
Shelf in the wall
Glass cover must have magnified the "peas" because when they came in the other room, they appeared smaller.

Figure 44. (*May 25*)

BETTY They look a little bigger. And he says, "That's what you're going to have." I don't want those. They're no good.

Fred had Betty draw what she was describing, and then proceeded to question her about the drawing. She was still under hypnosis.

BETTY Looks like peas there.
FRED MAX All right, it's filled with them?
BETTY Inside. And there's like needles or slivers but they're very small. He says he's gonna give them to me.
FRED MAX Okay, close your eyes. Go on.
BETTY He says *now* I'm ready, and he said to follow him. A door opens up from the wall. It goes up, and we're going into another bright, bright room. And in the middle of this bright room there's a box.
FRED MAX What happened to the peas and slivers?
BETTY They're still out in that thing.
FRED MAX Okay.
BETTY And he says that I will be getting on there. I'm floating up and lying on it and I feel like I'm stuck to it. And I see some of them coming in with a glass or something. It's small, and there's something in it and he says, "This is for you." It's tiny now. Tinier than those peas. And there's little slivers there. Glass slivers, I guess. And I see them coming in and they're in silver clothes. The lights are bright in here. And their skin looks lighter than what it was and he's telling me to relax. They'll only be a little while and they're going to give me something and he put his hand on my forehead. And there's three of them around me, and he said to be still and that one of them is coming by my eyes. Opening my eye. No! No!

Betty let out a loud scream. Everyone looked on helplessly, hoping that Fred would calm her down.

BETTY No! I don't want you to do that!

Realizing that Betty was experiencing something terrible, Fred immediately stepped in to help her.

FRED MAX Calm down, Betty. Just relax. I want you to

imagine yourself moving apart from the situation. Move yourself out. Move yourself out.

Betty's body began to relax noticeably.

FRED MAX Very, very good. Imagine it happening to someone else. Remember when you saw two Bettys when you went to see the One? Well, picture the *other* Betty receiving this. Okay? Just relax. Now, tell me what's happening to her. It's happening to her, not you.

Betty again became very emotional, her voice trembling with fear.

BETTY *They're taking my eye out!*

Until now, this traumatic episode had been secreted deep within her subconscious mind. Fred eased Betty back.

FRED MAX Just relax, just relax. Imagine yourself stepping out of this situation, moving away from it, away from where you are now. I'm going to count from one to three, and you're going to step out of your body and not feel anything. One, you're moving out ever so slightly. Two, you're moving out a little more. Three. More and more. Betty, next time I ask you, you will return to this spot, and we'll allow you to review it a little differently so it won't bother you. Right now I'm going to progress you to May twenty-second, nineteen-eighty, and when I count from one to three you will be there.

As I listened to the tapes of this session, my mind went back to another regression during our phase one investigation. When we had tried to find out when and how the tiny BB had been inserted in Betty, she had become so upset that the hypnotist refused to probe further. Fred too had called this relived nightmare to a halt. At the following session, he would attempt to extract the details without causing her undue discomfort.

The next session was held on May 29, 1980. Fred let Betty relive the incidents that had occurred just before the aliens had floated her up to the examining table. Then he let her progress to that point just before the alien touched her eye.

FRED MAX Okay, now wait right there. He is going to do something to your eye. Suppose I progress you *beyond* that point and then, since you realize you aren't in any discomfort in any way, you then describe to me what happens? All right? I'm going to progress you to beyond when they put the eye back in. We'll progress you to that point, and then you describe what happened. I'll count from one to three and you will be *beyond* it. You will not be afraid, because you know you went through it nicely. You will not be in discomfort because they anesthetized you and you will be able to speak of it without any difficulty. One, two, three.

Having moved Betty ahead in time to when she was removed from the table, Fred sent her back again in time and proceeded to try to have Betty talk about the removal of her eye. He eased her slowly into the situation.

FRED MAX Okay, relax. Close your eyes. Deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper. I want to go back to something now. You have described to me that they have taken your eye out, correct? Is that right? They took your eye out?
BETTY Yeah. My right eye.
FRED MAX Okay, and how did they do that?
BETTY I don't know. With their fingers, I guess.
FRED MAX Okay, and what did they do when your eye was out? You're all right. You made it through.
BETTY They took a long, long needle. A light needle.
FRED MAX What do you mean a *light* needle?
BETTY It was all light. A bright, white, light needle. And they had one of those tiny little glass things on the end of it. They put that needle *in my head* through where they took out my eye and I can feel it in the back of my head [*Figure 45*].
FRED MAX Does the needle touch you, or does it just illuminate?
BETTY It's bright light. I see bright light all over the place.
FRED MAX How do you see it?
BETTY I don't know, but I see it inside.
FRED MAX Do you feel anything?
BETTY That needle. They went way down, and then I felt it jiggle a little bit. They went and pulled it out a little and they

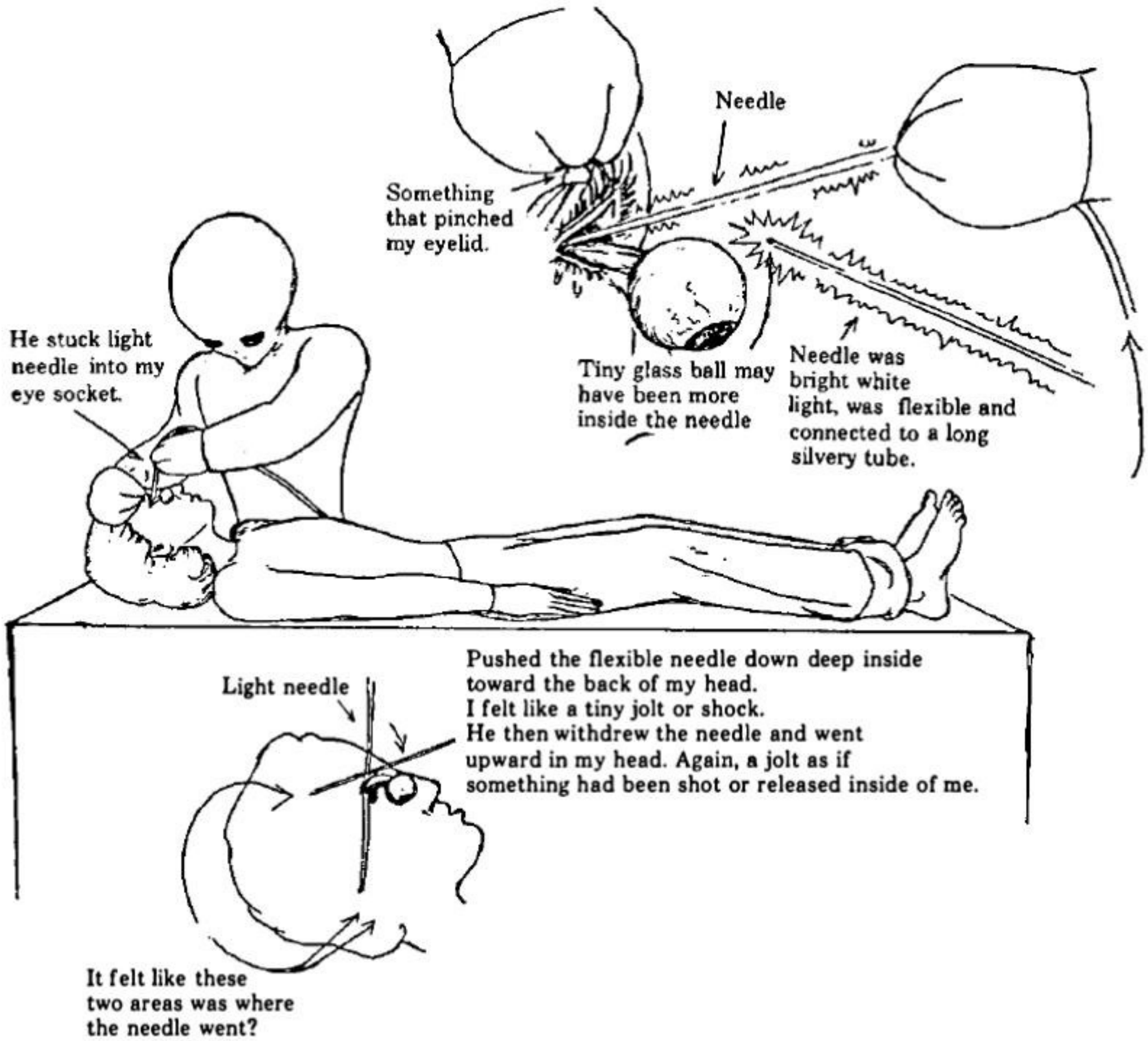

Needle
Something that pinched my eyelid.
Tiny glass ball may have been more inside the needle
Needle was bright white light, was flexible and connected to a long silvery tube.
He stuck light needle into my eye socket.
Pushed the flexible needle down deep inside toward the back of my head.
I felt like a tiny jolt or shock.
He then withdrew the needle and went upward in my head. Again, a jolt as if something had been shot or released inside of me.
Light needle
It felt like these two areas was where the needle went?

Figure 45. (*June 3*)

went way up. Up by my eyes, in the middle of my eyes someplace.

FRED MAX Are they talking to you or calming you down?

BETTY He just puts his hand on my forehead, that's all.

FRED MAX Does that calm you down?

BETTY Uh, huh. They just put that in there, and I felt something move. Oh! There's all bright colors all around everyplace.

FRED MAX Are you seeing this through the light side?

BETTY Just in my head. There's all bright colors, and they are pulling out that needle light and now they're on both sides on the top there. They got some long steel needles that they're holding toward my head. Now they're taking them away and putting

them over there. And they're coming back and they're putting my eye back in! Oooooh! Then I'm just laying there and they're floating me up.
FRED MAX Okay. Can you see normally now?
BETTY Yeah.
FRED MAX Where was your eye when it was out? Show me with your right hand, with your index finger.
BETTY It was right here.
FRED MAX Now what's happening?

Betty then repeated what she had described before when Fred had her go beyond the operation:

BETTY They're floating me off the table and they want me to go over there. I'm going over there and I'm stopping.
BETTY You made it through nicely. Your eyes are perfectly normal . . . You will not be afraid. You will be able to discuss it easily . . . Where are you now?
BETTY I'm standing in that room where those lights were. They took off my dungarees and they put some kind of white skirt around me. I had to kneel on something and keep my arms straight, my head straight ahead. And it started to go up in the air [*Figure 46*].
FRED MAX What started to go up in the air?
BETTY The thing that I was on. And it was up a ways and they were doing something underneath there, and they pulled down my underpants, and they. . . . They're putting something on my spine. It hurt.
FRED MAX Did they take fluid out or put fluid in?
BETTY I don't know. I just, um, something picky they shot up in my spine and I had to hold my hands up straight like something was pulling them, and it was cold.
FRED MAX Okay. You're just fine, so you can tell me. Do you want me to progress you further and then ask you about it?
BETTY No!
FRED MAX Okay, go on. They're anesthetizing you.
BETTY It hurt.
FRED MAX That's the most pain you should feel. They're anesthetizing you so that the following procedure should not be any more uncomfortable than before. Okay, go on.

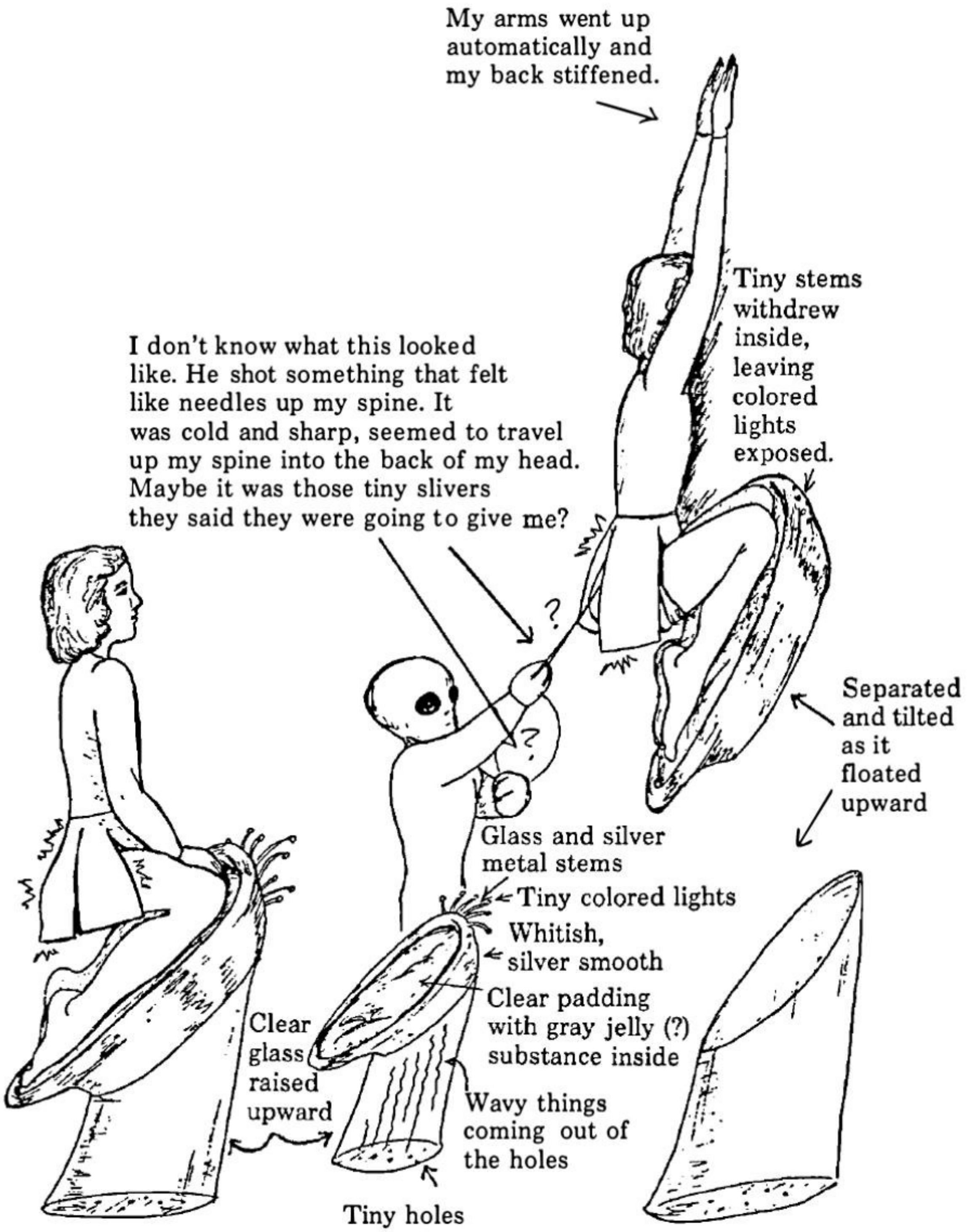

My arms went up automatically and my back stiffened.
Tiny stems withdrew inside, leaving colored lights exposed.
I don't know what this looked like. He shot something that felt like needles up my spine. It was cold and sharp, seemed to travel up my spine into the back of my head. Maybe it was those tiny slivers they said they were going to give me?
Separated and tilted as it floated upward
Glass and silver metal stems
Tiny colored lights
Whitish, silver smooth
Clear padding with gray jelly (?) substance inside
Clear glass raised upward
Wavy things coming out of the holes
Tiny holes

Figure 46. (*June 3*)

BETTY The little thing came down and they held up the back of my pants and put that little skirt down. My arms came down and I floated up and back onto the table on my stomach. And they were going over my back with something. Up and down in the center of my back. And I could feel picky things in there on my back. It was so cold. [*Betty actually shivers.*] And then, after that, they put something white up by the back of my neck and it burned.

Fred stopped and had Betty draw a picture of what she had described (*Figure 47*) and then returned to his interrogation.

FRED MAX Okay, where are the "picky things" you were talking about?

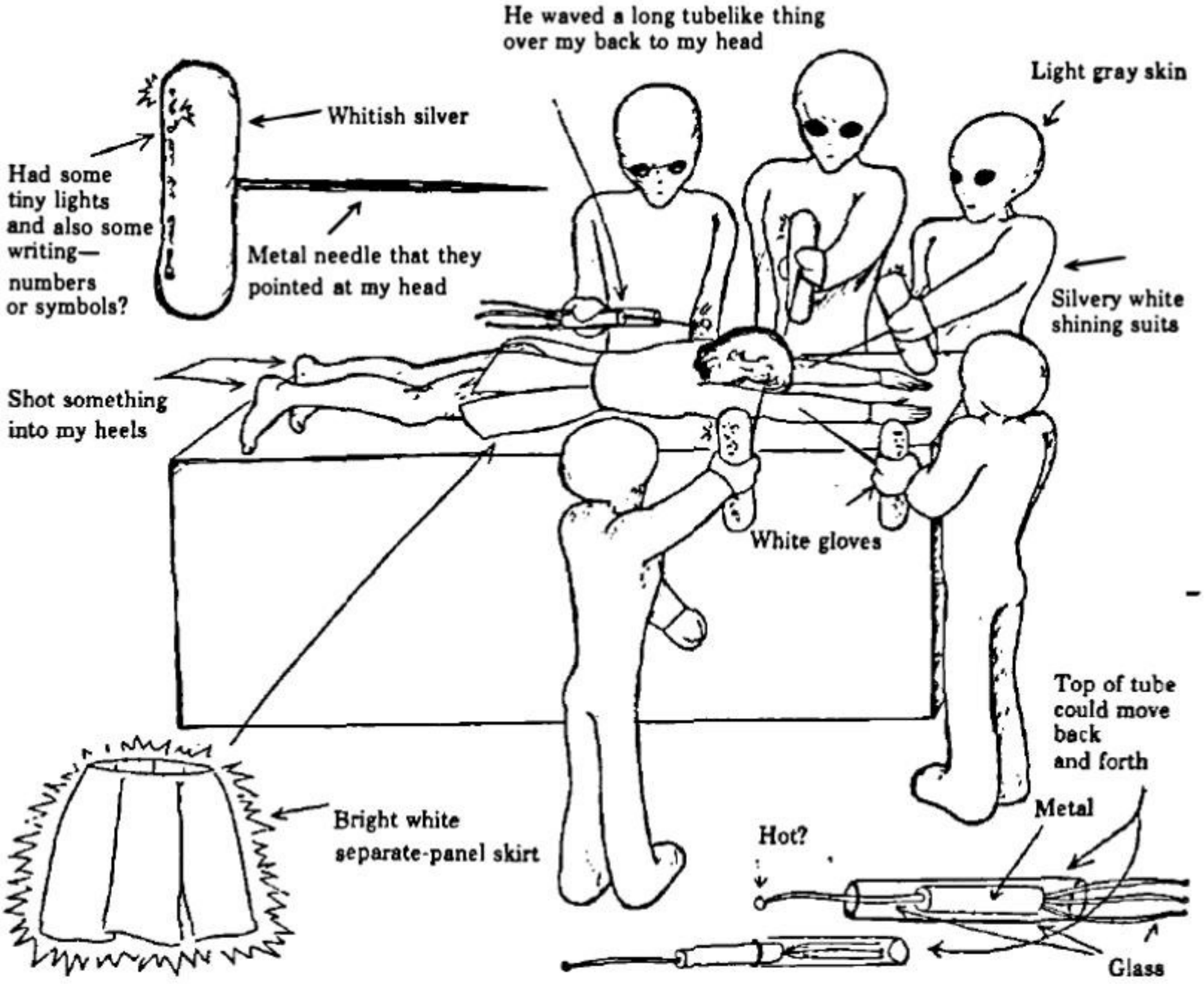

He waved a long tubelike thing over my back to my head
Light gray skin
Whitish silver
Had some tiny lights and also some writing— numbers or symbols?
Metal needle that they pointed at my head
Silvery white shining suits
Shot something into my heels
White gloves
Top of tube could move back and forth
Metal
Hot?
Bright white separate-panel skirt
Glass

Figure 47. (June 3)

BETTY They're inside me.
FRED MAX How did they put them in you?
BETTY By that thing they put in my spine. They were having something over me like that, and there were all picky things going up me like this and up here, and then they put something and it made it hot, very hot.
FRED MAX Okay, your back is hot?
BETTY No, I'm cold. It's just that they put something here that was hot.
FRED MAX Okay, what's below you, by the way? I know there's a tablelike structure here, but is there a cloth or something under you? Isn't it hard to lie there?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Okay. Who is around you, by the way?
BETTY That tall person, and there's another one here. They're waving something over me. I don't know what it is. And I get all pickies all going up my back. My spine here and into my head, except for right here they put something that's very hot [*in her neck and shoulders area*].
FRED MAX Okay. Now, has anyone touched your eye yet?
BETTY Yeah, they touched my eye.
FRED MAX Okay, then, you already have been through it, and your eyes are fine. So, while it may not be pleasant, you certainly made it through and therefore can discuss it. Anything else here that I should see?
BETTY They did the same thing *after* with some kind of long needles they held so far away from me.
FRED MAX You mean they didn't touch you with the needles?
BETTY No. They looked like they were steel.
FRED MAX Did they have sharp points?
BETTY Yes, and they made my head funny.
FRED MAX In other words, even though they didn't touch you, you can *feel* it?
BETTY It felt as if something was moving around in there. They're holding some needles by my head, and I just feel some things moving in there. And then—they're down at my feet and they're, they're putting something sharp in my heel so it feels like they're shooting something inside me.

FRED MAX Is it uncomfortable?
BETTY It hurt at first.
FRED MAX Which heel, which one?
BETTY In both of them.
FRED MAX In the center of the heel?
BETTY Toward the back part that I would stand on.
FRED MAX Okay and what do you feel, say, in your arms? Any difference in feeling?
BETTY My hands are stretched way over my head and I feel more relaxed now. They are taking those needles again and they are putting them by my head. And I felt different things working around inside there. I don't know how to explain it; it was just a funny feeling. I don't know how to tell you.
FRED MAX That's all right. What happens next?
BETTY They looked at those things with the needles and they both went off to the side there, looking at them. They came back and looked at me. They're floating me up and turned me around. My eyes are closed and they open up my eyes and are looking in it. Then they floated me up and stood me up and they told me to hold out my leg. They put my dungarees on me again. And then they took off that thing there, that little skirt, and we went out into the other room. And they sent me back down in that slanted seat where the black mirror is. And they put my fingers on those things again [*Figure 48*]. This time, my fingers were on all white lights. It wasn't the colored lights anymore. And—ooops!
FRED MAX What?
BETTY That white light is there, but it's changing quickly into purple. It is doing the same things back and forth, up and down, round and round and round. It goes into the white light and then it goes into the blue and does the same thing. This time the lights on my fingers are white, they're not those colors. And all of a sudden, that white light is there again. It's going into the green and doing the same things back and forth, back and forth. I got to follow that and it makes my eyes sore. And then it goes into the next color, kept on going right down until we get to the red again, and it stopped. That one is saying to press my thumbs harder. I'm pressing my thumbs and on that black thing, a purplish picture and I don't know what it is.

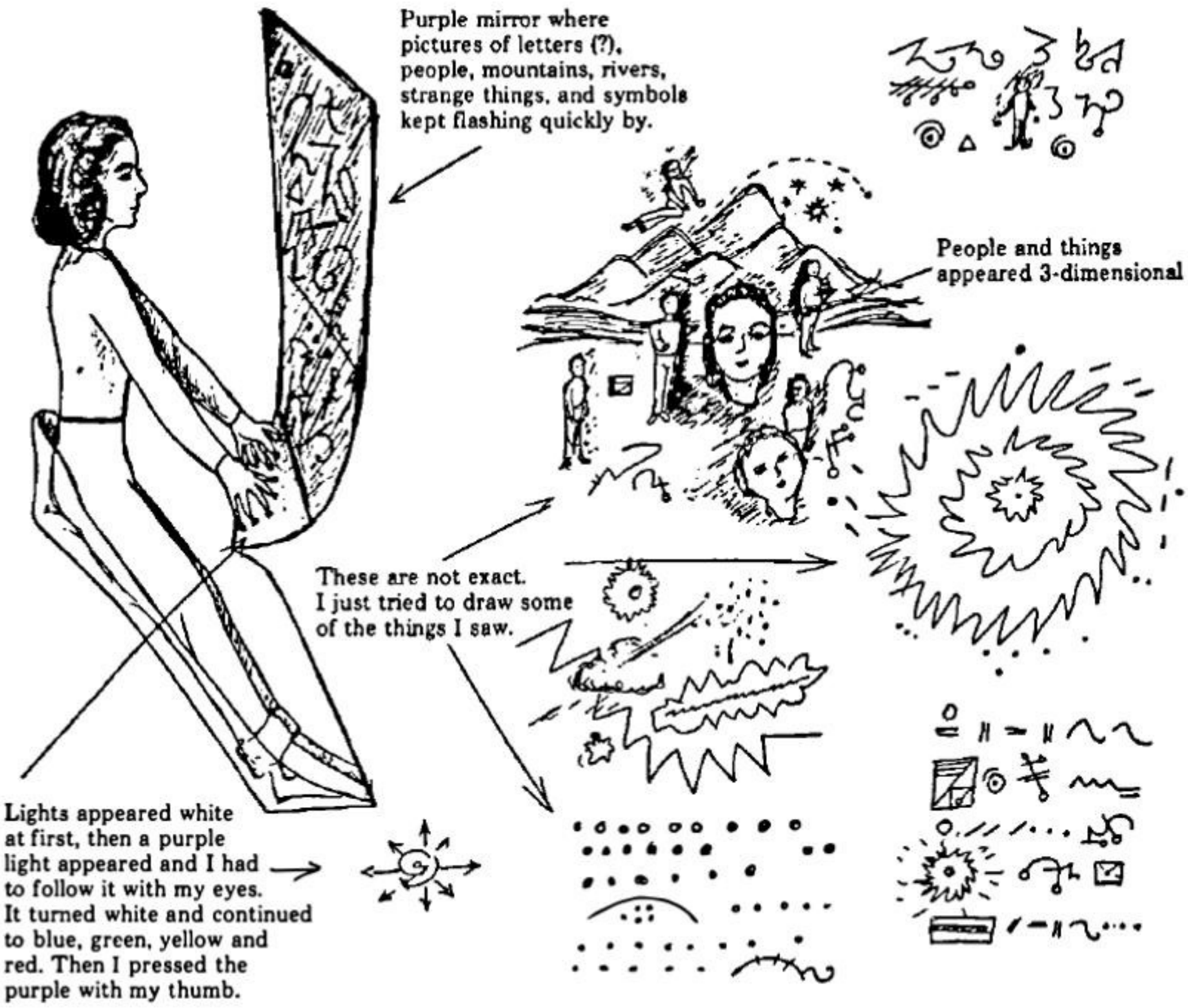

Purple mirror where pictures of letters (?), people, mountains, rivers, strange things, and symbols kept flashing quickly by.
People and things appeared 3-dimensional
These are not exact. I just tried to draw some of the things I saw.
Lights appeared white at first, then a purple light appeared and I had to follow it with my eyes. It turned white and continued to blue, green, yellow and red. Then I pressed the purple with my thumb.

Figure 48. (June 9)

Again Fred let Betty draw a rough sketch of what she was describing (see *Figure 48*).

FRED MAX What's the picture of?

BETTY This is all purple, now it was black. And there's all different things. I don't know what it is. It's just—I don't know—a picture of funny zigs and zags and purple. I don't know what it is.

Again Betty described zigzag patterns flashing in purple as she sat before the screen.

BETTY They just keep on flashing a whole bunch of things in

purple to me and tell me to keep looking at them. I don't know what all that stuff is. It's horrible.
FRED MAX What's horrible?
BETTY Those things. They pass by so quick.
FRED MAX But why is it horrible? Why use that word?
BETTY Because I don't really like to be here. They show me those things and I just wanna go home. And they stop and then I'm able to take my fingers off it. He says, "Pretty soon you will go home." I'm getting up out of the chair—floating—and we're going over to the side. I'm following him into another room and there is a big—I don't know what it is—like a bottle, a big glass bottle with no top. It goes way up to the ceiling there and they're bringing me in there. And they're putting me inside of that glass thing.
FRED MAX Before you go in, suppose you draw me a picture of it?

While Betty sketched the glass container (*Figure 49*), Fred continued to ask her questions about what she had viewed on the screen.

FRED MAX When you were seeing the purple things, did you see any people? *People* people?
BETTY Uh, huh.
FRED MAX How were they dressed?
BETTY I don't know. It was just so quick.
FRED MAX Did they look at you?
BETTY No.
FRED MAX Was it more like you were seeing *pictures* of people or were you seeing actual people?
BETTY I was seeing pictures. But it was like if I could walk into that place, there would be people. But they were far away. Far, far away.
FRED MAX Almost like if you were looking at them through a telescope.
BETTY Um.
FRED MAX Were they moving?
BETTY They were moving.
FRED MAX When you're looking at those people, are you seeing little boys somewhere around twelve to sixteen?

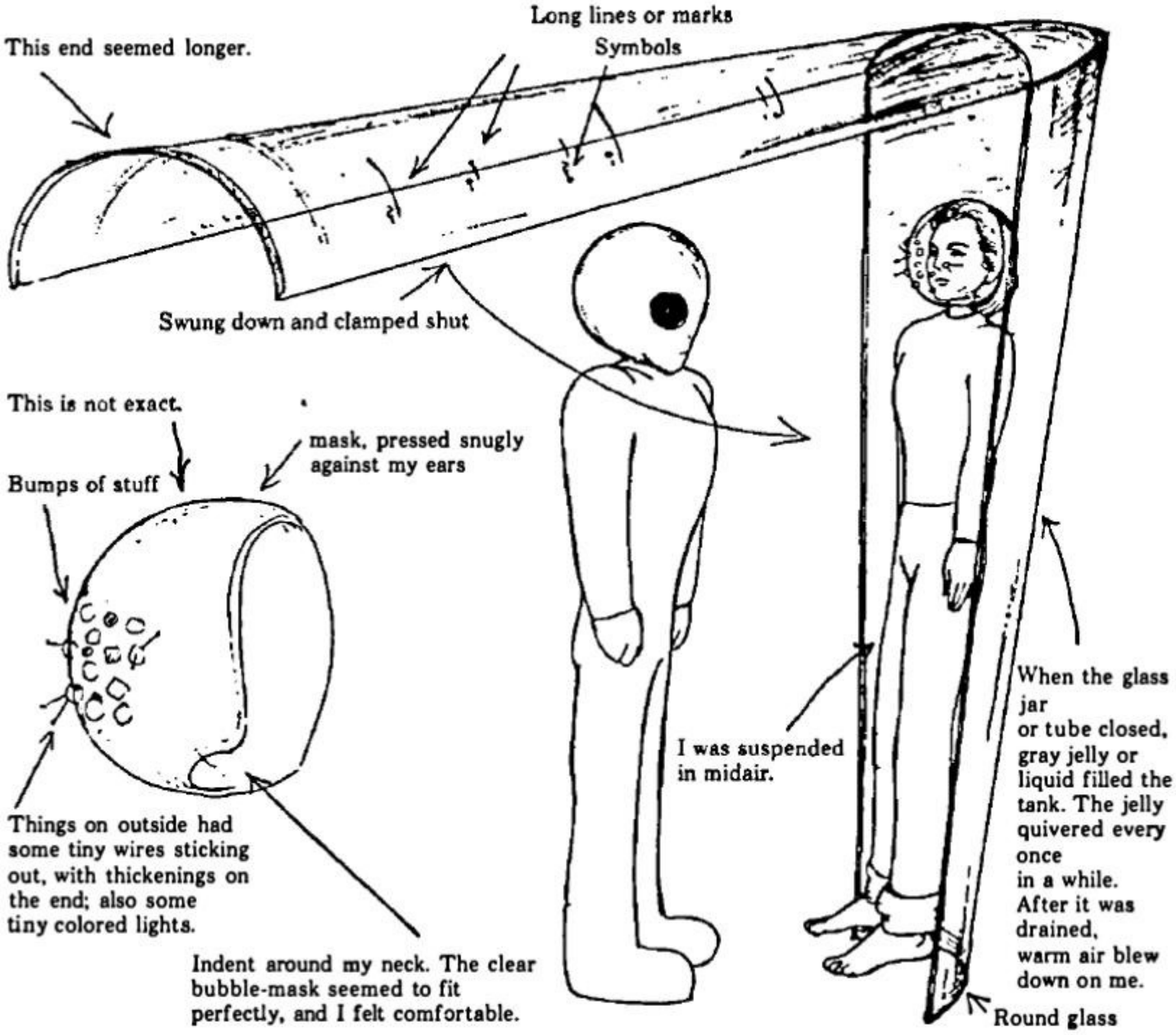

This end seemed longer.
Long lines or marks
Symbols
Swung down and clamped shut
This is not exact.
Bumps of stuff
mask, pressed snugly against my ears
Things on outside had some tiny wires sticking out, with thickenings on the end; also some tiny colored lights.
Indent around my neck. The clear bubble-mask seemed to fit perfectly, and I felt comfortable.
I was suspended in midair.
When the glass jar or tube closed, gray jelly or liquid filled the tank. The jelly quivered every once in a while. After it was drained, warm air blew down on me.
Round glass
This seemed to rise upward as the door swung open.

Figure 49. (*June 9*)

BETTY There's all different people there. It's so fast. It's too fast, I don't know and there's too many other stuff of things with it.

FRED MAX What do you mean "things"? Besides people, what do you see?

BETTY All different things and different funny marks.

FRED MAX Draw this bottle and then we'll get back to that, all right? This is the bottle they're going to put you in?

BETTY They put me in here [*Figure 49*] and put this mask, like a gas mask or something over my face. And it was tight around me and it had just some funny stuff in there. I don't know what it

was. I don't know how to explain it. They put that glass thing over my face.

FRED MAX Can you see through it?

BETTY Yeah, but there's some funny things in it, little things that stick out of it.

FRED MAX Can you breathe all right?

BETTY Yeah.

FRED MAX Where are the beings now?

BETTY One was over here, one was there. The one that was with me.

FRED MAX Is there something else there that I should see?

BETTY They closed that down shut on me so that I was in a slanted bottle or glass. And then the gray stuff—gray water, I think—started to fill up. It's a gray jelly water like.

FRED MAX What temperature is it? Cool or warm?

BETTY I'm just right, I guess. It just feels good. It feels like I'm just up there and I'm not sinking through that jelly stuff. I'm just up there and it's around me. Once in a while I'll feel it jiggle.

FRED MAX Do you hear anything?

BETTY No. The gray stuff is starting to go down. It's going down and I feel warm air on me. Feels like warm air blowing in on me. Feels like my feet and my hands—Oh, ooooh! My feet and my hands are getting heavy, heavy, heavy.

FRED MAX Do they hurt?

BETTY A little bit. Ah, feels a little lighter. I'm waiting there. There is warm air blowing on me, and I hear something high-pitched in my ears. And the wind, warm air or whatever it is, is stopped. The thing is coming up again, the glass thing [i.e., the cover]. One of those persons is coming over and taking the glass thing off my face. He said to follow him and he's taking me into this dark room where that wheel is again. Oh, he's floating me on top of it and he's putting that thing in my mouth again, and I don't want it.

FRED MAX What thing?

BETTY That thing they put in my mouth last time.

Apparently, Betty had been taken into a craft similar to the one that had transported her to this alien place under the ocean. The aliens were preparing her for the trip home.

FRED MAX Okay, go on. Is the wheel going around?
BETTY No, they're just making me put out my legs and hands. I don't want to go on this again. There's sprinkles of water coming down on me, and I feel it starting to go around, faster and faster. Ohhh. It's going fast.
FRED MAX Calm down, you're fine. Go on.

According to Betty, the wheel continued spinning and then came to a stop. Fred felt that this was a good point to bring the session to a close.

As he eased Betty back to the present, he gave her the usual posthypnotic suggestion that when regressed at the next session, she would come back to that very point in time. At last, Betty was on her way home. Who would believe such a story, I wondered. Again I thought of Larry Fawcett's words. Yes, it was too incredible *not* to be true!

11. Return to Crocker Pond—and Other Encounters

Those who have read *The Andreasson Affair* will have noticed the interesting parallels between Betty's 1950 experience and her abduction of January 25, 1967. Her description of the aliens, their knowledge of Betty and her whereabouts, and an underground world connected by tunnels all indicate that the same race of beings were dealing with her. Such similarities were especially prominent in the previous chapter. First, in both accounts, Betty was brought into an examination room containing a rectangular table in its center.

1950 And there's a box in the middle of this bright room
1967 There's something like a desk or boxlike thing.

In both instances she was somehow floated onto this table:

1950 I'm *floating* up and I'm laying on it.
1967 I floated up there somehow. I was just swept off my feet and laid there.

Her body was held tightly to the table by some unseen force.

1950 I feel like I'm *stuck* to it.
1967 I was *held* somehow.

For some unknown reason, the aliens wore silver clothes when they examined and tested Betty.

1950 I see them coming in, and they're in silver clothes.
1967 In that room, they seem to be in different clothes—shiny white silver clothes.

On both occasions Betty commented how the bright light in the examination room washed out the color of the alien's skin.

1950 The lights are bright in here, and their skin looks lighter than it was.
1967 Their skin seemed whiter. Maybe it's because of the bright light in there. It didn't seem so claylike gray.

During their examination and tests of Betty, the aliens employed long needles.

1950 They're holding some needles by my head, and I feel some things moving in there . . . They put that needle in my head through where they took out my eye.
1967 They took those long needles . . . and they stuck one up my nose into my head.

One of the most provocative acts was their implanting a tiny pearllike device within Betty's head in 1950 and then removing it later in 1967.

1950 A bright, white, light needle and they had one of, of those tiny little glass things on the end of it.
1967 They took it out . . . It looks like . . . some kind of a ball on the end of the needle.

Another consistent practice was the aliens' use of the laying on of hands to ease Betty's pain and anxiety.

1950 He just puts his hand on my forehead.
1967 They touched the top of my head and took it [pain] away.

In both cases, just prior to releasing Betty, the aliens placed her in a glass chamber and immersed her in a gray liquid. Each time they provided means for her to breathe. Although the glass tank used in 1950 differed in shape from the one used in 1967, both seemed to provide a similar function. After the 1950 immersion, warm air was blown upon her. In 1967, Betty was floated to a separate glass chamber for this treatment.

1950 I was in a slanted bottle or glass. They put this glass mask . . . over my face . . . and then the gray water . . . started to fill up . . . The gray stuff is . . . going down . . . I feel warm air . . . blowing on me.
1967 Clear plastic . . . They are going to put liquid in here with me in it! And they've got a tube they are inserting in my mouth and two tubes for my nostrils . . . They're letting some gray liquid . . . into that . . . It's filling up fast . . . They're beginning to drain it . . . I'm going over to the chair in front of me . . . There's air coming in it . . . I can feel the warm air blowing on me.

Betty found both immersion experiences very relaxing.

1950 It just feels so good. Once and a while I'll feel it jiggle.
1967 Oh, it feels so good. It's like a whirlpool vibrating around.

In both events, the physiological effects Betty experienced after being removed from the emersion chambers were identical.

1950 My feet and my hands are getting heavy, heavy, heavy.
1967 And now the heaviness is coming back again. My hands and my arms and my legs and my feet feel heavy again.

In both incidences, shortly after Betty was removed from the immersion tanks, she was released from captivity. We had speculated that she had been placed in the tanks to shield her body from harmful effects involved in traveling aboard the alien craft. But why wasn't she placed in such a tank during the initial phase of this trip? The function of the tanks is still an open question.

Betty's series of pre-1967 UFO contacts in childhood deserves the closest scrutiny. Other similar cases are now surfacing. The follow-up encounters experienced by Betty and Bob Luca and

others indicate a race or races of aliens have a long-term interest in certain members of our species, for some unknown purpose. I felt sure that the period between Betty's experience as a thirteen-year-old in 1950 and the 1967 abduction contained additional contacts. And complicating matters was the strong possibility that the contacts had continued *after* 1967.

But the long string of weekly hypnotic regression sessions were beginning to take their toll. Betty felt emotionally and physically drained and vowed that the June 11, 1980, session would be her last. This was frustrating from an investigator's point of view. On the other hand, a wealth of data had been extracted concerning the aliens' interest in and ongoing relationship with Betty. We didn't want to try to persuade her to continue the sessions against her better judgment.

In the last two hypnotic regression sessions at the home of Fred Max, Betty relived her return to earth. Once again, she had been aboard the craft lying on the spinning rubberlike cushion. When he asked her to continue, he discovered she had a mental block for the period between being en route aboard the craft and her disembarking from the craft. The first thing she recalled was sitting in the grass with two of the aliens. A hemispherical craft (*Figure 50*) sat nearby.

It had a number of rodlike protrusions sticking out of its top. This configuration is rare. Indeed, in my library, I could only find one reference to a similar report. The sighting had occurred at Gard, France, during the early-morning hours of September 27, 1954. The object was described as being "tomato-shaped" with "five or six little vertical stalks . . . [which] came out of the center of it on top."[1]

BETTY I'm just sitting there, and those two little people are standing beside me with balls of light.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY We're walking through the field, and the big person is in front of me there. Those two little ones are in back there with those white balls of light and we're just walking along, like *hopping* and floating and walking.

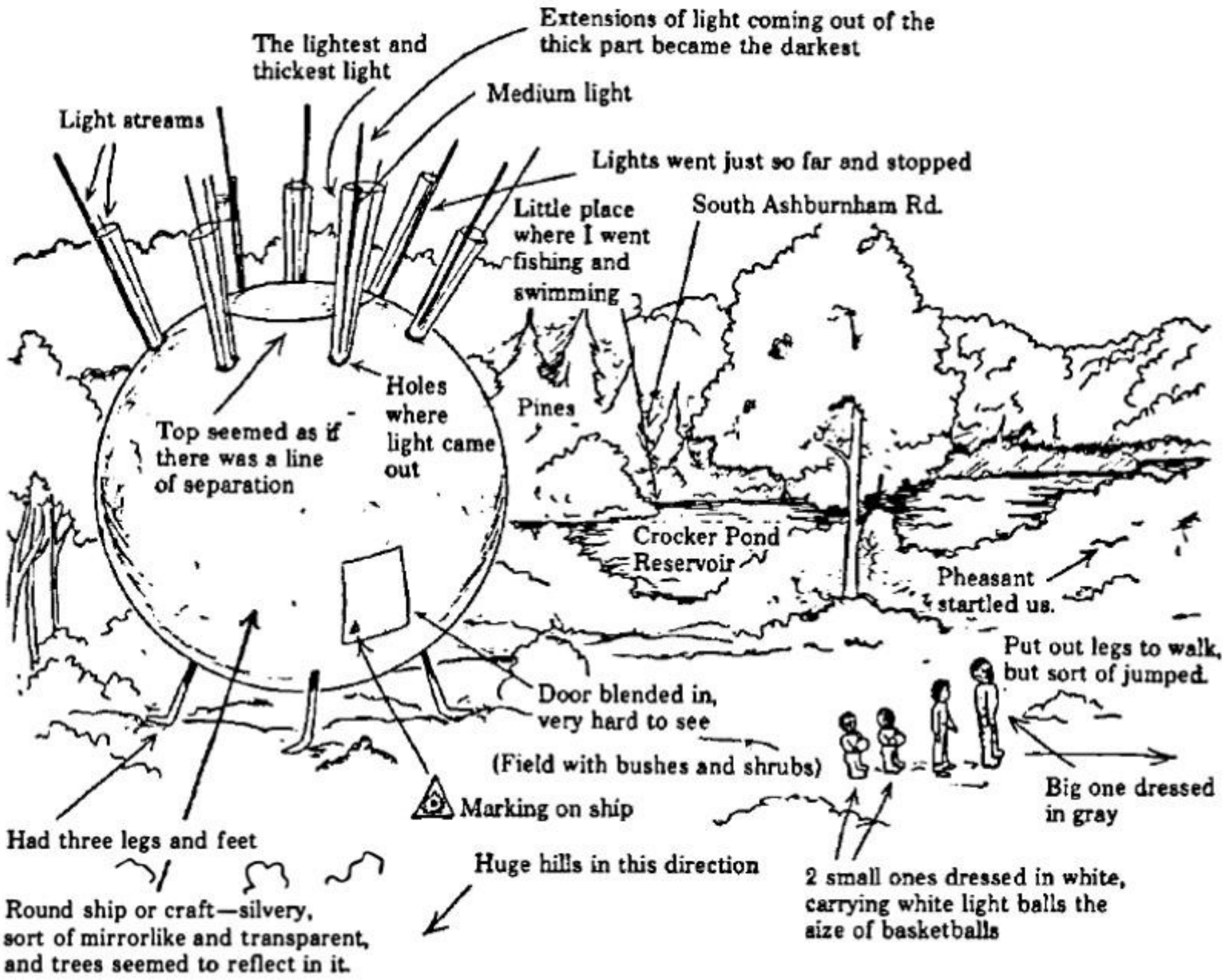

Extensions of light coming out of the thick part became the darkest
The lightest and thickest light
Medium light
Light streams
Lights went just so far and stopped
Little place where I went fishing and swimming
South Ashburnham Rd.
Holes where light came out
Top seemed as if there was a line of separation
Pines
Crocker Pond Reservoir
Pheasant startled us.
Put out legs to walk, but sort of jumped.
Door blended in, very hard to see
(Field with bushes and shrubs)
Big one dressed in gray
Marking on ship
Had three legs and feet
Huge hills in this direction
2 small ones dressed in white, carrying white light balls the size of basketballs
Round ship or craft—silvery, sort of mirrorlike and transparent, and trees seemed to reflect in it.

Figure 50.

Suddenly Betty flinched! She appeared startled.

BETTY A bird flew up! It must have been a pheasant. He made a boom and scared the person in front of me.

The alien in front of Betty was similar to the two in back of her, but he was much taller.

BETTY He just stopped and was very still. Very, very still. We all had to be very still.
FRED MAX What do you mean you *all had* to? Were you told to?
BETTY We just were very still. We just stood there.
FRED MAX Let me ask you—are you hearing normal sounds that one would hear out in the woods right now? Dogs barking or anything like that?

BETTY No dogs barking. I hear a train. It's off, like off. It must be passing up ahead there, because it sounds like it's going off into the woods up there.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY We just keep on walking along through all these shrubs and stuff. I can hear that train going off in the distance. And I see the pond. I know where I am because I'm in that field right by the Crocker Pond reservoir. It's off to the side, and we just keep on moving along and we're going up. And we're going down over there by the water where I usually go fishing. Way, way over there. The little people are following us and we're stopping and he's telling me that I'm not going to remember this, and they are watching over me.

Then the alien creature instructed Betty to do something for him, as if he were putting a plan into effect. The two smaller creatures stepped forward with their enigmatic glowing balls of white light.

BETTY He wants me to sit down by the water over there. I sit down and those two little people come over. They come over and stand on one side of me here with those balls of light and they hold out those balls of light.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.

But at this point, Betty had another mental block. The next thing that Betty remembered was "sitting beside the water with my feet in and splashing my feet around."

BETTY I'd taken off my shoes and my stockings and I'm just sitting there watching everything. There's some little tiny kivers off to the side there.
FRED MAX Are you alone?
BETTY Yes.
FRED MAX Have you been alone all day?
BETTY Uh, huh. Just looking at those kivers there.
FRED MAX What's a kiver?
BETTY They're a little fish. They're flat and they have like shiny fins and they got different colors on them.

For one long moment, silence engulfed the room. Everyone

realized that Betty's conscious memory of the UFO experience had been literally wiped out. Then Fred tried just once more to find out what the aliens had told Betty. Feeling frustrated to have come this far and still not have succeeded in eliciting this, he tried a new tactic.

FRED MAX Okay, let's go back in time to still being on the ship just prior to getting off. I will count from one to three, and you will be there. One, two, three. Where are you?
BETTY I'm inside this room with that tall person with the big head.
FRED MAX Okay, just relax. Imagine leaving your body and floating higher and higher and higher. I want you to imagine yourself very relaxed and just floating higher and higher and higher. *I want to speak to the beings* and *ask them some questions.* I want you to relax. When I count from one to three, you will relax more and more with each number and you will allow the beings to speak through you and allow me to ask questions. One, two, three. I want to now ask you some questions, all right?

Fred then proceeded to question the beings as if they could actually answer his questions through Betty.

FRED MAX Last week you told us that your purpose was to disseminate love on a one-by-one basis. Right?

Before Fred could say another word, Betty grimaced in pain.

BETTY Somebody is holding my left shoulder, and it hurts.

Fred continued in his efforts to ease Betty into a comfortable state of mind and to coerce the aliens to speak through her. They would not cooperate.

FRED MAX Is anyone there with you, Betty?
BETTY No.

For all intents and purposes, Betty's conscious memory of all that had occurred had gone blank. The aliens' ability to make Betty forget seemed to be aided and abetted by the function of the two white glowing balls held by the smaller creatures.

Those who have read *The Andreasson Affair* will remember that

the aliens employed these strange devices during Betty's later abduction in 1967. Their function seems to be related to some type of mind control. At present, I know of only two other cases where such glowing balls of light were used by creatures from a UFO. One was reported in the pages of the May-June 1967 issue of the *UFO Investigator*. Early in 1967, NICAP received a phone call from an anonymous witness who described his startling encounter with a UFO at Hilliard, Ohio.

On the evening of February 5, 1967 (only eleven days after Betty's abduction), this man had heard a strange noise coming from the sky. Concurrently, a dog began barking excitedly. Glancing up, he saw a UFO gliding on a descent into a nearby field. He proceeded cautiously to the field and saw the landed object sitting on three struts. Beings then emerged from it. They were carrying small circular balls which they placed on the ground all around the ship.

One of them noticed the witness. He was caught and dragged toward the parked object. Suddenly, something seemed to startle his abductors. They let him go, picked up the balls, and hastily departed in the strange flying craft.

The witness had suffered only a strange burn mark on the back of his neck which occurred during his scuffle with the aliens. This mark was allegedly confirmed by unnamed Air Force officers who investigated the bizarre incident.

The other similar incident was described within a story datelined July 27, 1978, in the Peruvian newspaper *El Comercio*, published in Lima. A translation was provided in the January 1980 issue of the *MUFON UFO Journal*. Selected excerpts follow. The actual sighting had taken place in Buenos Aires on July 26, 1978.

Buenos Aires, July 26 (EFE).—Members of the provincial police force fired machine gun shots against the three crewmen of a flying saucer which landed early this morning in the neighborhood of an airport, according to a report in today's edition of the newspaper *El Popular* of the city of Olavarria.

A little after 2 A.M. (0600 GMT), a wide sector crossing the Tapalque valley was lighted up by a very bright luminosity accompanied by a strange sound, more intense each time. A chief of police (whose name is withheld) who at that time was

just proceeding to relieve a fellow officer on duty, noted with amazement the strange phenomenon. Hastily, and with four other witnesses, he reconnoitered the place. Armed with machine guns and in an open jeep, they went to the site of the happening.

Once there, they ascertained with surprise, a few meters above them, the maneuvers of an oval-shaped object, flat and with some short feet on the edges, which was emitting multi-colored rays toward them. At once, with intelligent movements and at giddy speed, it turned up vertically and then landed near some bushes behind the landing runway used by the military on emergency occasions.

The powerful light appeared to diminish, and at the side of the flying disc, now more silent, there were three strange beings who measured more than 2 meters in height and were wearing silvery uniforms. These . . . made gestures of advancing toward the military garrison. The chief of police, surprised and fearful, tried to stop the crewmen, firing on them a burst of machine gun fire, unfortunately without hitting the target.

Then, while the unknown personages lifted their hands at the same moment, showing *a small luminous ball*, all the witnesses felt themselves invaded by a sensation of listlessness and tiredness that rendered them incapable of using their weapons.

Finally, the newspaper adds, the occupants of the ship went back up to it, and went away at great speed on a zigzag course, and the witnesses then recovered their faculties. Immediately, the police squad returned to Olavarria, where they reported this unusual happening.

Such independent accounts tend to lend credibility to Betty's reports. I have listed many other such similarities in *The Andreasson Affair*.

The latter segment of the June 11, 1980, session became our last opportunity to fill in the gap between 1950 and 1967. The hour was late, Betty had just relived the terminal point of her return to Crocker Pond. Now Larry whispered to Fred that he should now try to find out what might have occurred in the ensuing years. Had Betty had any further encounters with UFOs after this particular experience when she was thirteen?

Facing a now-or-never situation, Fred Max had no time to become bogged down with specifics and details. He was forced to employ a broad, sweeping approach.

FRED MAX I want you now to advance yourself mentally, rapidly. Kind of scan the immediate future. Is there anything related to this incident that you feel you'd want me to know?
BETTY What incident? [*Betty had now forgotten it.*]
FRED MAX Okay, fine. Relax and imagine going through time and space to your next *encounter*, so to speak, be it on land, be it an abduction, be it anything extraordinary. I will count from one to three, and you will be there. You will feel what you felt then, see what you saw then, and for all intents and purposes, *be* there. One, two, three. Where are you?
BETTY I'm in the park trailer.
FRED MAX Oh, where is the trailer?
BETTY It's below Dad's house, in Westminster on South Ash Road.
FRED MAX How old are you?
BETTY I'm eighteen.
FRED MAX Okay, what's the date today?
BETTY I don't know the date.
FRED MAX Roughly. What year is this?
BETTY It's—I don't know. Nineteen-fifty-five, I think.
FRED MAX What season is this? Give me some idea—summer, spring?
BETTY Fall.
FRED MAX Okay, go on. What's happening?
BETTY I'm just lying in bed with Jimmy.
FRED MAX Who's Jimmy?
BETTY Jimmy's my husband. And— Ohhh! (James Andreasson was Betty's husband at this time.)
FRED MAX What's the matter?
BETTY I hear somebody calling my name.
FRED MAX Oh, does he hear it also?
BETTY No, he's fast asleep over there.
FRED MAX Do you have any children?
BETTY Yes.

FRED MAX How old is your youngest?
BETTY I only have one.
FRED MAX How old is this child?
BETTY About four months old.
FRED MAX Very good. Okay, go on.
BETTY Ohhhh! My hands hurt. Ow! I'm hearing somebody calling "Betty." It sounds like a man's gentle voice, but I'm afraid. Jimmy isn't waking up. I'm covering up my head with the blankets and cuddling up to him. I don't want to hear it.
FRED MAX Why are you afraid?
BETTY I don't know what it is or who it is. It's right in the trailer.
FRED MAX The sound is *in* the trailer?
BETTY Yes. That voice is calling me, and it scares me. It's—stopping. It's not calling me anymore.
FRED MAX Uh, huh. What's happening now?
BETTY Nothing. I'm just sleeping or resting.
FRED MAX Did Jimmy find this strange when you told him about it?
BETTY I didn't tell him, I don't know why not.
FRED MAX No reason that you didn't, though?
BETTY Not that I know of.
FRED MAX And that's all that was said? Just "Betty, Betty"?
BETTY Yeah. Rebecca is crying. I got to get a bottle for her. I got to get some formula for her and heat it up on the stove. Just waiting for it to get warm.
FRED MAX We're now going to progress to your *next* encounter. If there's more to this one, you will come to this one. If there's another one after that, you'll go to that. I'll count from one to three, and you will progress to your next encounter. One, two, three. Where are you?
BETTY I'm at home. I'm mopping the floor and singing.
FRED MAX How old are you?
BETTY Twenty-four.
FRED MAX What's the date today, by the way?
BETTY I don't know.
FRED MAX What month is it?
BETTY September 1961.

FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY Becky is in school. It's her first year, and the boys are up taking their naps. While the kids are sleeping, I'm mopping the floor. I'm singing a song about "Jesus loves me." *I hear something.*
FRED MAX Describe it.
BETTY I can't. I don't know what it is! I put the mop to the side and I'm going outdoors. I don't know what it is. My word, what is it? I'm just walking along and looking around. There's some kind of a strange sound. And I'm walking over into where it's dug up, and I still hear it. I feel strange, like something is pulling me along. I'm walking up this hill. It's hard to get up here. There's all pine needles, and I'm slipping. I keep on walking and I'm climbing over this stone wall. I don't know why I'm doing this. I'm jumping down and walking over in the woods there and going over by the big rock. And over to the side of the— Ohhh!
FRED MAX What's the matter?
BETTY I don't know. There's a strange thing standing over there, and I'm afraid of it.

As I listened to Betty, another incident flashed before my mind. It involved a witness that I'll call John, a pseudonym to protect his real identity. Separated from his wife, alone in his house with his young daughter, John too succumbed to an overwhelming compulsion to leave his house and take a drive in his automobile. It was about 1 A.M. on the morning of December 16, 1978. He told me that he'd never leave his daughter alone in the house under ordinary circumstances, but he could not withstand the strange compulsion.

I just felt that I had to get out for some reason. I didn't know why. I got dressed, got in my car, and drove out of the yard. I've never left my daughter alone like that.

John drove "as if in a daze" out along a desolate stretch of road.

All of a sudden my car went dead completely, motor went out and I coasted to a stop . . . I heard this noise. A steady click-click-click. I said, "What the hell is that?"

Off to the right, hovering over a roadside gravel pit, was a huge

elongated dark object. A light came on and hit him. He felt a strange sensation like "pins and needles" and felt himself sink into a trancelike daze. It was the beginning of John's CE-III, prefaced by the familiar voice being heard in his head: "Do not be afraid. We will not harm you."

This incident is covered in more detail in my book *Casebook of a UFO Investigator.* I learned of another case of this kind while writing this book. In a telephone call, Cindy Kotowski told me that in May of 1975 her husband, Michael, had a weird experience while driving alone on interstate highway 70 between Crescent Junction, Utah, and Fruita, Colorado. He felt overwhelmingly compelled to leave the highway and experienced several hours' time loss. Later, when I talked to him, he told me the following story:

> I was driving on highway I-70 . . . listening to the radio . . . I was fully awake and then I heard a tremendous . . . rhythmic hum from all sides. It scared me pretty bad. Right in the middle of that sound, I heard my name repeated. It was extremely monotone, machinelike. The hair on the back of my neck stood up. It scared me . . . I felt compelled to pull over. I didn't really want to . . . I got off on a ranch exit. There's nothing out there . . . I pulled up and parked at the top of the divider and sat back . . . I woke up on the *other* side of the divider on top facing south. I remember in parking I was facing east . . . I was missing gas and approximately three or four hours' time.

Within a few weeks, I managed to arrange a meeting between Michael and psychologist UFO researcher Dr. Leo Sprinkle—a professor at the University of Wyoming and probably the nation's foremost civilian expert in employing hypnotic regression on UFO witnesses. Under hypnosis, Michael vividly relived a remarkable UFO abduction experience, briefly summarized below:

> I did park where I said I did and *then* drove to a gravel road to an area called the Foot Cliff Mountains . . . I'd never been down that road before and I came right up against the Foot Cliffs about ten miles from that ramp and parked . . . I saw an old shack. Didn't look like anybody had been around there for years.
>
> I sat there for quite a while . . . Then I saw this ship come

down . . . about fifteen feet over the pasture . . . It was big and saucer-shaped. It had windows round the bottom, around the outer edge, but on the bottom side . . . I was scared but *I didn't really have control* . . . I didn't wanna get out of the car, but I did. I got out of the car, walked into the field, got hung up on a fence and ripped my pants. I walked down . . . past the shack and underneath the ship . . . and I stood on a round platform beneath the ship . . . It started to go up . . . and I couldn't see how it was lifting up . . . couldn't see any support.

When Michael entered the ship, six small beings with large heads and large slanted eyes examined him. They communicated by telepathy. Their slitlike mouths seemed functionless.

Michael gave us a description of the ship, the crew, and some strangely marked instruments. He commented that the beings somehow calmed him with a strong feeling of goodwill and friendliness. He did everything that he was told without question:

Although you think that you have free will in what you're doing . . . you really didn't . . . You were doing exactly what was expected of you to do.

After the hypnosis session, Michael and Cindy retraced the route of that fateful night. They left route I-70 and found the gravel road. At the end of the road was the old shack and fenced pasture, just as Michael had described while under hypnosis!

Suffice it to say that the similarity to the *strange drawing power* Betty described is striking in both of these incidents. Accounts like these once again describe yet another use of the aliens' irresistible mind control. Betty, like John and Michael, was led against her will to another alien encounter.

Betty described the same type of being that had led her to the shoreline of Crocker Pond. He was taller than most of the aliens that she had encountered.

FRED MAX Just relax, deeper and deeper, deeper. Okay, let's go on.

BETTY It's staring at me, and *I can't move.* Oh, Jesus be with me!

FRED MAX Okay, go on.

Then, for the first time during the phase two series of sessions, Betty equated what was happening with her own Christian beliefs, as she had during her reliving of the 1967 abduction.

BETTY That person there, or *being*, has been sent. And I am not to fear. The Lord is with me. I'm not to be afraid.
FRED MAX Have you ever seen a being like that before?
BETTY I don't think so. [*At this point, Betty has no conscious recollection of her other experiences.*] I can't understand it. I didn't think an angel looked like that.
FRED MAX Why do you think it is an angel?
BETTY Because he said he is *sent.*
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY He said for me not to fear, that they are pleased because I have accepted on my own . . . for me not to be afraid, to keep my faith. He said I am going to go through many things and that Love will show me the answers because I have given my heart over to love the Son. Many things will be revealed to me. Things that I have not seen, things that . . . ears have not heard. But I shall suffer many things. I'm not afraid. Jesus is with me.
FRED MAX Do you ask what type of things?
BETTY No, they just told me—he told me—that I will suffer a great many things, but will overcome them through the Son.

Again, one must wonder. Is this actually what the being said, or was Betty integrating her religious beliefs into the experience? Note the similarity between this being's greeting and that of the angel greeting the Virgin Mary in the New Testament:

> The angel went to her and said, "Greetings, you who are highly favored! *The Lord is with you . . . Do not be afraid . . .*"
>
> —Luke 1:28-29 (NIV)

If the being actually said what Betty related under hypnosis, the implications would be startling. Either the aliens used Betty's fundamentalist Christian belief system to make themselves acceptable to her or the aliens actually are what the Bible calls angels!

FRED MAX How does he speak to you?
BETTY I think through his eyes or his head. I don't hear him talking.

FRED MAX Okay, but words seem to come to your head, right?
BETTY Uh, huh. He's telling me that I have been watched since my beginning. I shall grow naturally, and my faith in the Light will bring many others to the Light and Salvation because many will understand and see. They will know that we are one. People will look up to me, and I am to be aware, to know who it is they look to because those, um, negative voices don't like it.
FRED MAX What negative voices?
BETTY Those others that are against man.
FRED MAX What others that are against man?
BETTY Bad, bad—
FRED MAX Those bad what?
BETTY Angels. The bad ones want to devour man. They want to hurt man. They want to destroy man.
FRED MAX How do you know this?
BETTY Because the person is telling me and because the Bible tells me also.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY They're just telling me some strange things. I don't know what they're about. I don't know. I don't understand what he's trying to tell me.
FRED MAX Well, just say it and then after you say it out loud, maybe it will make sense.
BETTY He's telling me that for every place there is an existence . . . that everything has been formed to unite and I don't, I can't really understand what they say, what they mean.
FRED MAX Could you now imagine yourself relaxing and imagine yourself going higher and higher and higher and allowing the being to speak through you so that we can hear the message from them? I will count from one to three, and you will allow the being to speak through you. One, two, three.
BETTY [*Speaks in an apparent unknown language.*]
FRED MAX Can you now interpret so that I can understand what that means in English?
BETTY How many hearts will be filled tonight. You seek signs. We've . . . [*Pauses*]
FRED MAX We've what? Can you interpret the rest for us?
BETTY Let love enter. [*Once again Betty begins speaking in what sounds like an unknown language.*]

FRED MAX Would you kindly interpret now?
BETTY Lift up your voices to Him and His Spirit shall light upon you. [*Betty begins to sing in the same strange unknown words.*]
FRED MAX Can you interpret that?
BETTY The time is drawing near. The earth is drunk. The evil that invades mankind shall be cast out. Lift up your voice. Praise Him Who lives. Praise Him.

Again, Betty spoke in the strange language. The phenomenon is similar to the "speaking in tongues" practiced by some denominations of the Christian church.

FRED MAX Can you interpret that?
BETTY You had best check. Time is at hand. We will not give you the answers. The answer has been given to you already.
FRED MAX You have stated that before, and you have stated that the answer is love. However, there are those that could be convinced if they could be given some concrete evidence, such as a scientific breakthrough that is not yet known to mankind, that would serve to convince more people of your legitimacy. Could you kindly give us something that is not yet known that we could use to accept this more fully?
BETTY Your faith is lacking.
FRED MAX It is not necessarily from *my* faith that I am asking this question. But that many others would believe your message if you could convince them that you had something superior to offer.
BETTY We do not make deals. It is a free gift to accept or reject.
FRED MAX Okay. If it is a free gift, then why were you abducted without being given the option in advance?
BETTY *We* were not abducted.
FRED MAX Yes—you weren't.
BETTY You speak of things you know not of.
FRED MAX That I agree with, but I will not know the answers unless you help me. I can best help you send your message if you give me something to go on . . . Go on.
BETTY I'm just listening to them, what they're telling me. He's

talking to me and telling me I'm going to go through a lot of different things and for me not to fear, to keep my faith. For the Lord Jesus is with me.
FRED MAX Does he specifically say the Lord Jesus?
BETTY He says that my faith is keeping me.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY He does not use that Name lightly.
FRED MAX But does he actually state it?
BETTY He says, Jesus is with me. He's just talking to me, telling me about things. I don't understand. He says that I will understand as time goes by. For me not to be anxious. They want me to grow and live naturally. I don't know what he means. He is coming over to me and he is placing his hands on my temples. And he is putting a finger between my eyes. And he's making some strange noises. It sounds like the tongues [*i.e., the "speaking in tongues" that she is familiar with in a Christian context.*] I don't know. And he says I am blessed and that I will forget. I will forget all that he has spoken and I will forget him. And I am to go back now to my house and I will not remember at the ring.
FRED MAX What ring?
BETTY I don't know. He just said, I will not remember at the ring.
FRED MAX Okay, go on.
BETTY And he's backing up and he says, "Peace be with you as it is." And I'm turning around and walking around the big rock. And I'm climbing over the stones and I'm going down the hill. It's slippery from the pine needles and I'm going across the field and going into the house.

Everyone in the room was dumbfounded by this strange story. It seemed as if Betty was superimposing her personal belief structure over the encounter. The alternative was that her belief structure and the UFO phenomenon *were* intimately connected. Personally, I am trying to keep an open mind in all of this. One's first inclination is to reject that which does not seem to fit one's own interpretation of the UFO phenomenon. Others might be tempted to purge such material from a proposed book or report. I cannot do this. Unusual as it might seem, it is, nonetheless, part of Betty's experience.

Fred, in the interest of time, asked Betty to go on in time to her next encounter.

FRED MAX Okay, just relax, deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper. You are now going to progress to the next encounter. I will count from one to three and you will be there. One, two, three.

Betty began to relive an episode that I had already heard over and over again—the January 25, 1967, encounter at South Ashburnham, Massachusetts.

BETTY The lights have gone off in the house and I see, that, um—there is a reddish, orange light flashing in the kitchen window . . .
FRED MAX How old are you?
BETTY I'm thirty.

Recognizing this now well-known experience, Fred stopped Betty and continued to probe further for other encounters.

FRED MAX Just relax, deeper, deeper, deeper. I want you to go to your *next encounter*. I will count from one to three. One, two, three. Where are you now?

Everyone watched and listened in great anticipation. All wondered whether or not Betty had experienced further UFO encounters after her abduction in 1967. Only part of the answer was forthcoming.

BETTY I'm in my bedroom. Oooooh!
FRED MAX Where's the bedroom? Where do you live?
BETTY Ashburnham.
FRED MAX How old are you?
BETTY I'm thirty-eight. [*That would make the date 1975.*]

Suddenly, Betty became very upset as if she were in pain. Fred immediately responded to this and helped relieve her of the increasing tension.

FRED MAX I want you now to relax.
BETTY Ohhhhh. Ooooh!
FRED MAX Just relax, deeper, deeper, deeper . . . What's the matter?

BETTY I can't go any place.
FRED MAX Okay, why can't you?
BETTY Because— Oh, my hands! Oooh, oh, oh!

It soon became apparent that this was as far as we were being allowed to go. It seemed that Betty was programmed to experience pain if we attempted to elicit further information. Suddenly, she knew this as if Fred's attempts to get her to describe the next encounter triggered a posthypnotic response previously induced by the alien creatures.

BETTY I can't go any place. *They* don't want me to go any place. My hands hurt!

Fred, not wanting Betty to experience any more pain, decided to bring Betty back to the present.

FRED MAX Okay, just relax, deeper, deeper, deeper. In a moment I will count from one to three and when I do you will be at June eleven, nineteen-eighty. All right? And, as you progress to June nineteen-eighty, you will become more and more comfortable and *this* will become further and further into the past.

Betty awakened. The session officially ended. With Betty unwilling to undergo further hypnosis, for all intents and purposes our phase two probe into her subconscious mind had been completed.

It was again time to make an estimate of the situation. I felt overwhelmed by the high strangeness displayed in these sessions. My mind rebelled at the possibility that such experiences had a basis in physical reality. And yet I felt compelled to examine what had allegedly happened in the light of what we *now* know about the UFO problem.

NOTES

[1]Aimé Michel, *Flying Saucers and the Straight Line Mystery* (New York: Criterion Books, 1958), p. 84.

12. The Psychic Element in UFO Reports

Over the last decade, UFO reports have displayed a maddeningly paradoxical dichotomy of the material *and* the immaterial. Researchers have tended to accept either one or the other aspect, but few are willing to accept both. For years, I have been advocating the"nuts-and-bolts" interpretation of UFOs, the hardware aspect. However, personal involvement with Close Encounter cases such as the Andreasson Affair leaves no doubt in my mind that there is also what we might call a psychic element to the phenomenon we call UFOs.

On October 18, 1973, Mrs. C., her three children and a stepsister had just left Mrs. C.'s mother-in-law's house in Mansfield, Ohio. The time was about 10:40 P.M. Driving back to their own home in rural Ashland County, they witnessed a low-flying helicopter being paced by a blimplike object. The weird craft was illuminating both helicopter and surrounding countryside with a brilliant beam of green light. "It was so bright," one witness commented. "Everything was green. The trees, the car... the helicopter."

The following is excerpted from a 123-page investigator's report of the incident prepared for CUFOS by Jennie Zeidman. Dr. Hynek and Zeidman secured statements from the witnesses and thoroughly documented every known aspect of this significant case.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS REPORTED BY CREW

October 18, 1973: The four-man crew of an Army Reserve helicopter, based in Cleveland, flew to Columbus for regularly scheduled physical exams. When finished, they left the medical facility at approximately 10 P.M., drove back to the airport (a distance of two miles), filed a flight plan, and took off at approximately 10:30 P.M.

On board were the following Army Reserve personnel: Captain (now Major) Lawrence J. Coyne, full-time commander of the 316th Medivac Unit. Coyne held flight ratings for fixed-wing aircraft, helicopters, and seaplanes, had served nineteen years in the Army Reserve, and had previously worked as a plainclothesman for the Cleveland, Ohio, police department. First Lieutenant Arrigo (Rick) Jezzi, a chemical engineer in civilian life, served as copilot. Sergeant John Healy, a detective with the Cleveland Police Department, served as a flight medic. Specialist Five, Robert Yanacsek, a helicopter crew chief in Vietnam, served as crew chief.

One could hardly have asked for a better group of observers to a classic UFO sighting.

The night was clear, calm, starry, and moonless, the temperature 43° F., visibility 15 miles. Lieutenant Jezzi was cruising at 90 knots at an altitude of 2500 feet mean sea level over mixed woods, farmland, and rolling hills averaging 1100 to 1200 feet elevation.

Near Mansfield, Ohio, Sergeant John Healy, in the left rear seat, saw a single red light off to the left (west) heading south. It seemed brighter than a port-wing light of a normal aircraft, but it was not relevant traffic, and he does not recall mentioning it.

At approximately 11:02 P.M., an estimated three to four minutes after Healy's observation, Sergeant Robert Yanacsek, in the right rear seat, noticed a single steady red light on the eastern horizon. It appeared to be pacing the helicopter. After watching it for perhaps a minute, he reported it to Capt. Lawrence

Coyne, the aircraft commander, who instructed him to "keep an eye on it."

After approximately another thirty seconds, Yanacsek announced that the light appeared to be closing on their craft. Coyne and Yanacsek watched from their seats. Healy got up and stooped in the aisle to observe. Jezzi's view was obstructed.

The light continued its approach. Coyne grabbed the controls from Jezzi, began a powered *descent* of approximately 500 feet per minute, and almost simultaneously contacted Mansfield control tower, requesting information on possible jet traffic. After initial radio contact, the radio malfunctioned on both VHF and UHF.

The red light increased in intensity and appeared to be on a collision course at a speed estimated to be 600+ knots. Coyne increased the rate of descent to 2000 feet per minute. The last altitude he noted was 1700 feet mean sea level.

As a collision appeared imminent, the light decelerated and assumed a *hovering* relationship above in front of the helicopter. Coyne, Healy, and Yanacsek reported that a cigar-shaped gray metallic object filled the entire front windshield. A red light was at the nose, a white light at the tail, and a distinctive *green beam* emanated from the lower part of the object. The green beam swung up over the helicopter nose, through the main windshield, and into the upper tinted window panels, bathing the cockpit in green light. Jezzi reported only a white light from the upper windows. No noise or turbulence from the object was noted.

After a few seconds of hovering, the light accelerated and moved off to the west, showing only the white "tail" light. Coyne and Healy reported that the object made a decisive 45° course change to the right. Jezzi did not observe the course change. Yanacsek's view was partially obstructed.

While the object was still visible, Jezzi and Coyne noted that the altimeter read 3500 feet with a *rate of climb* at 1000 feet per minute. Coyne stated that the collective was still in the full down position.

It seems as if the UFO, sensing that the diving helicopter was in danger of crashing into the ground, somehow took control and overrode the helicopter's controls. It literally had the copter in tow!

Coyne gingerly raised the collective. The helicopter climbed nearly another 300 feet before positive control was regained. Then the crew felt a slight "bump."

Coyne descended to the previous cruise altitude of 2500 feet; radio contact with Akron/Canton was easily achieved, and the flight continued to Cleveland without further incident.[1]

What does this top-notch UFO sighting have to do with the psychic element in Close Encounter experiences? Plenty! Captain Coyne told CUFOS investigators that about three weeks after the sighting, the Pentagon contacted him and asked him specifically whether he or his crew had experienced *unusual dreams* after their Close Encounter! This official enquiry came from the Department of Army, Surgeon General's Office.

Coyne told CUFOS that he indeed had experienced some very weird things, the first just a few days after the UFO sighting. Again I'll quote from the CUFOS report:

> I was sleeping peacefully, and I got up and walked into the hallway and stopped. I turned around and *I saw myself lying in bed*; I was lying on my side, sleeping. It was like looking into a mirror, you know?[2]

At this point Captain Coyne became scared and returned to his body. He wondered if he was hallucinating or dreaming.

When I lay back down it was like sinking into something.

He also related another "dream" in which he was holding in his hand a round sphere not unlike what the aliens employed during Betty's UFO experiences.

> The other dream, which was very vivid—and I talked to my wife for a week about this—was, a voice said, "The answer is in the circle." A very clear voice . . . a voice you have respect for . . . and I was holding a clear *sphere* in my hand, a round sphere. A bluish-white sphere.[3]

At least one other member of the crew, Sergeant John Healy, also experienced what appears to have been out-of-body experience.

But as time would go by, the Pentagon would call us up and

ask us: "Well, has this incident happened to you since the occurrence?" And in two instances that I recall, they questioned, Have I ever *dreamed* of *body separation*? And I have. I dreamed that I was dead in bed and that my spirit or whatever was floating, looking down at me lying in bed. The only thing that upset me was I was wondering what would happen to my two boys, but other than that, I had no qualms about it.

The other thing that the Pentagon asked was if I had ever dreamed of anything in spherical shape, which definitely had not occurred to me. But every two months or so the Pentagon calls Larry and has a series of questions: "Had these certain incidents happened to you, or had you dreamed of them since your incident with the UFO? Please contact the other people on the crew." And then Larry would call us up and ask about these things and then he would mail it back to the Pentagon. The Pentagon, from the way I gather it, believes us.[4]

I'll say that they most certainly do believe you, Sergeant! In their files they probably have scores of similar accounts of military personnel who have experienced bizarre psychic effects from UFO experiences—dreams, subconscious memories of alien contact, and who knows what? Obviously certain agencies within our government know much more about UFOs than we could ever imagine. However, I'd wager that they are just as hard pressed for real answers as are we civilians.

Another case that attracted worldwide attention concerned a number of radar-visual sightings in New Zealand on December 26, 1978—sightings were made by trained air traffic controllers and airline pilots.

During this spate of UFO reports, a remarkable movie was taken from an aircraft sent by the media to investigate the sightings. The crew was directed by Quentin Fogarty, a television news reporter from Melbourne.

As always, the New Zealand Defense Department, scientists, and the media rushed out all sorts of explanations for the sightings, ranging from Venus and Jupiter to lights from Japanese shrimp boats. None of these armchair detectives (except perhaps the military) had investigated the incidents.

During the furor of explanation and couterexplanation, American optical physicist Bruce Maccabee flew to New Zealand to conduct a rigorous investigation. He interviewed airline pilots, radar personnel, and the crew who had taken movies of one of the objects. He borrowed the original film and brought it back to the United States, where it was subjected to a detailed analysis by twenty distinguished scientists and experts in radar, optics, and physics.

On March 20, 1979, results of the investigation were made known at a New York City press conference. The radar-visual sightings were classified as unknown objects. The photographed object could not be explained in conventional terms.

Perhaps you saw Mr. Fogarty discuss these sightings with Dr. Hynek on ABC's *Good Morning, America* on March 26, 1979. But most are not aware of the psychic element of this fascinating case that first manifested itself on board the returning Argosy aircraft from which the movie had been filmed. At the time, the Argosy's on-board radar and ground radar were still tracking unknown flying objects in the area. Nothing more could be seen from the windows, but something was seen aboard the aircraft! Mr. Fogarty saw a light coming up the stairs from the cargo area and became aware of a *presence* that seemed to be located in the cargo hold.

This same chilling presence was also felt independently by a fellow journalist. Then, after landing, Quentin Fogarty drove with the pilot, Captain Startup, to his home at Blenheim. Both felt the same eerie presence accompany them in the car. They felt extremely uneasy and half expected that whatever it was would somehow confiscate their precious film of the UFO.

When they reached the Startups' home, the captain excused himself and went to the police station to check other possible UFO reports. Quentin sat talking with the captain's wife, Shirley. Again, the uncanny feeling of a presence weighed heavily upon them. Suddenly he noticed a shadowy figure pass by the glass doors of the living room.

Immediately, Quentin jumped up and rushed outside. There was no one in sight.

This kind of psychic element runs through CE cases like an embarrassing thread. How often UFO investigators, including myself, have plucked it out because of prejudice. Our preconceived

ideas judged that such things did not fit. But whether one likes it or not, this disturbing element is an integral part of the warp and woof of the UFO phenomenon.

On August 27, 1975, for example, a UFO levitated and took complete control of an automobile near Oxford, Maine. One of two young drivers was taken aboard a UFO and examined by alien beings. The creatures, who had large heads, slanting eyes, diminutive noses, and no visible mouth, and stood about four and a half feet tall, communicated to him by mental telepathy—same old story! But further into the investigator's report was the following cryptic remark:

> A number of very significant seeming paranormal events seem to have occurred since the initial UFO experience.[5]

In one instance, the abductee allegedly watched an ashtray rise off a table for about a foot before dropping back again!

Or take the case involving the alleged abduction of three women near Danville, Kentucky, on January 6, 1976. According to competent investigators the three ladies were honest and well respected in their community and churches. They too reported that their car was levitated and controlled by the UFO as it was moved off the road. They too were examined by small creatures who communicated with mental telepathy. Remarks APRO consultant and investigator Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle:

> At this writing, all three of the ladies ... described certain poltergeistlike phenomena which had taken place since the incident.[6]

And once again I am compelled to report yet another strange synchronism that is highly pertinent to the subject matter at hand.

Just two days after I started writing this particular chapter, I was visited at work by Carol, the mother of the young boy who had been burned by a UFO at Foxboro, Massachusetts (discussed in Chapter 9). Visibly upset, Carol told me that she had just submitted her resignation from the company. I was shocked, as she had worked with us for many years. When I asked her why, she answered that strange things had been happening in her house since her son's UFO experience.

For weeks, both she and her husband had ascribed each sepa-

rate incident to imagination, to forgetfulness, to any other logical explanation that they could muster up. However, the past week's events had convinced them both that something really out of the ordinary was occurring. Her husband noticed that the onset of the poltergeist happenings had seemed to coincide with the UFO sighting.

Later on, MUFON investigator Joe Nyman and I talked with Carol and her husband. The incredible stories they reported were similar to what Betty and Bob Luca were still experiencing in their house.

From a diary of events that the boy's parents kept for the past week:

> Drops of water . . . out of nowhere [in the house] . . . Running footsteps outside, back of house . . . no one in yard . . . No marks in snow . . . Footsteps upstairs and downstairs between [son] Jim's room and kitchen. No one there. Scoutmaster came to visit Jim . . . He heard footsteps. No one there . . . Heard footsteps at night, second floor. No one there.[7]

These were *definite* footsteps, not just vague noises. In addition, the family dog, at times, would not enter the house or certain rooms in the house. It appeared that the dog was afraid of something unseen.

Not too long ago, Betty Luca's daughter Becky and Becky's husband house-sat for Betty and brought their dog with them. The dog acted very strangely. It would growl and at times its eyes would seem to follow an invisible presence in the house.

Carol's diary also noted that items would somehow disappear from their normal places and reappear in the same place or elsewhere.

On the afternoon of February 9, 1981, for example, the scoutmaster visited the home. When he got ready to leave, he reached in his pocket for his keys. They were not there. Although he never left his keys in the ignition, he nevertheless walked out to his truck to check. The keys weren't there either. Retracing his path to the house, he could not find them on the ground. After checking the house once more, he returned to his truck, thinking that the keys might have fallen on the floor or behind the seat. And there were the keys, prominently visible *in the ignition.*

On the following night, the scoutmaster visited their home again, hanging his jacket in plain sight on the stairs in front of the living-room door. When Jim went to bed, the coat was still there. Later, when it was time for the scoutmaster to leave, he glanced over to see the coat was gone. A search of the house located it folded neatly on Jim's bedroom bureau. There was no way that Jim could have taken the coat without passing by everyone. How it got on his bureau is a mystery.

Keys and work badges would disappear and reappear. When Bob's large cylindrical cigarette lighter vanished, he purchased another of a different color, placed it in his empty pocket, and proceeded to use it throughout the day. That evening as he sat talking with Carol, he suddenly felt a lump pressing in his pocket and reached into his pocket to see what it was. There was the missing cigarette lighter—on *top* of the new lighter that he'd been using all day.

Currently, there are two theories to account for this baffling side of the UFO phenomenon. One holds that there is no direct connection between reported psychic phenomena and UFO experiences. Advocates of this theory believe that a UFO encounter somehow enhances the witnesses' existing, but latent, psychic powers. Thus, strange events do occur as reported, but as an *indirect* side effect of UFOs that are *directly* attributable to the affected witness.

A second theory suggests that the witness' extrasensory powers are purposefully and directly heightened, perhaps endowed, by the power behind the UFOs. Thus, such psychic phenomena are visible manifestations of an invisible, if complex, alien control and monitoring system.

Are we dealing with fear-induced hallucinations? Paranoia? Over-active and exaggerated imaginations? Psychic effects caused by the semi-invisible presence of alien beings? Who can know for sure, for such reports are an affront to rationality.

NOTES

[1]Jennie Zeidman, *A Helicopter-UFO Encounter over Ohio* (Evanston, Illinois: CUFOS, 1979), pp. 1–4.

[2]Ibid. p. 115.
[3]Ibid., p. 115, 116.
[4]Ibid., p. 116.
[5]Personal files.
[6]Carol and Jim Lorenzen, *Abducted* (New York: Berkley Publishing Company, 1977), p. 131.
[7]Personal files.

13. Mystery Copters and the MIB

Both terms employed in the title of this chapter are firmly entrenched in the annals of UFO lore. For many years, strange unmarked helicopters have been reported flying at low levels in areas of UFO activity. In the last decade, such craft have also been sighted in areas where surgical mutilations of cattle have taken place. Some researchers theorize that the helicopters are part of a government investigation of UFO sightings and thousands of seemingly UFO-related cattle mutilations. The helicopters are usually painted in dark colors and fly at illegally low altitudes. I have investigated several reports of this nature in the New England area, which indicated that the same type of craft apparently monitor alleged UFO abductees and even some investigators.

I unfortunately glossed over Betty's initial reports of mystery copters during the phase one investigation, thinking that her imagination was getting the best of her. The first incident involved Betty. She had not yet married Bob Luca at the time, and lived in a very rural home in Ashburnham, Massachusetts. The only road was surrounded by rolling fields and wooded hills. Betty kept a large vegetable garden to help feed herself and her children.

I was out in my garden taking care of it and a large black helicopter came and hovered above me. It just stayed there, and I was looking up at it wondering why it was doing that. After a short period of time, it took off.

At the time, I figured it had been some Army reservist looking over a pretty girl. I now have doubts that this was the case, especially in the light of a large number of following events.

When Betty married Bob Luca, they moved to a house that Bob purchased near his job in Connecticut. Almost as soon as they had moved into their first home, there was an instant onset of psychic phenomena. In addition, their new neighborhood suddenly became harassed by low-level overflights of unmarked black helicopters.

When Bob first called me about this, I tried to convince him that his house was merely in the path of helicopter training flights. But he was a student pilot and knew his flight regulations. He insisted that the craft carried no identification numbers and many times had flown below the five-hundred-foot limit. Neighbors commented that they had never seen so many helicopter flights before the Lucas had moved into the neighborhood.

I suggested that he send me photos. He did—piles of them (*see plates 5 and 6*). However, none of the images on the film were large enough to ascertain whether they had identification numbers. Enlargements merely increased the grain size. This did not deter Bob, who invested in a good camera and a telescopic lens. I soon found myself agreeing with him. The helicopters did not have standard visible markings. However, there was little that I could do except suggest that he complain to the authorities.

He did—with a vengeance. Bob contacted the FAA, the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, military bases. When one FAA official offhandedly remarked that what he was describing sounded like a CIA operation, Bob called the Central Intelligence Agency.

When Betty and Bob moved to another address, both the psychic phenomena and the overflights moved with them. The Lucas also encountered helicopters while driving in their car. On the way back from Florida, one buzzed the parking lot of a Howard Johnson's restaurant where they had stopped. Most incidents occurred closer to home, however. From a transcribed taped interview with Bob:

> We were going to Rhode Island . . . to Custy's Restaurant and the helicopter was pacing us at least for about four to five miles. So as soon as I could . . . I took the lens cap off the camera. When the first pull-off came up, I immediately pulled over, jumped out of the car, and started to take pictures. As soon as I did this, the aircraft made a steep bank to the right and went out of sight. I got four out of five shots of it before it got out of sight.
>
> The following incidents occurred during a camp-out at a beach.
>
> They have a fairly long drive up to a gatehouse. You have to stop outside and go in and register. Well, there were a few people ahead of us, so we had a short wait. Now, while we were standing there, we saw a helicopter coming. It was kind of odd-looking. It circled *directly over us* in a clockwise motion twice. Then it did a turn and came back and circled slowly in a counterclockwise motion. I took photos of this helicopter [*see plate 7*] and sent them to Bell Helicopter in Texas who built them. I asked about it because it had odd protruberances, almost like fisheyes, on the side, where normally the windows would have been. I got a letter back stating that it looked like a Huey UH-1H. However, they said that they do not build that craft in that manner and suggested that it may have been modified by the military for some purpose which they do not know.

A former Vietnam helicopter pilot told me that the markings on this particular helicopter indicated it was from a medical unit. Bob was unable to find out its origin.

Later on that week, at the same waterfront state park, Bob and Betty were down on the beach. They had left Bob's mother at home. When his mother became sick, she sent his son down to the beach to get them. Bob and Betty rushed back, with his son lagging behind them in another car. His son saw two black helicopters suddenly swerve over the road behind the Lucas' car and follow it for some distance along the highway before veering off. They were not aware that they had been followed.

Bob Luca became obsessed with tracking down the strange helicopters that harassed them at home and on the road. But to date, Bob has been able to identify only one of the helicopters involved in the overflights. He tracked it back to Sikorsky Aircraft.

The control tower told him that it was an Army helicopter. Sikorsky's public relations told him that it was probably a "Navy Blackhawk aircraft flown by a military acceptance crew." Bob fired back a letter to Sikorsky and complained not only about their contradictory identification but also that the aircraft had no identification markings and flew dangerously low over his house. He estimated that one pass at the house was much lower than the 500 feet allowed by federal regulation.

Bob Luca's determination to track down the copters' origin and purpose has sometimes put him in tight spots. On one occasion, while checking various possible helicopter sites, he noticed some dark helicopters parked behind a fence within the confines of Bradley International Airport at Windsor Locks, Connecticut. He thought that unusual, as on one occasion he had sighted an unmarked black helicopter landing. He called the tower to ask who it belonged to, and was told that no aircraft had landed and no such aircraft were hangared there! Bob gave the tower the benefit of the doubt, since he thought perhaps they did not control military traffic. Bob and Betty drove onto the field and worked their way over to the area in which the copters were located:

> We drove around to where the Air Museum was. From there, a road leads up to the military area with signs that say "Restricted" and "No Public Admittance." We drove up that road to within about thirty to forty yards of the helicopters parked there. I began to take some pictures of them [*plate 8*].

At that point, they noticed a military truck approaching them with a military policeman inside.

> When I saw him coming, I put my camera down and I jumped out of the car. I told him that I had a complaint as far as having low-flying helicopters over my house.

The guard looked over some of the photos that Bob showed him and ordered them off the restricted property.

The following, one of the many pieces of correspondence that I have on file, will give the reader some insight into Bob's efforts.

Dear Mr. Martino [an FAA official]:

Enclosed you will find the helicopter photos that I spoke to

you about during our previous phone conversation. As you can see, they are black, not olive drab and no part of them reflects light. Two of the photos were taken while the craft had a light on in the front which, although it was midday, I assume to be a landing light. I have observed these helicopters at various times with the naked eye as well as with 7 x 35 power binoculars and at no time could I see any markings on the front, sides, or bottom. I have observed commercial craft at even greater distances and could easily see the various colors, markings, etc.

The last extremely low flight over our house was on Sunday, Oct. 28, 1979, at 9:45 A.M. The day was overcast with some drizzle and there was an approximate 700 foot ceiling. The craft was very large, flying at about 150 to 250 feet above ground level. It came from the north and flew directly over our house.

My wife and I were on our way out for breakfast. I had just pulled out of our drive when I spotted it coming toward our house. I stopped the car and we got out to take a better look. At this low altitude, there was no way to mistake the color which was flat black. There were no markings on this craft. The windows were as black as the body, though not flat, making it impossible to see inside. There was a rotating red light on the bottom and two streams of black exhaust trailed out of it from below the window level behind the cabin area—one stream on each side of the body.

The next day I tried to find out who owned this craft. I called the National Guard in Hartford and was told they had no aircraft up on the previous day and also that their craft are olive drab and carry yellow markings. Next I called the tower at Bradley International Airport and was told they had no knowledge of the craft I described. I then called Sikorsky aircraft and was told by public relations that their craft are clearly marked and that they had no flights in our area at that time on Sunday. I also called Command Aircraft and talked to a test pilot who told me that they had no black aircraft and no flights on the previous day. The FAA office in Hartford told me that they did not have any knowledge of the craft I described and furthermore, all aircraft are supposed to carry markings.

These helicopters were also seen by our neighbors . . . Mrs.

_____ took the trouble to document one very low overflight last March as she thought it was unusual to see aircraft so low over a residential area and is sending a signed statement to that effect. My wife also saw this craft and told me it was extremely low and black like many of the others we have seen.

These craft have been seen by my wife, myself, our children and their friends ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, Mr. and Mrs.——— and their son, my parents and two of my co-workers. I am very interested in finding out who owns these craft and why we have seen so many of them over our [old] home as well as our [new] home where we now reside. I appreciate the time and trouble you are taking to look into this matter.

Needless to say, the FAA never identified the craft. When Bob first complained, they asked for documentation that the helicopters were unmarked. When Bob sent photographs, they said that there was nothing they could do about it unless the helicopters had identification markings. Without such markings, they said that they could not trace the aircraft's origin and thus do something about it!

I know how Bob feels. In *Casebook of a UFO Investigator*, I devoted a full chapter to the experiences of myself and others that involve unmarked helicopters and evidence of being monitored by an unknown agency.[1] I personally have tried to track down such helicopters on two occasions. No one would own up to them.

Another out-of-the-ordinary incident took place at Ashburnham before Betty married Bob, at the same house where a black helicopter hovered over Betty while she was working in the garden. Some days after the helicopter incident, Betty and her daughter Bonnie were alone in the house. They happened to glance out the front window and sighted two strange men:

One was very, very tall and stiff. He was dressed in black and sort of looked like somebody from a funeral home that has a real smooth pressed suit. He had black hair, but the forehead was very, very high and the skin very *pale*. He stood very *stiffly*. The other man was much shorter than him and wore a khaki-type jacket. And he stood there talking to him. They were standing right in the very center of the driveway at the entrance from the road to the house . . . The one in khaki shuffled in back of the tall

man in black. Then the one in black sort of raised his hand up and it was very stiff when he did . . . Cars began passing, and they decided to go in the bushes over by the stone fence among the trees. And they stood there very still and stiff. And again the tall man in black raised his hand as if to point, but without bending his elbow. It just swung up and out.

After observing the house for a while, the two men walked back out onto the road. Betty and Bonnie then saw a cream-colored car and a royal-blue car drive away. The cars had been hidden out of sight behind a stone wall and sandbank.

At the time, the house Betty lived in was up for sale, so I assumed that these two men were looking over the property. However, their strange dress and stiff movements remind me vividly of other cases involving CE witnesses.

The legend of the Men in Black (MIB) can be traced all the way back to September of 1953 when UFO researcher Albert K. Bender announced that he had been threatened by three men dressed in black and ceased his UFO investigation and research activities for fear of retribution. Soon after, all kinds of MIB reports were surfacing. Most came from persons of dubious background. Dr. David Michael Jacobs writes:

> Some contactee oriented clubs subscribed to one of the more outlandish flying saucer theories. It held that if a person learned too much about flying saucers . . . then he might expect a visit from the mysterious and frightening Men in Black . . . The MIB theory was remarkably resilient and provided a constant source of anxiety for some individuals who delved deeply into the saucer mystery.[2]

> I have had no experience with three men in black. They certainly have not sought me out! In fact, my personal investigations have only come across a few firsthand reports of this dynamic trio. A number of UFO witnesses *have* received warnings from persons unknown, however. Typically, they were told not to talk about what they had seen. In such cases, the persons rarely numbered three, were not always men, and were not always dressed in black. Some cases involved a group of Air Force officers. (The Air Force denied

that any of their personnel were involved in silencing people and allegedly launched an investigation to prosecute them for impersonating officers. I believe this was just the government's ruse to avoid responsibility.)

My opinion is that the MIB rumor has been kept alive by paranoia—and some real cases where witnesses have crossed paths with government intelligence operatives. Of course, some believe that some MIB are actually aliens or humans under control. I do not deny this possibility, especially since a number of reliable abductees have reported normal-looking human beings worked with aliens on board a UFO. I remember a very surprising comment made by a civilian scientist investigating UFOs in my area for the Air Force-sponsored University of Colorado Project. I was serving as area early-warning coordinator for this project and was investigating local cases jointly with two scientists.

During a telephone conversation, I described a CE-I at Ipswich, Massachusetts. A young woman reported that an oval object rimmed with flashing colored lights suddenly dropped out of the sky and hovered almost directly over the only other person in sight—a man dressed all in black with a black-brimmed hat. She yelled to him about the object. When he saw her, he ran away, seemingly more concerned about her than about the object, which suddenly ascended and sped away. The scientist remarked something like "Why can't we find and talk to some of these people," i.e., the so-called MIB. I got the distinct impression that he had encountered such cases before.

In most cases I am familiar with, strangers warn witnesses to keep quiet or seem to be monitoring their activities. For example, the Oxford, Maine, case involving the abduction of a young man and related psychic effects also involved the appearance of a strange man with a warning.

The abduction reportedly took place on October 27, 1975. On October 29, at approximately 9 A.M., the abductee heard a knock at the front door of his trailer. Opening the door, he was confronted by a stocky stranger about five feet seven in height who wore sunglasses, short dark hair, and dark-blue clothing complete with a blue tie. The witness had never seen him before. The man called him by his first name and asked, with no noticeable accent, if he

were the one who had "seen a flying saucer." The boy replied that he was. The stranger then said, "Better keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for you." The man quickly walked around the corner of a nearby building and out of sight.

MIB reports are not limited to the United States. On May 3, 1975, three domed disks approached a Piper Cub flying near Mexico City. The plane's controls temporarily jammed, and the landing gear was damaged when one of the objects bumped up against the aircraft's underside. When the pilot sent out a radio message for help, the objects streaked off—and were tracked by radar from the airport at Mexico City. Until the plane was able to lower its landing gear and land safely, the airport was closed to all traffic.

After Dr. Hynek interviewed the pilot and made arrangements for a further interview, the young man was forced off the road and threatened by two men and a woman, one brandishing a gun, who told him not to talk further about the incident. He obeyed. (Interestingly enough, the Oxford, Maine, witness continued to talk freely about his experience, and no one bothered him further.)

Again, a number of incidents involving being watched by strangers continued after Bob and Betty married and settled in Connecticut. A few examples follow. Betty is speaking.

> We were going after some auto parts, and this car started to follow us. Bob was the first to realize that we were being followed. We continued along and there was a side street to our left, into a place where there was a housing development. He quickly swung down to the left and the car continued onward and stopped at the intersection. The driver was looking at both sides of the road, up and down, wondering where we had gone. Then we circled around and came around in back of the car. There was a woman driving and it seemed like she was pretending to be stuck or something. We passed her, started toward the foreign auto parts store, and pulled in very quickly. She went speeding by us and stopped again at an intersection.

The woman looked around several times, then sped off. Bob copied her license number and had investigator Larry Fawcett track down the car. It was supposedly registered in the name of a

businessman. At the address, they saw the car, *without number plates*, parked nearly out of sight. Another, smaller car now sported the license plates they had spotted.

The next incident involved Bob's entrapment of their monitor. Unfortunately, in their moment of triumph, neither took down the license plate of the car! Again, Betty tells the story:

> We came down to the small intersection and stop sign there. A car pulled out to the left and followed us. We took a left, and I said to Bob, "It seems as if that car is following us." And he says, "We'll very shortly see." He went up the street a little ways and took a right up towards the church where it said: "Not a through way." But we knew there *was* a through way he could use to get out of the church yard. When we swung up and around, the car following us came to a stop right at that street and sat there. Then it backed around and came back down to the stop sign. Meanwhile, we had swung around and came down to the same stop sign so *we were facing him* to the right of us. It looked like he was embarrassed, and he took off real fast down the street.

Why should any official agency waste the time, money, and resources to monitor UFO abductees? What kind of information could possibly be obtained by transitory helicopter flights over someone's house? Perhaps the many incidents reported to me by Betty and Bob Luca are strange only to the eyes of the observer; if so, they will give the reader some idea of what a Close Encounter can do in influencing the human mind. Perhaps we are dealing with startling coincidences coupled with people who are unsettled because of their UFO experiences. One cannot prove that some intelligence agency was following the Lucas. However, similar events are reported by other very sane and reliable people including experienced UFO investigators, ranchers, and law-enforcement officers investigating cattle mutilations.

Isolated cases go back to 1953, but the mutilations have picked up drastically since 1974. By 1975 there were 180 cases in Colorado alone and between June 1976 and January 1977, 700 mutilations occurred in fifteen midwestern states. Most of the affected animals were cows but there were events involving steer, sheep, pigs,

rabbits, buffalo, and poultry. The mutilations have also been reported in Canada, France, Brazil, Bolivia, Sweden, Australia, England, and Scotland.

Typically, the animals are found with selected parts missing, such as eyes, tongue, sexual organs, udders, and pieces of skin. The cuts are made with surgical precision. Sometimes the animals are completely drained of blood. No tracks are found around the victims and in many cases, predators will not touch the carcasses. UFOs and strange small humanoids have been seen in the vicinity of the mutilations by cattlemen and lawmen providing circumstantial evidence for UFO involvement.

NOTES

[1]Raymond E. Fowler, "Government Surveillance," *Casebook of a UFO Investigator* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1981), pp. 172–81.

[2]David Michael Jacobs, *The UFO Controversy in America* (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1975), p. 123.

14. What on Earth Is Happening?

After *The Andreasson Affair* was published, I received scores of letters and phone calls. Even now hardly a week goes by when someone does not phone or write about it.

Many letters, of course, have been from people who think they have had similar UFO encounters. Such people are looking for help, wanting answers I cannot give. One lady wrote that she too had a needle stuck in her navel by aliens during a UFO abduction. She informed me that she had willed her navel to me for scientific research and that it would be sent to me upon her death. My poor wife—who puts up with enough of this as it is—remarked that this would be the last straw. "When that navel arrives," she said, "I go."

A number of these communications concern people who saw Betty's bizarre experience as confirmation of their own particular belief systems including such diverse elements as alchemy, Eastern mysticism, mind-expansion and mind-control groups, and various expressions of Christianity and psychology.

In 1965, astronomer Dr. Gerald S. Hawkins proposed that ancient peoples were a lot smarter than some scientists had thought. Hawkins suggested that ancient Stonehenge had once

been a giant astronomical computer. Concerning the mixed reaction to this theory, Hawkins made the following observation in the introductory material of his classic *Stonehenge Decoded*:

> Connoisseurs of the curious say that the appearance of any story to do with any aspect of science vs. mystery almost automatically releases a large impassioned fringe response these days. Whatever the subject of the triggering article, these responders are said to bring the discussion quickly around to their particular chosen realm of conjecture.[1]

All too often we are guilty of twisting or realigning ideas to fit our own belief structure. Some writers might have been tempted to leave out some of the seeming absurdities and high strangeness of the Andreasson Affair. However, both my editor and I felt that not putting it all out there would be unfair to those evaluating the evidence.

I have tried to present the material in this book and in its predecessor in an objective way, avoiding dogmatic interpretations and limiting personal comments. The most I can say is that I believe the experiences recorded in both books are real. There is no way I could properly express the many interpretations of all these armchair detectives, religionists, and scientists who have written me.

None of these fine ladies and gentlemen have, of course, been privy to the results of the phase two investigation. Their views are based upon the original Andreasson Affair and/or other similar cases. One wonders what their reaction will be to the fantastic experiences recorded in this book. However, some of their ideas may have great merit in solving the mystery behind CE-IIIs. From my own point of view, the primary question here is not whether UFOs exist as physical objects; military and civilian researchers have already proven this to be actual fact. Such *objective* cases are documented in two of my other books.[2] Rather, what is the stimulus for the more *subjective* CE-III experience? And is the experience real or imaginary?

One of the more harsher criticisms of the Andreasson Affair was a review by Ernest Taves, a psychoanalyst and member of the superskeptical organization known as the Committee for the Sci-

entific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal. Believing that the high public interest in UFO's, psychic phenomena, and other alleged anomalies is a threat to Western civilization, CSICOP identifies all paranormal reports as outright hoaxes, misguided misinterpretations, psychoses, and superstition.

Taves's review appeared in CSICOP's journal, appropriately titled *The Skeptical Enquirer.*

> The aliens are capable of extragalactic flight. Exceeding the speed of light poses them no problem. They have crossed extragalactic space to observe us since the beginning of time.... Granting this, we must be incredulous at their manifest inability to communicate meaningful intelligence. Never, surely, in the history of space travel have aliens come so far for so long to communicate so little.
>
> Let us invoke Occam's Razor. This powerful directive suggests that we consider which is the simpler, more reasonable, more rational explanation of this exotic adventure: (1) Betty was taken aboard an extragalactic spacecraft by aliens who have been visiting earth since the beginning of time but haven't been able to effect meaningful communication with man. (2) Betty recalled, or relived, in hypnosis, a dream or fantasy (or a number of them) that had meaning and utility in terms of her life history and her emotional needs.
>
> ... it must be emphasized that reports obtained from hypnotized subjects do not necessarily correspond to external, objective, verifiable reality.... Indeed, Dr. Edelstein said he could not say how much of Betty's story was real and how much was *imaginary* ... the subjective realities thus elicited [provide] a wealth of sexual symbolism and imagery. Phallic symbols appear in Betty's drawings, and the aliens penetrate her orifices. There is displacement here, as might be expected, the umbilicus being implicated rather than the more convenient (medically speaking) and nearby vagina—and not for the first time in abductee literature. And there is much more, including for example ... the theme of return to innocence—to, if you will, the womb, as in the immersion in the fluid-filled chair. The feeding in this chair, which felt so good to Betty, is susceptible of multiple inter-

> pretation, including breast feeding . . . but in the absence of a proper history, we don't know what to make of it. Fowler's text is as free from references to sex as the most repressed Victorian novel . . .
>
> We must surmise, for example, that the Andreassons had an active sex life—seven children born between 1937 and 1963. We know that on the evening in question Betty had been deprived of her husband for more than a month before because of his hospitalization . . . There is a fleeting reference to marital problems, and we know they were divorced between the night of the dream and the time of its recall; but we are told almost nothing else of their relationship. The investigation is seriously flawed, in Fowler's account, by the absence of any attempt to ask the obviously indicated questions.
>
> We have also the business of the nasal probe entering an orifice and penetrating a membrane, a veil. Granted that long-distance psychoanalysis is hazardous . . . we should wonder here about loss of innocence or initiation into adulthood. Indeed, *veil* is a common enough lay term for hymen. But we can't say more about the meaning of this part of the tale because the indicated inquiry was not made—or at least not reported. . . . the greater the extent to which the elicited material can be shown to make sense in terms of the history and psychodynamics of Betty Andreasson, the lesser need to seek exotic explanations.[3]

I feel relatively sure that Betty's experience would receive similar psychological interpretations by other psychoanalysts, and not necessarily only those with an anti-UFO bias. As Hawkins so adeptly pointed out, people tend to "bring the discussion quickly around to their particular chosen realm of conjecture."

Another point of view is that of veteran UFO researcher Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle, a psychologist and director of the Division of Counseling and Testing at the University of Wyoming. The July 1980 *MUFON UFO Journal* presented this condensation of his paper "UFO Contactees: Captive Collaborators or Cosmic Citizens?," presented at the MUFON UFO Symposium at Houston, Texas; June 7, 1980:

> Dr. Sprinkle has interviewed more than 250 alleged contactees who claim to have experienced some kind of psychic impressions

related to their UFO encounters. Approximately 120 claimants participated in hypnotic time regression procedures as a means of further exploring their "loss of time" experience reported in the course of a UFO encounter . . . These persons recall memories of apparent abduction and examination by alien beings . . . Many reported unusual physiological, psychological, and psychic manifestations, along with feelings of being monitored and/or receiving "mental messages" from their . . . contacts.

As a preliminary measure, more than 250 participants in the program were subjected to a battery of standard psychological tests, including the Adjective Check List, Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, Strong-Campbell Interest Inventory, and the 16 Personality Factors Test. In general, participant scores were in line with those of normal American adults and failed to support any notion of a "psychosis hypothesis" . . . that people reporting UFOs are undergoing neurotic or psychotic reactions at the time . . .

Dr. Sprinkle's hypothesis, after personal observations made over a span of years, is that these people are somehow changing from Planetary Persons to Cosmic Citizens. "These individuals seem to exhibit a caring concern for all humankind . . . not only their immediate family and friends. They seemed to have developed many of the characteristics which have been described as those of 'Cosmic Consciousness'."

While he admits that many objections remain as to the objectivity of abduction testimony recovered under hypnosis, Dr. Sprinkle offers one hypothesis that experienced investigators are in position to consider: those persons who claim UFO encounters, but who refuse to "go public," may risk difficulties in developing successful lives; those persons who claim UFO encounters, and who become "witnesses" or who are willing to "go public," may risk social ridicule, but their personal lives will be enhanced. This is a potential behavioral pattern reminiscent of "born again" religious conversions and certainly worthy of study.

In a position statement prepared for an encyclopedia, Dr. Sprinkle states:.

> The status of UFO evidence is a deluge, not a delusion . . . UFO percipients show a wide range of age, education, occupa-

> tion and cultural background ... they are convinced of the reality of their experiences; however, traditional scientific methods do not provide "proof" ... In my opinion, the present evidence for UFO phenomena indicates (tentatively) that the Earth is the object of a survey by intelligent beings from some other civilization(s). However, the evidence is not sufficient to determine the origins, purposes, and powers of these intelligent beings. The challenge of the UFO problem is to develop our scientific and spiritual knowledge so that we can ... communicate more effectively with other beings who coexist in this complex universe.[4]

A noted parapsychologist, D. Scott Rogo is presently lecturer in parapsychology at John F. Kennedy University, where he teaches graduate courses in the School of General Studies. He is the author, coauthor, or editor of over a score of books and anthologies of the paranormal, including two on the relationship of parapsychology and UFOs.

> The idea that UFOs are somehow linked to our minds gains ... credence when we consider the people who had close contact with them. A close encounter with UFO ... occupants is not always a once-in-a-lifetime occurrence. It often preludes what may become a lifelong ordeal of continued alien contact or psychic attack. For years, UFO researchers have been aware of "paranormal fallout"—often a person who has interacted with a UFO will experience psychic events for years to come, apparently as an indirect outcome of his experience.
>
> But why should there be a link between something as seemingly unrelated as a UFO and a poltergeist infestation? ... Parapsychologists have learned that poltergeists are violent telekinetic (or psychokinetic) displays that occur when a family, or member of the family living in the besieged house, cannot deal with psychological stress. The poltergeist is projected, so to speak, when this person unconsciously allows his innate mind-over-matter abilities to run amok ... UFOs, like poltergeists, may be at least tenuously connected to our own minds and may be projected in times of psychological stress. It is also interesting to note that some UFO witnesses start having psychic

experiences after close UFO encounters; while other witnesses seem to have a lifetime history of psychic abilities.

But if UFOs are only quasi-physical, how can we explain their occupants? Strange as this may seem, UFO occupants don't seem to be truly flesh-and-blood. They have a habit of disappearing into thin air, walking through solid walls or closed windows . . . They may be the product of a mass of psychic effect generated by an entire culture, or through the psychic abilities of an individual mind . . . My . . . premise [is] that a UFO is often symbiotically linked to the individual mind that perceived it, or may be linked to some sort of group mind. The UFO or "UFO drama" will therefore take on a personal meaning to the person who sees it.[5]

Still another point of view on CE-IIIs comes from MUFON researcher-investigator Willard D. Nelson. In a privately published paper, Nelson takes the position that Betty and her family actually did experience an initial real but *transitory* physical UFO event in 1967. This, in turn, became the stimulus for a more complex, nonphysical *mental* experience instigated by the effects of hypnosis coupled with investigators' questions and Betty's fantasies. The following are excerpts taken from Nelson's paper, "A Viewpoint on the Andreasson Affair."

> Mr. Fowler appears convinced that this is an objective CE-III, and considers it a case of great importance . . . Though it may have been an objective happening at the beginning, the investigators appear to be too close and too involved for perspective. Also they appear to be unaware of related mental phenomena which may have drastically influenced and embellished the reconstruction of the experience *at a much later date*, an embellishment supplied by . . . the investigative hypnotic procedures itself . . . It seems certain that something physical and sensory happened in 1967 to get the ball rolling. We might accept that entities . . . were moving around in her backyard, as confirmed by her father, Waino. This is consistent with other reports of UFO-related entities approaching houses, usually leaving quickly. . . . They are briefly observed. They have only rarely entered uninvited . . . With Andreasson, the question is:

> "Where does one cut off the *real* story and begin the 'LSD-like trip'?" Before it ever started? Sometime after the initial event? . . .
>
> Brain biochemical research reportedly has indicated that [the brain can] manufacture its own hallucinogenic compounds under proper stimulus. Betty's experiences aboard the spaceship, and especially after the examination, are very much like experiences reported under the influence of LSD. One should read psychedelic books . . . such as *High Priest* by Timothy Leary and *Exploring Inner Space* by Jane Dunlap, to get the flavor of similar dreamlike realities. It could be that most of what happened to Betty happened in her consciousness [and was similar to the mind and surroundings at the time of an LSD trip. This would be] all-important to the content and to whether it is a good, bad, or indifferent trip . . .
>
> Let us require ourselves to know Betty's *set* and *setting* during the time of the hypnotic investigations . . . This *set* included the UFO knowledge and preconceptions of the investigators, and everyone got to ask questions loaded with suggestions. . . . As a further *set*, Betty had been wondering for ten years what had occurred that night, and no doubt had built up fantasies in her mind. . . . A primary *set* is Betty's dynamic religious/mystical orientation that seeks expression in some way . . . Her conscious belief system is strong fundamentalist Christian, but the mystical tendency is also very strong, in my opinion.[6]

Nelson also theorizes that Betty had undergone an out-of-body experience. No one is absolutely certain of the nature of these oft-reported experiences. We had considered the possibility, but Betty had never described a key element to this type of experience. Most people actually look back upon their physical body as they leave it and see it again as they return. This was not experienced by Betty during the 1967 abduction. Interestingly enough, she *did* experience such a thing during her abduction as a thirteen-year-old, in 1950. (It would seem that Betty could not go behind the Great Door to meet the One in her physical body.) This would imply that everything prior and after this out-of-body experience had an actual basis is physical reality.

Nelson, nevertheless, makes some interesting comparisons with Sufi mysticism, especially concerning Betty's postexamination experience where she passed through the dark rock-chipped tunnel into a strange realm that she insisted was a real physical place.

> On her guided trip after the examination and purification, she passed through black tunnels and red and green realms . . . In Sufi mysticism the color of the space one finds in meditation is indicative of the realm (or sphere) of consciousness one has entered and of the level of the soul one is experiencing . . . after Betty's examination and preparation (in the *wet* chairs) for the inward trip, there were three phases to her LSD-like experiences, corresponding to the black, red, and green realms, after which she ascended to a high place. This is very much like a symbolic unfoldment and transition through the three levels of the soul as discussed by Professor Henry Corpin. (*The Man of Light in Iranian Sufism*, Shambhala Publications, Inc., 1978) . . . Even Fowler suggests her trip may have been a sort of spiritual initiation, but digresses and talks about the possibility of interstellar missionaries who may be trying to convert us by use of our own inner symbols and universal truths . . . This would certainly fuel the case for those religionists who are saying that UFOs are "God's Chariots" and that they contain good or bad angels . . . It will certainly take more than this one example to make a strong case for the extraterrestrial missionary theory.[7]

Nelson's suggestion that hypnosis may have triggered the bulk of Betty's (and Bob's) CE-III is worth separate discussion. In recent years a renewed interest in therapeutic hypnosis has led to its increasing use as a forensic tool by investigative agencies. This has caused a bitter root of contention between the academic world and law-enforcement officials.

Both the Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis and the International Society of Hypnosis believe only persons trained in psychology should use hypnosis. They hold that it is unethical to train police officers to use it. Constance Holden, writing for *Science*, quotes Dr. Martin Orne, psychiatrist and head of the hypnosis research laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania.

> There is no way . . . by which anyone—even a psychologist or psychiatrist with extensive training in the field of hypnosis—can for any particular piece of information determine whether it is an actual memory versus a confabulation *unless* there is independent verification.[8]

Holden goes on to state:

> Orne warns that the vividness of detail characteristic of description of events given under hypnosis can convey the impression of authenticity—but the fact is that, given the slightest suggestion, the unfettered mind is off and running. Hence a person in a hypnotic trance can describe with great conviction what the world will be like in the year 2000, or what happened when he was abducted by a flying saucer, or her former life as a domestic servant in 17th century Ireland.[9]

But real past events are also retrievable through hypnosis. One of this nation's leaders in the use of forensic hypnosis is the Los Angeles Police Department. Its behavioral sciences section is headed by clinical psychologist Dr. Martin Reiser, who has directed the Law Enforcement Hypnosis Institute since 1976. Holden comments:

> Reiser dismisses the notion that the suggestibility of the hypnotic state makes an individual especially prone to influence by leading questions. That problem, he said, "exists independent of hypnosis . . . The form of question is what counts, not whether a person is under hypnosis." Psychiatrists and psychologists, he says, do not understand this, because even those schooled in therapeutic hypnosis usually do not know how to conduct investigative hypnosis. He says that when people are properly trained in investigative hypnosis, they know how to question a subject so as to avoid opening "emotional cans of worms and skeletons in the closet," and are able to focus specifically on the person's memory of the event in question.[10]

To Reiser's credit, hypnosis has been and is being successfully used by law enforcement agencies. Over 850 investigators from all over the country have graduated from the Law Enforcement Hypnosis Institute. Holden gives some examples:

The forensic use of hypnosis has occasionally produced striking breakthroughs: in 1973, after the bombing of an Israeli bus, the driver was able to recall details about a passenger that led to the apprehension of the terrorists; some years later, in Chowchilla, California, another bus driver was able to recall most of the license plate number of a van in which children had been abducted from a school bus. This year brought a particularly unusual hypnosis-aided solution to an old crime: a 44-year-old North Carolina woman was able to dredge up a repressed memory of a gruesome event 35 years before when her mother had murdered her father, chopped him up, and hidden the remains in an outhouse.[11]

By now, it should be quite obvious that the ancient art of hypnosis is still really in its infancy. One of America's top hypnosis researchers, Dr. Ernest Hilgard, of Stanford University, states:

> We don't know enough about the ordinary waking consciousness to be able to speculate on just what sort of state of consciousness hypnosis represents.[12]

That is just a professional way of saying, "We know what it does but not what it is." As with electricity, we know the effects of hypnosis and how to use them but we really can only speculate about its real nature. On November 5, 1980, the *Boston Globe* commented that:

> The Massachusetts Supreme Court declined yesterday to say whether it will follow the lead of courts in some other states—chiefly in the Midwest—in approving courtroom use of testimony that is the result of hypnosis . . . The Court said it needs more information on the reliability of such testimony, and on the procedures followed in hypnotizing and questioning a witness . . . The. . . Court warned that because of the "inherent possibility of suggestiveness" by police or prosecutors in questioning post-hypnotic persons, the prosecution must prove that the hypnotically aided testimony "has sufficient reliability" before it can be accepted as evidence against a defendant.[13]

The same battle is being fought within the rank and file of UFOlogy. Dr. Alvin Lawson is a professor of English on the faculty

of the California State University in Long Beach. In 1977, he and a medical doctor, W. C. McCall, conducted comparative studies of imaginary and alleged real UFO-abductee experiences retrieved via hypnosis.

The eight persons chosen for this interesting experiment were advertised for in a college newspaper. The ad sought creative, verbal individuals to volunteer for a hypnotic experiment involving imagination.

> Imaginary UFO abductions were induced hypnotically in a group of subjects of varied ages with no significant knowledge about UFOs. Eight situational questions comprising the major components of an [allegedly] *real* abduction were asked of each subject.

Each hypnotized volunteer was told to imagine the following scenario:

> 1. Imagine you were in your favorite place, relaxed and comfortable, when you suddenly see a UFO. Describe what you see.
> 2. Imagine you are aboard that UFO. How do you get aboard?
> 3. Imagine you are inside the UFO. Describe what you see there.
> 4. Imagine you are seeing some entities or beings on board that UFO. Describe them as completely as you can.
> 5. You are undergoing some kind of physical examination. Describe what is happening to you.
> 6. You are given some sort of message by the occupants of that UFO. What does the message say, and how was it made known to you?
> 7. You are returned safely to where you were before you sighted the UFO. How did you get there, and how do you feel?
> 8. Imagine it has been some time since you have had that UFO encounter. Is there anything which indicates that your personality or your physiological and/or psychological functions have been affected in any way by your UFO experience?[14]

Lawson summarized the results as follows:

Responses indicated a wide range of imaginative invention, but

an averaged comparison of the imaginary sessions with *real* regressions from the literature indicated almost no substantive differences. Many presumably obscure *patterns* from UFO literature emerged in the imaginary narratives. In addition, there was evidence that ESP-type effects were manifest during some of the hypnosis sessions. The implications of the study for future hypnotic regression of Close Encounter cases, and for abduction cases now deemed of the highest credibility, are unclear at this time.[15]

A number of researchers object to this type of comparison. They say that cueing a person to describe a UFO experience, whether in or out of hypnosis, will of course produce a UFO abduction account. Under hypnosis, the percipient's heightened state of mind could produce an account based upon knowledge of UFOs already unknowingly stored in that person's memory.

A Gallup poll in 1978 indicated that the *awareness factor* concerning UFOs in this country is 93 percent. It would be hard to find a volunteer with no significant UFO knowledge. Movies, television, magazines, and even the UFO headlines of a tabloid newspaper displayed in a supermarket could all be stored in one's subconscious mind.

Dr. James Harder, a veteran UFO researcher who has employed hypnosis on scores of cases, comments on Lawson's experiment:

> A very important difference was that the *real* abductees were convinced that their experiences were real, whereas the imaginary abductees knew theirs was not ... My own reading of samples from the narratives from the imaginary group shows me that there are very large differences in the description of the *alien forms* from those of classic cases ... a substantial degree of similarity was forced by the hypnotist's own suggestions by the framework of the narrative, so that statistically, a large number of degrees of freedom in the correlation have been lost and have not been estimated.[16]

Larson himself acknowledges some of these criticisms and by no means concludes that real abductions have not occurred.

> There is as yet no satisfactory explanation for the patterns and other similarities between real and imaginary abductions ...

> There are many parallels between these patterns and the image constants . . . reported by subjects in drug-induced hallucination experiments and . . . so-called deathbed visions . . . There is reason to accept at least some parts of real abductees' stories as accurate reflections of what their sensory mechanisms have reported. That is, real witnesses are not hoaxing.
>
> Despite many similarities, there are crucial differences—such as alleged physical effects and multiple witnesses—which argue that UFO abductions are separate and distinct from imaginary, hallucinating, and deathbed experiences.[17]

If there is anything to be learned from this discussion on hypnosis, it is that UFO investigators should use a skilled hypnotist, preferably with some background in psychology, in conjunction with a trained investigator who strives to avoid suggestive or leading questions.

During the phase two investigation, we were fortunate to have used a hypnotist with a background in behavioral psychology. My principal investigator was a career policeman professionally trained in investigative procedures and a board member of the Center for UFO Studies.

Another point that should be remembered is that there are a goodly number of Close Encounters, including some abduction experiences, which *are remembered* by the witness without recourse to hypnosis. Their descriptive contents are similar, sometimes identical, to those amnesic experiences ferreted out by hypnosis.

NOTES

[1]Gerald S. Hawkins, *Stonehenge Decoded* (New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1965), p. 123.

[2]Raymond E. Fowler, *UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors* and *Casebook of a UFO Investigator* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1979 and 1981).

[3]Ernest H. Taves, "Betty Through the Looking Glass," *Skeptical Enquirer*, Winter 1979–80, pp. 88–95.

[4]Ronald D. Story, *The Encyclopedia of UFOs* (New York: Dolphin Books–Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1980), p. 349.

[5]Ann Druffel and D. Scott Rogo, *The Tujunga Canyon Contacts* (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1980), pp. 218–220, 223.

[6]Willard D. Nelson, *A Viewpoint on the Andreasson Affair* (18302 Montana Circle, Villa Park, CA 92667, 1980).
[7]Ibid.
[8]Constance Holden, "Forensic Use of Hypnosis on the Increase," *Science*, June 27, 1980, Vol. 208, pp. 1443–1444. Copyright 1980 by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.
[9]Ibid.
[10]Ibid.
[11]Ibid., p. 1443.
[12]Ibid., p. 1444.
[13]Joseph M. Harvey, "High Court Declines to Rule on Hypnotism of Witnesses," The *Boston Globe*, November 5, 1980.
[14]Personal files.
[15]Ibid.
[16]Ibid.
[17]Ronald D. Story, ed., *Encyclopedia of UFOs* (New York: Dolphin Books–Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1980), p. 205.

15. Close Encounters of a Divine Kind?

In 1950, I had just become a Christian and was studying the Bible seriously for the first time. It did not take much imagination for me to draw some interesting parallels between biblical aerial phenomena and "flying disks" (as they were called back then). After a stint with the Air Force I earned a degree in biblical studies, and since then I have written several articles[1] and a recent book[2] that speculate about a connection between UFOs and certain biblical accounts. And I must admit that my interest in *The Andreasson Affair* was heightened by its religious overtones.

But Betty is not the only one to give CE-IIIs a religious or spiritual interpretation. A recent issue of the *Weekly World News*[3] sported the following banner headline:

UFOs ARE PILOTED BY ANGELS FROM GOD

Inside was a story about John Oswald, a well-known UFO investigator who has spent well over a decade documenting UFO

sightings in and around Exeter, New Hampshire. Very few knew that John also had been preparing a lengthy thesis to bolster his position that connects Christianity with UFOs!

Recently, another issue of *Weekly World News* contained a costly full-page advertisement placed by Lydia Stalnaker, a well-known UFO abductee. Lydia's UFO experience, like Betty's and Bob's, was probed by well-known researchers and investigators. She too had relived a vivid abduction experience while under hypnosis. The caption emblazoned over Lydia's ad reads:

> **GOD SENT ME ON AN AMAZING JOURNEY TO RECEIVE A SPECIAL MESSAGE—AND TO BRING YOU A WONDERFUL GIFT.**[4]

What was the so-called wonderful gift? One of her alien abductees, called Antron, allegedly gave her a replica of a cross that supposedly has all kinds of helping and healing powers! And a recent issue of the incredulous pulp magazine *UFO Sightings*[5] sports this blurb on its cover: NEW UFO RELIGION: KEY TO MAN'S SALVATION.

The August, 1979, issue of *Time*[6] described a UFO cult led by Marshall H. Applewhite, a former music teacher, and Bonnie Lu Nettles. This dynamic duo, dubbed "Bo and Peep," had held a series of spectacular West Coast meetings to announce that a spaceship would soon arrive to swoop properly trained "apostles" up into the next level of existence. *Time* commented that this group sounded like "a cross between the Book of Revelation and Arthur C. Clarke's science-fiction book, *Childhood's End*." As many as two hundred people forsook jobs, possessions, and even spouses and children to follow Bo and Peep!

Of course, most UFO researchers would not take seriously the view that UFOs contain good or bad angels. But this startling concept, born within the avant-garde of UFOlogy, has finally begun to influence the thoughts of this country's leading veteran UFO researchers. Their names are bywords in the annals of UFO history and their opinions influence the very fabric of UFO research.

People like Dr. Hynek, for example, have moved from a theorized nuts-and-bolts concept of extraterrestrial UFOs to a view of quasi-physical UFOs that originate from a parallel universe or alternate

reality. Hynek, a professional astronomer and former consultant to Air Force UFO projects, betrays this trend in his statements over the past several years. In 1976, he stated:

> . . . The subject is much more complex than any of us imagined. It has paranormal aspects but certainly it has very real physical aspects, too . . . If we are finally forced by the evidence itself to go into the paranormal, then we will.[7]

Then, in 1977:

> The extraterrestrial theory runs up against a very big difficulty, namely, that we are seeing too many UFOs. The Earth is only a spot of dust in the Universe. Why should it be honored with so many visits? I am inclined to think in terms of something metaterrestrial, a sort of parallel reality.[8]

Again, in 1978:

> Certainly the phenomenon has psychic aspects . . . UFOs seem to materialize and dematerialize . . . people who've had UFO experiences [claim] to have developed psychic ability. There have been reported cases of healings in close encounters and there have been reported cases of precognition, where people had foreknowledge or forewarning that they were going to see something. There has been a change of outlook, a change of philosophy of person's lives . . . those are rather tricky things to talk about openly, but it's there.[9]

In the past, such statements would most certainly have applied to religion! Dr. Jacques Vallee is a computer scientist and former consultant to the Air Force on UFOs.

In his first book, *Anatomy of a Phenomenon* (1965),[10] and later in *Challenge to Science: The UFO Enigma* (1966),[11] Vallee obviously leaned toward the probability that UFOs were physical and extraterrestrial.

Other books followed and one can plainly see his drift from a pure nuts-and-bolts UFO to a quasi-physical definition.

> There is a physical object. That may be a *flying* saucer, or it may be a *projection*, or it may be something different.[12]

Concerning the purpose behind actual or projected UFO visitations, Vallee suggests:

That what takes place through close encounters with UFOs is control of human beliefs, control of the relationship between our consciousness and physical reality, that this control has been in force throughout history and that it is of secondary importance that it should now assume the form of sightings of space visitors.

> When the object we call UFO is visible to us in the reality of everyday life, I think it constitutes *both* a physical entity with mass, inertia, volume, etcetera, which we can measure, *and* a window toward another mode of reality for at least some of the percipients.[13]

To me, the interesting thing is that these thought-provoking words are not far removed from a description of a so-called spiritual experience or a religious vision.

When Vallee suggests that encounters with UFOs cause a "control of human beliefs . . . that . . . has been in force throughout history," one could just as easily rephrase his statement and substitute "God" or "angel" for "UFO." In fact, Vallee's words are not too far removed from those of the aliens, who allegedly told Betty that they have been visiting the earth "since the beginning of time,"[14] that "because of great love, they cannot let man continue in the footsteps he is going," and that "man is not made just of flesh and blood . . . knowledge is sought out through the spirit."[15] These words sound like they were taken from the Bible!

Dr. Frank Salisbury received his Ph.D. in plant physiology and geochemistry from the California Institute of Technology and is professor of plant physiology at Utah State University. He has served as a consultant to NASA on three special committees. His many contributions to UFO research include a fine book published in 1974.[16] After years of defending the extraterrestrial spaceship hypothesis, he too has joined this countertrend of thought:

> Reported UFO activities seem too irrational, too closely related to occult, psychic, and religious phenomena, and generally too full of confusion and controversy to logically represent the activities of visitors from other star systems.
>
> At the same time, I find it *increasingly attractive* to consider UFO activities within the framework of my own *religious convictions* [italics mine]. Such ideas are not objective or verifiable

and thus are not scientific. They can only be shared with individuals who share the same religious convictions. For this reason I have decided to withdraw from active UFO research.[17]

What is causing some of UFOlogy's best researchers to disregard the ETI spaceship hypothesis?

It might be what I'll call the Sagan Supposition:

The interest in unidentified flying objects derives, perhaps, not so much from scientific curiosity as from unfulfilled religious needs. Flying saucers serve, for some, to replace the gods that science has deposed. With their distant and exotic worlds and their pseudoscientific overlay, the contact accounts are acceptable to many people who reject the older religious frameworks. Honesty requires that, in evaluating the observations, we accept only the most rigorous logic and the most convincing evidence. At the present time, there is no evidence that unambiguously connects the various flying saucer sightings and contact tales with extraterrestrial intelligence.[18]

Carl Sagan, of course, is merely echoing other scientists who are firmly wedded to the scientific method and the belief that current laws of physics are inviolable. Sagan reasons that some *believe in* UFOs as a substitute for former, discarded beliefs in established religion or find an outlet in UFOlogy for natural religious impulses. I suggest that perhaps Sagan himself falls into a similar category, except he has made science his god and the laws of physics his theology!

However, there are also scientists, like Sagan, who have attempted over the years to study UFOs strictly out of scientific curiosity. The early visual fly-bys of distant objects, photographic evidence, and radar-visual reports provided evidence for UFOs' physical reality. They seemed to be a legitimate subject for usual scientific inquiry.

But later it became apparent that the UFOs being observed seemed dualistic in nature, exhibiting the bizarre characteristics of being both with and without mass. Their speeds, right-angle turns, and apparent materialization and dematerialization put them beyond the pale of orthodox scientific study.

Some UFO researchers would drop out at this point. After all, life is short and other things more easily applicable to study by the scientific method were readily available. Chasing something like UFOs seemed beyond the grasp of twentieth-century science. But others boldly declared that it was important to lay the groundwork for a future understanding of the weird objects for twenty-first-century science. Some, brave enough to postulate that current understanding of physical laws might be expanded and revised, felt that the final solution to UFOs would be a quantum leap in mankind's knowledge.

However, the closer man interfaced with UFOs, the stranger they became. Close Encounters of the First, then the Second, and finally the Third Kinds began to occur. There seemed to be far too many objects being reported, an embarrassment of riches. How could so many races be visiting the earth at once? Trapped by ever-growing strangeness on one side and the limitation imposed by the speed of light on the other, these scientists took another position that to many onlookers seemed even more exotic than the ETI space-travelers theory. UFOs now became paraphysical travelers from a parallel universe with a message for mankind, creatures who somehow had discovered the means to dematerialize in one plane of existence and materialize in another. Outspoken researcher Budd Hopkins wrote recently that it has been easier for them "to invent and polish earthly, though paranormal or even quasi-religious explanations for what we observe than to understand the technologies, values, and methods of another world."[19]

In a recent editorial, Richard Hall, veteran UFO researcher and editor of the *MUFON UFO Journal*, made the following comments toward researchers who have been caught up in the new trend:

> Who knows how extraterrestrials *ought* to behave? Such thinking is presumption, not science. The scientific skeptics reject the UFO data, seeing it as an affront to science. Others accept the UFO data but reject the extraterrestrial hypothesis in favor of other dimensions, or whatever, showing an all-too-eager readiness to assume that science doesn't work and they know better how to explain UFOs.
>
> Although totally speculative, the simplest assumption that

can be made to bridge the behavior gap is that extraterrestrials have a superior understanding of how to control and apply natural phenomena, physical and possibly also mental. . . . What may seem to us to be paranormal (not understood by science) could be perfectly normal to them. The only way to find out is to gather more and better objective data carefully descriptive of what is occurring. Then our scientific concepts and theories may have to be expanded gradually to encompass the facts. The factual horse must precede the theoretical cart, regardless of the driver's personal preferences.[20]

Budd Hopkins paraphrased a statement by astronomer Dr. Robert Jastrow which critiqued the new trend.

If the UFO phenomenon is actually an extraterrestrial probe of some sort, they have to be technologically greatly in advance of us. And if this is true, whatever they do will not make complete sense to us. If it does seem completely logical and consistent, it is probably not extraterrestrial in origin.[21]

In other words, Hopkins remarks, "only if their behavior seems paranormal are we possibly dealing with extraterrestrials."

Robert Jastrow is the founder and director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, professor of astronomy and geology at Columbia University and professor of earth sciences at Dartmouth College. He is author of *Red Giants and White Dwarfs* and *Until the Sun Dies.*

Dr. Barry Downing, a MUFON consultant in the area of theology, pastors the Northminster Presbyterian Church in Endwell, New Jersey. Dr. Downing has also written a book which vigorously propounds the so-called religionist position, entitled *The Bible and Flying Saucers.*[22]

Adrian V. Clark, a scientist who was associated with NASA's Saturn V moon vehicle project, was instrumental in the development of the Vanguard satellite-launching program, and is one of the world's most respected authorities in the field of space vehicles and rocket propulsion. In addition to his role as adviser at Marshall Space Flight Center, he is an influential member of several pro-

fessional scientific societies. Clark has also written a book espousing this same theory.[23]

This position has now found its way into Christian periodicals, pulp magazines, national tabloids, books, and magazines. Dr. Ted Peters, also a MUFON consultant in theology, is an ordained minister of the American Lutheran Church and is currently associate professor of systematic theology at Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary and the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California. Although not an advocate of the religionist position, Dr. Peters makes the following comment concerning the movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

> The dramatic climax of the film could have been taken from the closing pages of the Book of Revelation. . . . The UFO encountered in the final scene is no ordinary flying saucer [but] a gigantic city, a celestial metropolis. It descends upon earth with the majesty and opulence befitting the prophesied New Jerusalem: "He took me to the top of an enormous high mountain, and showed me Jerusalem, the holy city, coming down from God out of heaven. It had all the radiant glory of God and glittered like some precious Jewel . . ." (Revelation 21). The film's color and drama offer an apocalyptic phantasmagoria portraying our hoped-for superterrestrial redemption.[24]

Dr. Peters has published several scholarly articles and books on modern philosophy and theology; one entitled: *UFOs—God's Chariots? Flying Saucers in Politics, Science and Religion*[25] has received positive reviews in theological journals and UFO literature. In an address to researchers gathered at the MUFON Annual UFO Symposium at San Francisco in July of 1979, Dr. Peters stated:

> After much research and thought, it has become my own judgment that there is in fact a religious dimension to the UFO phenomenon. It takes the form of a covert system of symbols evoking in us a sense of (1) transcendence, (2) omniscience, (3) perfection, and (4) salvation. . . .
>
> Neither traditional theology nor the established church hierarchy is likely to crumble with the advent of even the most

> startling UFO revelations. But . . . as people begin to make an emotional investment in UFOs and pin their hopes upon them, the situation is ripe for idolatry . . . To trust in anything other than God Himself is to violate the First Commandment. . . .
>
> UFOs present our imaginations with the possibility of a superterrestrial technology dedicated to meeting all our moral and spiritual needs . . . But these . . . problems concerning the relationship between the human heart and the divine will . . . can be solved only through God's work in our lives. No technology can do it, whether . . . terrestrial or extraterrestrial. To place one's trust in UFOs is to build a house on sand.

Dr. Peters does not believe that UFOs involve the visitation of angels, but, he too has recognized such a view's implications and tremendous attraction. He too recognizes a religious dimension to the UFO phenomenon.

The religionist position too has subjective and objective elements and encompasses differing beliefs as to just whose angels are controlling the UFOs: God's, Satan's, or some of each. Dr. Robert L. Hymers, Jr., founder of five large Protestant churches in the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas, believes that "the present increase of UFO activity may be part of Satan's plan to prepare mankind psychologically for the Big Lie . . . to trick the masses of people."[26]

Dr. Downing comments on this side of the religionist position.

> Much modern science fiction . . . has dealt with the theme that the Earth might be "invaded" by evil powers from another world. This view is not too far from the view of Christian fundamentalism that there are evil powers, devils, and demons, beyond man's control, which can invade this world . . .
>
> Reliable or not, there are reports of UFOs shooting down fighter planes (usually after being attacked first), of *humanoids* giving off strange sounds and smells, of *UFOs* or their *occupants* paralyzing humans with various types of weapons, and also of humans being kidnapped, and later released, often with severe psychological aftereffects. . . . Furthermore, people who have been in contact with UFOs sometimes develop unusual psychic powers . . . UFO stories often border on spiritualism.

> How do we develop a consistent theory to explain the "unpleasant" data associated with UFOs? The most obvious way is to say that UFOs, from a human point of view, are evil.[27]

Dr. Downing goes on to state that Christian fundamentalists believe the appearance of such UFOs "means that the Devil and his demons have been set loose on Earth in preparation for the end and the Second Coming." He mentions two other popular books being read and expounded in fundamentalist circles which espouse the theory that UFOs are Satanic: *UFOs and Their Mission Impossible* (Wilson, 1974) and *UFOs: What on Earth Is Happening?* (Weldon/Levitt, 1975):

> The weakness of the works of Wilson and Weldon is they support a religious dualism, of God and the Devil who are almost coequals fighting for the Earth.[28]

Downing also remarks that what is apparently evil for one might be a blessing for another:

> . . . the "pillar of cloud and fire" may have caused the parting of the Red Sea to save the Jews. This same power drowned the Egyptians. From the Jewish point of view, the pillar of cloud was an angel; from the Egyptian point of view, a demon.[29]

The Bible plainly teaches the existence of *both* good and bad messengers (angels) from above. Indeed, modern studies of so-called demonology and alleged demon possession contain striking parallels with some UFO accounts. For a popular yet scholarly documented treatise on such matters I would refer the reader to a book entitled: *Hostages to the Devil* written by Malachi Martin.[30] Not some uneducated country preacher, Martin is a former Jesuit professor at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome, was trained in theology at Louvain, studied at Oxford and the Hebrew University, and specialized in the Dead Sea Scrolls and intertestamentary studies. His doctorate is in Semitic languages, archaeology, and Oriental history. The author of seven books and many articles, he is religion editor of *The National Review*. Dr. Ernest Van Den Hagg, psychoanalyst and professor of Social Philosophy at New York University, states that Dr. Martin's book is "a milestone in the understanding of possession and exorcism."

The book, whose source material involves full accounts of possession and exorcism documented by the Roman Catholic Church, is well worth reading for a well-rounded view of UFOs. All of these proposed explanations for cases like the Andreasson Affair have merit and deserve detailed study, but in the last analysis, none of them prove anything. All propose *some* possible answers, but none of them provide all.

Why have I not discussed the possibility that Betty and her husband are closet psychotics? Our investigation has evaluated this possibility as highly improbable. In addition to the medical interview Betty was subjected to during the phase one investigation, she was examined again by the same doctor prior to my writing this book. His statement will be found in one of the Appendices.

When planning schedules and designing equipment, in the defense business, program managers often like to play a game called "What if?" When planning of war strategies, military think tanks do the same thing.

In a very real sense, our discussion of proposed solutions to the Andreasson Affair has been a form of this intriguing game. But, one important facet of this game has yet to be played in all fairness to Betty and Bob Luca. What if their experiences *really* happened exactly as reported? What if the entities *are* exactly who they are purported to be? What if their perceptions *are* accurate in that all but one small facet of their experiences was grounded in physical reality?

NOTES

[1]Raymond E. Fowler, "The Bible and the UFO" and "Whatever Happened to UFOs?," *Christian Life*, November 1966 and July 1972; and Raymond E. Fowler, "UFOs—Food for Thought," *Journal of the American Scientific Affiliation*, March 1976.

[2]Raymond E. Fowler, *The Melchizedek Connection* (St. Paul, Minnesota: Trinity Publishing House, 1981). Available only from author.

[3]*Weekly World News*, December 16, 1980.

[4]Ibid., January 27, 1981.

[5]*UFO Sightings*, May 1981.

[6]Religion: "Flying Saucery in the Wilderness," *Time*, August 27, 1979, p. 58.

[7]Ronald Story, *The Encyclopedia of UFOs*, (New York: Dolphin Books, Doubleday & Co., 1980), p. 180.
[8]Ibid.
[9]Ibid.
[10]Jacques Vallee, *Anatomy of a Phenomenon* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1965).
[11]Jacques Vallee, *Challenge to Science: The UFO Enigma* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1966).
[12]Story, p. 378.
[13]Ibid.
[14]Raymond E. Fowler, *The Andreasson Affair* (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1979), p. 144.
[15]Ibid., p. 200.
[16]Frank B. Salisbury, *The Utah UFO Display* (Connecticut: Devin-Adair, 1974).
[17]Story, p. 315.
[18]Ibid., p. 312.
[19]Budd Hopkins, "The Extraterrestrial-Paraphysical Controversy," *MUFON UFO Journal*, November 1980, p. 4.
[20]Ibid., p. 2.
[21]Ibid., p. 4.
[22]Barry H. Downing, *The Bible and Flying Saucers* (New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1968).
[23]Adrian V. Clark, *Cosmic Mysteries of the Universe* (New York: Parker Publishing Co., Inc., 1968).
[24]Ted Peters, Jr., Ph.D., "The Religious Dimension to the UFO Phenomenon," *1979 MUFON UFO Symposium Proceedings* (Seguin, Texas: MUFON, 1979), p. 42.
[25]Ted Peters, Jr., *UFOs—God's Chariots?* (Atlanta: John Knox Press, 1977).
[26]R. L. Hymers, Jr., with David Shigekawa, *UFOs and Bible Prophecy* (Van Nuys, California: Bible Voice, Inc., n.d.).
[27]Story, pp. 99, 100.
[28]Ibid., p. 101.
[29]Ibid.
[30]Malachi Martin, *Hostages to the Devil* (New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1976, and New York: Bantam Books, 1977).

16. Betty's Own Beliefs

If the entire Andreasson Affair happened exactly as reported, it would mean that alien entities have periodically visited and influenced the development (perhaps even the beginning) of mankind over the course of millions of years—for purposes yet to be made fully known. During her 1967 abduction, the entity Quazgaa told Betty that they had visited earth "since the beginning of time, your time."

If this is the case, how often have they visited? How have they covered their tracks so well in the course of recorded history—or have they? And why are they now showing themselves more openly at this particular juncture in man's history? Has Betty been chosen to reveal the link between modern UFOs and biblical events?

Dr. Iosef Shmuelovich Shklovskii of the Sternberg Astronomical Institute, Soviet Academy of Sciences, coauthored *Intelligent Life in the Universe* with Dr. Carl Sagan of Cornell University. In this classic book, Shklovskii speculated about the possibility of past visitations of ETI to our planet.

Such an unusual occurrence would certainly be described in the

legends and myths of the people who came in contact with the space voyagers. The astronauts would probably be portrayed as having godlike characteristics and possessing supernatural powers. Special emphasis would be placed on their arrival from the sky, and their subsequent departure back into the sky.[1]

Would Shklovskii's conjectured space objects and supernatural beings apply to certain events reported in the Bible? Because of the culturally limited terms and languages of those biblical times, mechanical aerial devices would necessarily have been described in a nontechnical manner. Betty believes that her UFO experience involved angels or messengers in the biblical sense of the word. Bob is open to this theory as well as a nonrelated theory of ETI visitation. In this chapter, we are going to give Betty's interpretation the benefit of the doubt.

Both Old and New Testaments record the appearances of many aerial objects—described as flying lamps, chariots, wheels, stars and cylindrical-shaped clouds, to mention just a few. The Bible is also full of references to powerful entities from the sky called angels, literally messengers. Because they came down from the sky, medieval painters depicted them with wings, and this depiction has influenced society's conception of angels right down to the present. The Hebrew or Greek word for *messenger* is only one of many used to describe these heavenly beings. They are also called gods, sons of God, watchers, cherubim, seraphim, mighty ones, and the hosts of heaven. Their appearance to witnesses was sometimes frightening, but at other times they either took the form of men or were actually like us in appearance.

In Genesis, chapter six, the so-called "sons of God" reportedly visited earth. Some interbred with earth women, resulting in abnormally sized offspring called the *nephilum* (fallen-down ones) because their fathers had fallen from the sky.[2] If this be the case, perhaps mankind is somehow physically related to extraterrestrials.

Also in Genesis, angels induced a man named Abraham to start a new nation, Israel, through which all other nations would be blessed. A sign used to convince Abraham to do so was the fly-by of an object he described as a "burning lamp."[3]

Such flying objects continued to appear throughout Israel's

history, especially during crucial and significant events. These flying objects would most certainly be called UFOs in today's terms.

Angels later warned Abraham's relatives to flee from Sodom and Gomorrah because it had been planned to destroy these cities by fire from the sky. Reportedly, the cities were destroyed in this way and "the smoke of the land went up like a furnace."[4] In 1959, the Russian ethnologist M. M. Agrest theorized that this story was just one of many biblical events that represented ETI visitation to earth. The account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah reminded him of a nuclear explosion.[5]

The prophet Moses was also contacted by an angel inside a glowing mass which he described as a "fiery bush that was not consumed." What else might Moses have called a glowing vehicle sitting on the ground in a field full of bushes? A cylindrical-shaped object landed on Mount Sinai with a roar and flames. Moses entered into it and was given what we now know as the Ten Commandments.[6]

A huge cylindrical flying object containing angels allegedly participated in the Exodus. This strange phenomenon glowed at night and was cloud-colored during the day. It hovered over and perhaps caused the parting of the Red Sea (Sea of Reeds); disrupted attacking Egyptian chariots; lay down a smoke screen for fleeing Israelites and dropped manna to feed them in the wilderness. According to Psalm 78, the manna was the "food of the mighty ones."

In modern times, similar cylindrical objects immersed in frothing cloud are sometimes seen to release smaller oval rimmed objects. Dr. Jacques Vallee has categorized this type of sighting as a Type IIB UFO event. Ezekiel the prophet seems to have witnessed such an event in the Bible just prior to experiencing a CE-III!

> And I looked, and behold, a whirlwind came out of the north [a *roaring* sound], a great *cloud* and a fire infolding itself [literally, *pulsating*] and a brightness was about it [*glowing*] and in the midst of it, as the color of amber [*yellow*] . . . Behold, one wheel [a *disk*] upon the earth . . . a wheel within a wheel [perhaps a disk inverted upon another disk or an oval object with an inner and

> outer circumference] . . . As for their rings [*rims*], they were full of eyes [openings].[7]

Dr. Frank Drake, director of the huge radio telescope installation at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, has speculated that Ezekiel communed with extraterrestrial visitors,[8] since Ezekiel also described creatures who came out of the wheels.

> Also, out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures . . . They had the likeness of man . . . and their feet were straight [legs were rigid]; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot [boots?]. And they sparkled like the color of burnished brass [metallic shiny space suits?] and the likeness of the firmament [dome or hemisphere] upon the heads of the living creature was as the color of the terrible crystal [literally icelike, glass] stretched over their heads.[A transparent space helmet?][9]

Then like many modern UFO witnesses, Ezekiel heard the beings talk by mental telepathy.

> And the spirit entered into me when he spake unto me . . . [so] that I heard him that spoke unto me.[10]

Ezekiel would probably describe a twentieth-century astronaut as a manlike creature in a shiny suit with a transparent firmament over his head. Ezekiel would be forced to describe the astronaut and his life-support equipment in terms of man and familiar animals.

Elijah the prophet was able to call for firepower from the sky upon occasion. After his ministry, he bade his students farewell and was taken up into the sky in a roaring fiery chariot.[11]

In the New Testament, messengers or angels from the sky are intimately involved with Jesus Christ, who, although born of a woman, claimed a previous existence in the heavens.[12]

It is important to note that biblical writers referred to the familiar pillar or cylinder-shaped object as the "Glory of the Lord" or the "Bright Cloud." It appeared over Bethlehem and dispatched a messenger to proclaim Jesus' birth to frightened shepherds in a nearby field.[13] Nine months earlier, a messenger from the sky had

informed Mary that she would bear a special child without a human father. The Amplified New Testament provides a literal translation of the messenger's words:

> The power of the most high shall overshadow you [as a *shining cloud*]; and so the holy [pure, sinless] thing which shall be born of you will be called the Son of God.[14]

This expanded translation references a *shining cloud* because the word *overshadow* is the exact verb often used to describe this shining aerial object elsewhere in the Bible. Was this object somehow involved in Christ's reported virgin birth? Perhaps this same glowing vehicle was the anomalous starlike object that guided the wisemen to visit Jesus at Bethlehem.[15] The next time this "bright cloud" is mentioned was during the so-called transfiguration, of Christ on a mountaintop. When two human beings emerged from it and spoke to Jesus about His forthcoming departure in a similar *cloud*.[16] One of these beings was the prophet Elijah who was last seen flying away in such an object! Jesus, like Moses at Sinai, *glowed* after being inside this vehicle.

Angels or messengers next appeared at the Resurrection and placed Roman guards in a state of suspended animation after landing with a brightness and a roaring sound.[17] And Jesus, after His resurrection, brought His followers to a mountaintop, where He ordered them to spread His message of love worldwide. Then He too was caught up in a *cloud* which bore Him away.[18] Immediately two messengers from the sky appeared in bright suits and told the startled disciples that someday Jesus would return again the same way. During His earthly ministry, Jesus indeed did say that He would return again in the future with *clouds* and angels. Could it be that the kingdom of heaven that Jesus said that He would establish here is in reality an intergalactic federation of unfallen beings?

The apostle Paul was temporarily blinded by a glowing mass that appeared to him on the road to Damascus where he was going to persecute Christians.[19] Paul then became a.convert to Christianity claiming that he had been taken up into the "third heaven," where he also was told *unspeakable things.*[20] Poor Paul, like some modern CE-III witnesses, did not known whether he took this trip in or out of his body.[21]

Until recently, however, such events have been highly obscured by a strictly traditional interpretation. Can it be Betty's experience is a modern day example of so-called angelic visitation? Religious prejudice and prejudice of the religious would cause many to reject even the idea of such a thing. A few might say at this point that the religious interpretation of the ETI visitation was strictly the invention of the awestruck witnesses. However, can we legitimately separate the message from the messenger? Should we do the same with the Andreasson Affair?

Carl Sagan, publicly a UFO skeptic, loves to speculate about the existence of ETI. In a self-dialogue concerning *why* any advanced race would want to visit the likes of us, Sagan makes a very intriguing case:

> What might an advanced extraterrestrial civilization want of us? Most of the conventional nightmares can be dismissed. We would not be useful as slaves, because a society capable of mastering interstellar spaceflight would have adequate machine servants. They could not want us for food, even if human beings were composed of especially tasty proteins. Such a society should be capable of synthesizing them in any desired quantity from the constituent amino acids, after the analysis of a single specimen.
>
> There are other possibilities which cannot so easily be dismissed. One of the primary motivations for the exploration of the New World was to convert the inhabitants to Christianity—peacefully if possible; forcefully, if necessary. Can we exclude the possibility of an *extraterrestrial evangelism*?[22]

Did the entities themselves *pretend* to be what Betty wanted them to be so as to assuage her fear and instill confidence in them? Or, is there a real connection—a bridge—between science and religion?

In order to obtain an overall perspective of the Andreasson Affair, I think that it behooves us to summarize all the reported CE-IIIs in a chronological order.

In reality, the aliens communicated very little to Bob and Betty other than their many commands and instructions. But for argument's sake, let's take their statements at face value.

First, let us review the Andreasson Affair, parts one and two, in the light of what the aliens purportedly said during Betty and Bob's encounters. You can draw your own conclusions.

BOB LUCA, AGE 5 (1944)

They say my name . . . inside my head. They say first that I shouldn't be afraid . . . They told me that I can't remember . . . It's not time . . . When I'm older it will be time . . . They'll decide when . . . It's for later . . . when I'm older . . . These people are doing something that is going to be good for everybody . . . That kind of *light* (UFO) has come to a lot of people . . . They visit other people and they're going to visit other people . . . not just me . . . They know about your life when you get big . . . Some will meet each other . . . They will have something in common. They will see something like I see now . . . It will be part of caring for what is to be. Many people would see this thing and in time they will meet each other . . . In time the people in the light will be back and the people that have seen them before *will not be afraid when* they come back.

BETTY AHO, AGE 7 (1944)

They're calling my name. It sounds as if somebody jumped in my head . . . I said, "Where are you?" And they said, "Right here." I said, "But I can't see you." And they said, "That's all right, we see you." They're like all talking together . . . saying the same thing [in unison] . . . "Wee little child." They said they've been watching me grow. . . that it's coming to a time that I will know the One . . . They said I'm coming along fine . . . that they're making certain things are ready . . . They're gonna show me something . . . that everybody will be happy about . . . that everybody will learn something from. And they said people will understand . . . people that I tell . . . what they're going to show me . . . They just want to look me over . . . from the inside . . . They tell me I'm going to be very happy soon . . . that I am going to find the One. I will know the One . . . I will feel the One . . . I feel a little squiggly in my head . . . and they say . . . I would not remember for a long time . . . I just hear, "Sweet, sweet." That's what they're saying . . . They said, "Just remember the *bee*."

BETTY AHO, AGE 12 (1949)

There is someone speaking in my head . . . It's the same voice . . . said the time has come and just be still . . . They're checking me and they're saying another year . . . They said, "She's got another year." . . . They said I will learn about the One . . . They said they are preparing things for me to see . . . They are all saying the same thing [many voices in unison] . . . Then after, they tell me to stand up and I won't remember. And they're telling me to go up by the hole and bend over and to look in and that I won't remember for a long time yet.

BETTY AHO, AGE 13 (1950)

They said not to be afraid and I feel very relaxed . . . One of them says my father knows about it already . . . They tell me not to worry . . . they won't hurt me. They said, "We're going to take you someplace. We're going to take you home."

The only words spoken to Betty after this were on board the ship and in the alien place where they commanded her to do various things. A few times they assured her that she was safe and commented about the One.

"See, you're all right . . . You're getting closer to home . . . This is for you to remember so mankind will understand [after Betty touched glass butterfly that came to life]. You will see when you get home . . . where the One is . . . You shall enter the Great Door and see the glory of the One."

And then, she was returned to Crocker Pond:

He just says I'm not going to remember this and that they are watching over me.

BETTY ANDREASSON, AGE 18 (1955)

I just hear somebody calling my name, like a man's gentle voice.

BETTY ANDREASSON, AGE 24 (1961)

After Betty was strangely drawn from her house to a wooded section on top of a hill, she met an alien who stated:

He has been sent and I am not to fear. The Lord is with me and

not to be afraid . . . They are pleased because I have accepted [Christianity] on my own . . . I am to go through many things and that love will show me the answers because I have given my heart over to love the Son . . . Many things shall be revealed to me. Things that I have not seen . . . ears have not heard . . . I shall suffer many things . . . but will overcome them through the Son . . . I have been watched since my beginning. I shall grow naturally and my faith in the Light will bring many others to the Light and Salvation because many will understand and see . . . The *negative voices* don't like it . . . [They] are against man . . . bad angels that wanted to devour man . . . hurt man . . . destroy man . . . because they are jealous . . . of the love that is upon man . . . telling me strange things . . . I don't know what they're about . . . that for every place there is an existence . . . that everything has been formed to unite . . . [He says] Jesus is with me . . . that I will understand as time goes by . . . for me not to be anxious . . . They want me to grow and live naturally . . . that I am blessed and that I will forget and I am now to go back to my house and I will not remember . . . He says, "Peace be with you as it is."

BOB LUCA, AGE 29 (1967)

It's just like a voice inside myself . . . tells me I should not be afraid because I am . . . He told me to take my clothes off.

BETTY ANDREASSON, AGE 30 (1967)

I asked, "Who are you?" And he said, Quazgaa . . . "Because of love, I give this [Blue Book] to you" . . . He called me Betty . . . They did ask for food . . . Their food is knowledge.

On board the craft, Betty was examined. The aliens told her why this was necessary:

> We are just going to measure you for light . . . We will have to measure you physically . . . because there are some spots there . . . Measure you for procreation.

During her experience with the phoenix, Betty heard a voice calling her by name which said:

> I have chosen you to show the world . . . I shall show you as

your time goes by . . . The time is not yet. It shall come, that which you have faith in, that which you trust.

When Betty tells the voice that she has faith in Jesus Christ, it answers with the following words:

That is why you have been chosen . . . I would never harm you. It is your fear that you draw to your body that causes you to feel these things. I can release you but you must release yourself of that fear through My Son.

After returning to the ship through a dark tunnel from the strange underground realm, Quazgaa gave Betty a farewell message:

And he says, "Child, you must forget for a while . . . He says my race won't believe me until much time has passed, our time . . . They say they love the human race. They have come to help the human race . . . And unless man will not accept, he will not be saved. He will not live. All things have been planned. Love is the greatest of all. They do not want to hurt anybody. But, because of great love . . . they cannot let man continue in the footsteps that he is going. It is better to lose some than to lose all. They have technology man could use. It is through the spirit but men will not search out that portion. He says he's going to give me formulas and he says until man finds those and understands those, he will not give any others. Man must understand many of the natural things upon earth. If man will just study nature itself, he will find many of the answers that he seeks. Within fire are many answers, within ashes. Within the highest of the high and the lowest of the low are many answers. Man will find them through the spirit. Man is not made of just flesh and blood. It would be easy, he said, for them to hand them to us. But that would show that we are not worthy to receive those. The knowledge is sought out through the spirit and those that are worthy are given. Those that are pure of heart, that seek with earnestness will be given.

Energy is round about man that he does not know of. It is the simplest form of energy. It is within the atmosphere. This atmosphere. It has been provided for him.

Many riddles will be given. Those that are wise will understand. Those that seek will find. They must remain hidden in this way because of the corruption. The corruption that is upon the earth. If they are revealed outright, man would use it.

He keeps telling me of different things. Of what is going to take place, what is going to happen. They are going to come to the earth. Man is going to fear because of it. Many are going to be astonished. Yet, many are not going to be afraid, because they have overcome fear.

He says that he has had others here. And many others have locked within their minds, secrets. And he is locking within my mind certain secrets. And they will be revealed only when the time is right.

Again, he's putting both hands up again on my shoulders. And he's saying, "Go, child, now and rest."

Back in the house, when Betty asked him what her abduction and experience was all about, the alien named Joohop answers:

He says, "Because of love. It's all about love. Man seeks to find out about their place, about their chariots, their ships, their knowledge. And ye can love."

Concerning the Blue Book given her, Joohop tells Betty:

It is given to me for a time to grasp as much as I might grasp from it. There is writing there that will be discerned only through the spirit. And it's the writing of light. I can only be understood through the spirit. The other writing is for man to see and find out. And there are formulas and riddles and poems and writings for man to understand nature, for he too is nature. He's formed from love, and love is the answer for man.

When Betty asked Joohop why man doesn't love others all the time, he answered:

"Because man has separated himself," he said, "he has become dual. Separation, duality. He has formed that other side. He has made it to happen. It was all good at one time. Even his choice was good at one time. He has separated it. In love there is no separation."

He says, "Come Betty, follow me." . . . He's telling me now that I will rest and I will forget all that has happened until the time is ready. "You must forget until the time appointed."

During the 1967 sessions when we were trying to find out details about what was in the Blue Book, an entity seemed to take over Betty's mind. Betty repeated what she was hearing.

They have things in control. They are in the heavens. They have powers. They can make you think one thing and yet mean another. They are able to stop the wind, the water . . . Base 32, Base 32. Signal Base 32. Curvature, curvature. Sombleado. Star Seeso . . . Something about circling the plain . . . Count three and four . . . very important. It's something about a door and it's going to be opened . . . Something about scientists to bury the past . . . Seventeen has a line under it with a backward F underneath that. And there's a little tiny circle above the seventeen to the right of the seven . . . There is an even flow. There are waves that are being sent out. And there are old walls that need to be broken down.

At times, the entity actually appeared to take control of Betty's speech:

Man seeks to destroy himself. Greed, greed, greed, greed. And because of greed, it draws all foul things. Everything has been provided for man, simple things. He could be advanced so far. Greed gets in the way. Freely it will be given to those that have loved.

Even now you cannot see. Even now we speak. You try to seek in the wrong directions. Simplicity round about you. Air you breathe, water you drink, fire that warms, earth that heals. Simplicity. Ashes. Things that are necessary taken for granted. Powers within them overlooked. Simplicity. Why think ye you are able to live? Simplicity.

Concerning our efforts to discover the contents of the Blue Book:

You would be in just as much darkness about the Blue Book. First seek out the simple forms of your selves. Man is arrogant

because his image makes up everything that is condensed. And pride dwelleth there because of the image that man has been given.

One of the investigators asked the entity speaking through Betty if he were willing to help us find knowledge:

You would not have gotten this far nor gained this much information had we not desired to help you. That which has been given unto you, seek, search. We shall help reveal certain pieces of the puzzle. Try to understand yourselves. Seek spiritually. Doors have been left open. *The Great Door shall guide* . . . It is the entrance into the other world. The world where light is.

BETTY ANDREASSON, AGE 38 (1975)

There seems to have been yet another contact made during this year—and possibly still others. When we tried to find out, Betty experienced real discomfort and told us, under hypnosis: "They don't want me to go any place!"

While going through the transcripts from the phase one investigation, I jotted down the following data concerning Betty's 1967 abduction to compare with her earlier abduction in 1950 that came to light during the phase two investigation.

BETTY'S PERCEPTION OF WHERE SHE WAS TAKEN

I think I went for a trip in the ship . . . I think I was kept in those glass chairs while we were going . . . I left this earth . . . yet I believe we were in the center of the earth . . . When we reached our destination, we went through that long black tunnel . . . chipped like a coal tunnel . . . There were all sorts of tunnels . . . It was definitely a city . . . with all those different bridges around.

Where was this underground place, on another planet? A moon? An asteroid? It could have been right here on earth because during the 1950 abduction, the craft entered the alien underground base through an ocean. Earth is the only planet in this solar system that has oceans! At times, the aliens hinted to Betty that this might be the case:

Some came from one planet . . . Some came . . . from realms

> where you cannot see their hiding place . . . Some come from the very earth . . . There is a place on this very earth that you do not know of . . . I was taken to the high place, higher than their home planet.

The Andreasson Affair has revolutionized our concepts of Close Encounters of the Third Kind. It now appears that any given CE-III could in reality be just one of a series of CE-IIIs that could date back to the witness's childhood days. This in turn would mean that alien entities, from the very inception of the modern UFO waves in the nineteen-forties, had already been covertly contacting and studying human beings on a plane of awareness that bypasses our conscious memories.

In the light of such CE-IIIs, the oft-asked question "Why don't they contact us?" becomes purely academic. Contacts continue to be made in a remarkable way that has not disturbed the studied subjects' environment.

How many thousands (perhaps hundreds of thousands) of people walking the streets are being monitored, controlled, and preconditioned to accept (even *welcome*) large-scale overt contact? Some may be influential military or government personnel. Others may hold key positions relating to power and communications. Are these walking time bombs programmed to be ambassadors or saboteurs?

The aliens' telepathic words to five-year-old Bob Luca echo through my mind: Let us hope that if real, they are also true.

> These people are doing something that is going to be good for everybody . . . In time, the people in the light will be back, and the people that have seen them before will not be afraid when they come back.

How much we can actually accept as factual may be directly proportional to the accuracy of data retrieved through hypnosis. Are CE-III, Type G, abduction experiences a product of hypnotically enhanced fantasy? Or are they a logical extension of other types of CE where similar craft and occupants are seen and remembered by reliable witnesses without the need for hypnosis? Even these Close Encounters may be only the *conscious* tip of a

CE-III abduction. How could we know unless the witnesses are submitted to hypnosis?

In the meantime, Bob and Betty Luca are now adults. If this book reflects objective truth, the "appointed time" for whatever is supposedly coming upon the earth already is at the doorstep. The aliens implied that both Betty and Bob would experience this happening sometime during their adult life.

Betty believes it will be the long-awaited Second Coming of Jesus Christ. If it is, very few people would be ready for such a revelation. The twentieth-century Church as reflected in a variety of denominational expressions would never in its wildest dreams expect the Second Coming to happen in this way. But, two thousand years ago, who would have expected His first coming would begin in a dirty manger and end upon a criminal's cross?

When I asked a well-known researcher of CE-IIIs what he thought about Betty's religionist interpretation, he retorted "It can't be true. It's too provincial. I'm not a Christian and most other people are not. What would happen to us if it were all true? No, it can't be true!"

So much for scientific reasoning. I replied that only time will tell—and indeed, it soon will. Betty and Bob are already in their forties.

Dr. Robert Jastrow, an internationally known astronomer and an authority on life in the cosmos, has authored a book entitled *God and the Astronomers*. In it he chronicles the ever-converging paths of religion and science, especially in his own domain of astronomy. Indeed, one could just as easily substitute the word *UFOlogy* for *Astronomy* in one intriguing statement Jastrow makes in his thought-provoking book:

> Strange developments are going on in *UFOlogy*. They are fascinating partly because of their theological implications, and partly because of the peculiar reaction of scientists.... The scientist has scaled the mountains of ignorance; he is about to conquer the highest peak; as he pulls himself over the final rock, he is greeted by a band of theologians who have been sitting there for centuries.[23]

NOTES

[1]I. S. Shklovskii and Carl Sagan, *Intelligent Life in the Universe* (San Francisco: Holden-Day, Inc. 1966), p. 454.
[2]Genesis 6:1-4.
[3]Genesis 15:17.
[4]Genesis 19:28.
[5]Shklovskii and Sagan, ibid., p. 454.
[6]Exodus 19:9.16–25; Acts 7:53: Galatians 3:19.
[7]Ezekiel 1:4, 16-18.
[8]Sullivan, Walter, *We Are Not Alone* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1964), p. 241.
[9]Ezekiel 1:5–14.
[10]Ibid., 2:2.
[11]I Kings 18:38 and II Kings 2:1, 11.
[12]John 3:13; 6:38, 42; 8:23.
[13]Luke 2:9.
[14]The Bible, *The Amplified New Testament* (Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing House, 1958), pp. 197, 198, Luke 1:35.
[15]Matthew 2:2, 9.
[16]Matthew 17:1–5: Mark 9:2–8.
[17]Matthew 28:2–4.
[18]Acts 1:9–11.
[19]Acts 9:3 & 26:13.
[20]II Corinthians 12:1–4.
[21]Ibid.
[22]Shklovskii and Sagan, p. 463.
[23]Robert Jastrow, *God and the Astronomers* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1978), p. 115.

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHORS

If any reader of this book has experienced a Close Encounter of the Third Kind, we would appreciate hearing from you. We would also appreciate information from any present or former military personnel regarding the totally black, unmarked helicopters we have seen—and which we feel to be involved with the UFO phenomenon. All replies will be kept confidential upon request. Please write to:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Luca
P.O. Box 125
Rockfall, CT 06481

Mr. Raymond E. Fowler
P.O. Box 19
Wenham, MA 01984

Appendices

APPENDIX A. DATES OF HYPNOTIC DEBRIEFING SESSIONS

SESSIONS	*DATE*	*HYPNOTIZED*
1	March 17, 1980	Bob
2*	March 24, 1980	Bob
3	March 25, 1980	Betty
4	April 1, 1980	Bob, Betty
5*	April 7, 1980	Bob, Betty
6	April 21, 1980	Betty
7	April 25, 1980	Betty
8	April 28, 1980	Betty
9	May 10, 1980	Betty
10	May 15, 1980	Betty
11*	May 22, 1980	Betty
12	May 29, 1980	Betty
13	June 11, 1980	Betty

*Medical doctor in attendance.

APPENDIX B. BOB LUCA'S CE-III ENCOUNTERS

YEAR	*DATE*	*TIME*	*PLACE*	*AGE*	*DESCRIPTION*
1944	Summer	Day	Meriden, Conn.	5	The swing incident.
1967	Summer	Day	Wallingford, Conn.	29	Abducted from an automobile.

APPENDIX C. BETTY ANDREASSON'S CE-III ENCOUNTERS

1944	Aug.	Day	Leominster, Mass.	7	The incident with the bee.
1949	Summer	Day	Westminster, Mass.	12	An alien in the woods.
1950	Fall	Day	Westminster, Mass.	13	Abducted from a field.
1955	?	Night	Westminster, Mass.	18	Hears voice in the trailer.
1961	Sept.	Night	Westminster, Mass.	24	Meets an alien in the woods.
1967	Jan.	Night	S. Ashburnham. Mass.	30	Abducted from a house.
1975	Summer	Night	Ashburnham, Mass.	38	Betty prevented from telling.

APPENDIX D. STATEMENTS OF PHASE TWO INVESTIGATION PARTICIPANTS

Investigator Larry Fawcett attended all but sessions one and two. Two medical doctors and a registered nurse attended several of the early sessions on the request of hypnotist Fred Max. Hypnotherapist and psychic Patricia Sable attended sessions nine, ten, and eleven. David Webb and Raymond Fowler attended session nine. Others attending from time to time were Beryl Max, Lois Fawcett, a daughter of one of the medical doctors, Fred Max's uncle, and a college professor.

I. Dr. James P. Kornberg (February 11, 1981)

Credentials	*Educational Background*	*Category*
Board-certified clinical medical specialist (occupational medicine)	B.S., aeronautical/astronautical engineering M.S., aeronautical/astronautical engineering Sc.D., environmental health science and engineering M.D.	Consultant

I am writing in follow-up to our conversations over the past few months regarding my visit and interview with Betty Andreasson (Luca) and her husband, Bob, in late October 1979.

As you know, my opportunity to visit Betty in October, 1979, came approximately two years following my initial interview in Ashburnham, Massachusetts. During the 1979 session, I spoke to Betty over a 3–4-hour period; at times informally, but with the conscious attempt to observe her behavior, language, thought content, cognitive functioning, and affect. The conversation was directed toward matters unrelated to her alleged abduction experience specifically, although the topic of the similar experiences of others and the subject of UFOs in general did come up briefly.

I found that the overall elements of Betty's personality, as I recalled them, were consistent with the 1977 interview. As before, I found no clear evidence of a thought disorder or impairment in cognitive functioning. Interestingly, as I mentioned on the telephone, one noticeable change was a diminution in the tone of religiosity during the second interview. I was impressed with this observation because of what I considered to be a pervasiveness of such content in the 1977 interview.

It is interesting to speculate that this change might represent a rational course of events had her abduction experience actually occurred. Given that Betty is a sincerely devout and religious person, I do not believe that her emphasis upon religious interpretation of such an astounding and unnatural experience would be surprising. Anyone who had lived through such an experience might tend to rely upon familiar algorithms and vocabulary to provide an acceptable explanation. The diminution, in her case, of these interpretive skills over a two-year period could represent a natural mental decompression effected by temporal distancing from the experience.

I certainly have no new information to endorse the authenticity of Betty's alleged experience; but I can medically continue to support the stability of her general life perceptions and her interpretive functions. This may not qualify her as an unbiased scientific witness to the experiences which she has described, but then, who among those with such credentials would necessarily perform better?

II. Fred Max (October 11, 1980)

Credentials	*Educational Background*	*Category*
Professional hypnotist	B.S., behavioral psychology	Consultant

Prior to meeting Betty, UFOs were merely a potential occurrence for others to consider; a nice uninvolved position from which to ponder.

As a regressive hypnotist it is my obligation to not only be openminded but to not influence my subjects while constantly challenging them throughout the regression.

Betty was consistent not only in the data, but also in the wide range of emotions associated with the data. She was brought back to many areas to challenge this.

Most convincing of all is Betty's consistency as a human being. As she enters a room her love and sincerity are felt throughout.

At first I didn't know where to place Betty's strong theological feelings. The more I tried to separate the feelings from the encounter, the more they jelled. Then it became apparent that Betty's feelings are the message.

Not only I but the others who were privileged to be at the sessions underwent a most pleasant metamorphosis from thinking in terms of our own feelings to a group feeling—a special feeling that the beings, through people like Betty, are trying to impart on all of us for the very survival of the planet.

III. Lawrence A. Fawcett

Credentials	*Educational Background*	*Category*
Police officer (investigative work) UFO investigator	Capital Region Crime Squad (Narcotics) Manchester Regional Police School Manchester Community College (2 yrs) (Candidate: associate's degree in law enforcement)	Principal investigator

I first entered this case with an open mind and after reading *The Andreasson Affair* felt that this case could easily be explained as a very elaborate hoax. Of course, I hadn't met the Lucas, and this was a biased opinion on my part.

After many months of intensive interviews in and out of regressive hypnosis, I found all facts to be consistent. After hearing and listening back to all the testimony that was given, I feel that it would be impossible for an individual to concoct such an elaborate story and to be able to hold it together under the intensive interrogations that were conducted.

This writer feels that it would be a human impossibility for anyone to fabricate a story of this magnitude and remain consistent throughout. To the average lay person, this story may sound like a chapter out of *Lost in Space*, but to this investigator, it is not only plausible but true.

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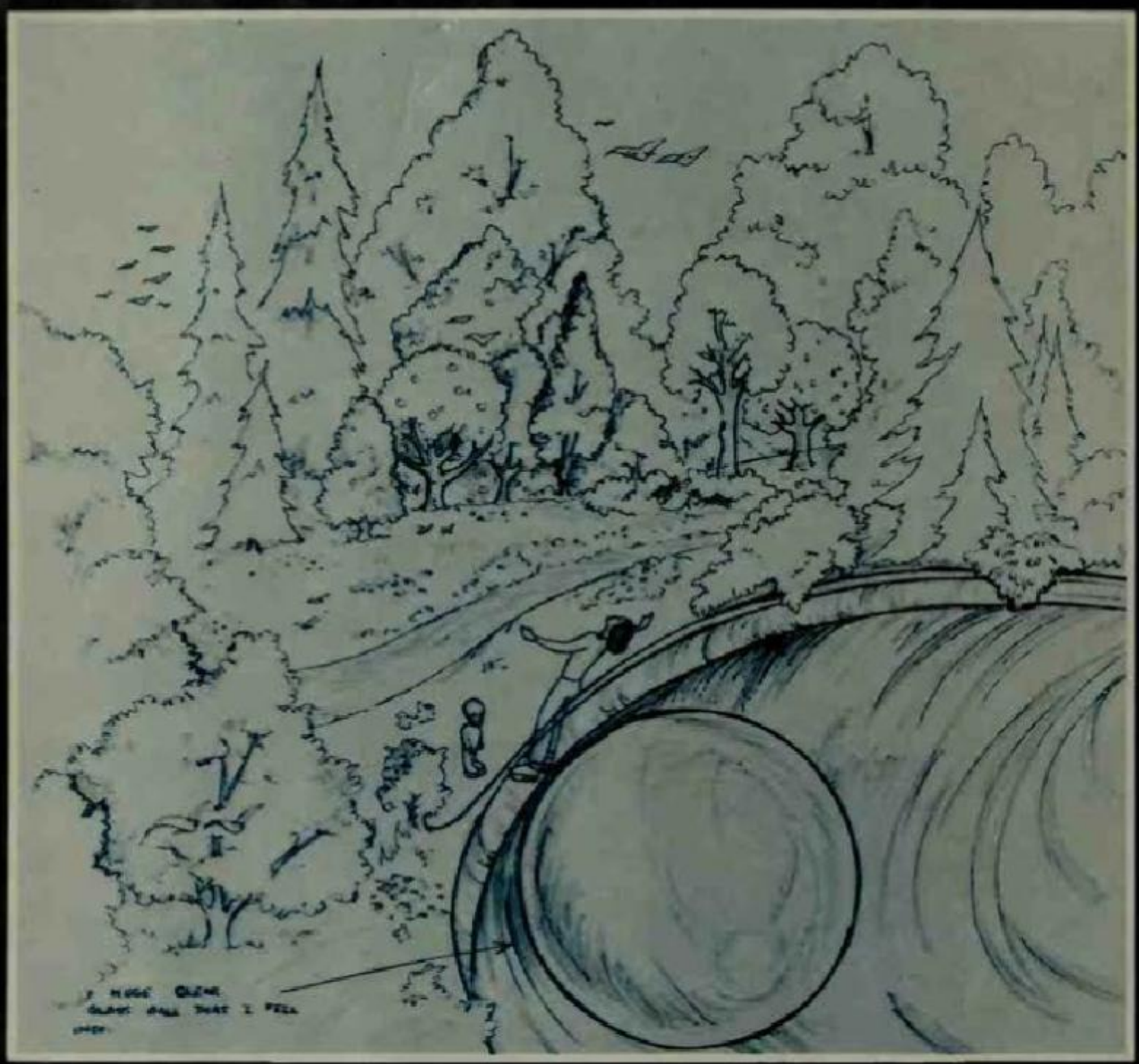

"Everything was made of glass or ice. It was so beautiful I am unable to capture it on paper."

Betty Ann Luca

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